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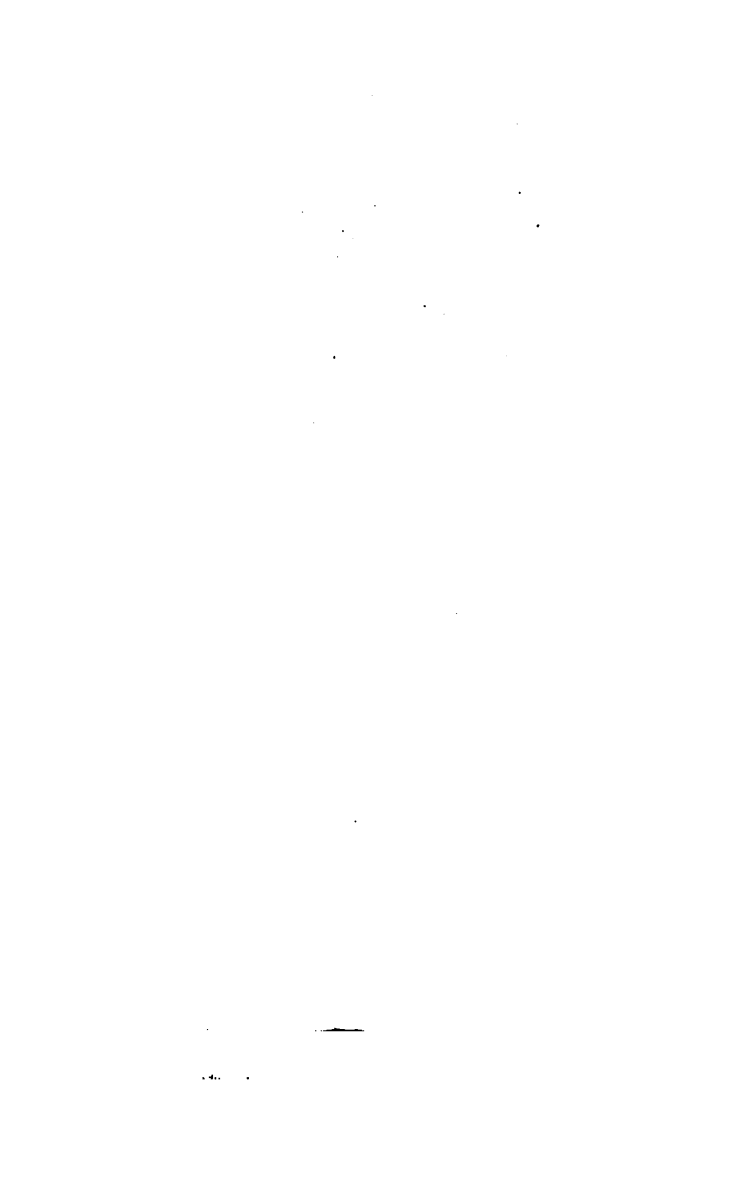
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*not in 700's*  
*Y.F.*  
**H Y M N S**

**FOR THE**

**CHURCH AND HOME.**

**SELECTED AND EDITED BY THE**

**REV. W. FLEMING STEVENSON,**

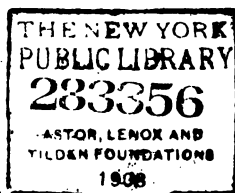
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**LONDON:**

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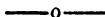
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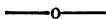
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# PREFACE.



SOME years ago an experiment was made of a Hymnbook which should be suitable not only for Public Worship, but for Private Worship and for Children. The Hymns were arranged in these three divisions, alphabetically in each; and they were chosen for the most part from such as had the double sanction of worthiness and of common use. The experiment, though conducted on a small scale, was so successful, and attracted so much unexpected notice and approval, that, instead of issuing a new edition, it was determined to reconstruct the book.

The selection has been guided by the same principles, and the same order has been observed in the arrangement. The hymns for Public Worship are chiefly those which are familiar, which the common consent of Christians has approved; and in introducing *as well as in rejecting* others, the

## *Preface.*

Editor has been guided not only by the merits of the hymn, but by its subject. Many hymns have been excluded, not because they are inferior to those that were adopted, but because the subject was already sufficiently illustrated, and some, because, however admirable, they were not so simple as that the poor and unlearned of the congregation could make them their own. In the hymns for Family and Private Worship, this rule has not been so strictly followed, and the line between the two parts has not been so rigidly drawn but that some hymns in each will be found admissible in the other. A place has also been found here for some which, however broad and congregational in their character, yet, being translations and in unfamiliar metres, have not become rooted among us; and one or two, such as 427, would have been inserted in the first part, but that it was already in type. The hymns for Children have been separately numbered, to prevent those who use them from being puzzled by what would otherwise have been the highest figures; but they are an integral part of the book, from which they are not intended to be detached, and which necessarily includes in its other divisions hymns which children ought to know.

The text has received especial care, and where usage and propriety have not sanctioned an alteration, it has been restored to the form which the *authors* themselves considered the best. When

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changes have been allowed, the original, if it was possible to procure it, has been inserted in the *Notes*, where also every stanza omitted is pointed out and the more important stanzas are supplied in full. In the second part, the hymns have been printed at greater length ; but in the first, the requirements of public worship rendered curtailment frequently indispensable. Two hymns, 470 and C79, have been inserted, at the request of their authors, in their original as well as in their ordinary form.

An attempt has been made in a *Biographical Index* to supply information hitherto accessible only to a few. A slight sketch is furnished of the life of every author whose hymns have been used and who could be identified ; the works in which their hymns first appeared, and the date of publication, are noted ; where it was possible to ascertain the date when a hymn was composed it has been inserted ; and the hymns selected for the book are referred in every case to the original source from which they were taken. When the hymn is a translation, the first line of the original is always given ; and the hymn will be found both under the name of the author and translator : some of these hymns have not been distinctly traced till now.

The tried convenience of an alphabetical arrangement has led to its adoption, and to compensate for its drawbacks there is a *full Index of Subjects*, in

## Preface.

which not merely the numbers but the first lines of the hymns are inserted. A greater (and very needful) elasticity in the classification is thus obtained, than if the hymns had been printed according to subject, many falling naturally under more than one head, and these in the Index will be found under each. Those who use it will see at a glance not only the first line and number of a suitable hymn, but also its metre.

It only remains to acknowledge the courtesy and abundant help which have been received from very many. It would have been impossible to obtain the information about hymns and their authors, but for the cordial co-operation of living hymn-writers. Mr. Daniel Sedgwick's\* unrivalled knowledge of hymnology has been largely drawn upon. Those whose work has lain in the same direction can testify how remarkably his labours have tended to simplify and complete their own. It is needless to say that constant use has been made of Mr. Josiah Miller's *Singers and Songs of the Church*, which contains the results of Mr. Sedgwick's years of study. Lord Selborne's (Sir Roundell Palmer) *Book of Praise*, Dr. Schaff's *Christ in Song*, and Dr. Rogers' *Lyra Britannica* (2nd edition) have been always consulted, and the admirable Introduction and Notes in Mr. Bickersteth's charming

\* In whose shop, 93, Sun Street, Bishopsgate, London, there is one of the most complete collections of English hymnbooks in existence.

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collection, *The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, have laid all who follow him under weighty obligation. The Editor is especially indebted to the Rev. J. A. Eberle, than whom no one ranks higher as an authority on the *Moravian Hymnbook*; to Mr. James Stelfox, for the abundant information he was able to furnish on the hymns of the brothers Wesley; to Mr. William Bonar, for his revision of the text of the Scottish Paraphrases; to the Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, for the suggestion of many hymns, and for his kindness in obtaining the use of others; to Mr. S. W. F. Kenny, and to many more; to those also who placed their printed and manuscript collections of hymns freely at his disposal; to one without whose constant help and encouragement the work would never have been completed; and to the following authors and owners of copyright:—

Mrs. C. F. Alexander . . .	126, 250, 294, 445, 484
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Permission was obtained from some who wish to remain anonymous,—from the authors of *Hymns from the Land of Luther* for 75, 166, 222, 285, 319, 383, and 436; and also from E. S. E. (through the Rev. J. H. Wilson), for C108; and from C. M. N. (through Mr. Macintosh), for 364. Some who cordially gave it have since died: Dean Alford, who allowed the use of 43; Miss Charlotte Elliott, of 140, 173, 203, 284 (by Mrs. Elliott), 366, and 398; Dr. Thomas Hastings, of 226, 466 and C97; and the Rev. T. T. Lynch, of 339 and C123. A ready consent has been given by others representing the dead: Mrs. Bennett for 318, 347, 362, 372; Mrs. Bubier for 351; Mrs. Burns for 341, 413, 437, and 458; the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns for the following, by the Rev. Dr. Faber, 197, 376, C65, 102, 147; Granville R. Ryder, Esq., and Messrs. Longmans, for three by Sir Robert

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No pains have been spared to avoid the infringement of copyright. Should, however, any hymns have been included without the sanction of the owners, the Editor apologizes for an error which was unintentional, and throws himself upon the courtesy and indulgence of those whose rights he would in all cases desire to respect.

It is scarcely to be hoped that errors have been quite avoided, and the information both on authors and on the authorship of some as yet anonymous hymns is avowedly imperfect. The Editor will be deeply grateful for any help in ascertaining the one and in supplying the other, so that the book may be

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made as full and accurate as he could wish, more worthy of a place in the Christian household, and more to His glory round Whom “they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.\*”

W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

ORWELL BANK, RATHGAR, DUBLIN.

31st December, 1872.

\* Revelation xv., 3. 。



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II.	Now blessèd be the Lord our God . . . . .	D.C.M.
X.	Now to Him who loved us, gave us . . . . .	87, 87, 87
IV.	Praise God from whom all blessings flow . . . . .	L.M.
VIII.	Praise the God of all creation . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
XV.	Praise the Lord . . . . .	P.M.
VII.	Praise to God the Father give . . . . .	7s
I.	To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . .	C.M.
V.	To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . .	L.M.
III.	Whom all the heavenly host . . . . .	S.M.
IX.	Worship, honour, glory, blessing . . . . .	D. 8s 7s

**Dying, for the Sick and.** [See Sick.]

**Epiphany.** [See Jesus Christ.]

**Eternity.** [See Death and Judgment and Heaven.]

### **Evangelistic Services—** [See also Gospel Call.]

C6	All things are ready: come . . . . .	S.M.
11	As when the Hebrew prophet raised . . . . .	C.M.
20	Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . . .	6s 8s
36	Come, let us to the Lord our God . . . . .	C.M.
41	Come to Calvary's holy mountain . . . . .	87, 87, 77
C23	Come to Jesus . . . . .	8, 6, 6, 6
42	Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched . . . . .	8s, 7s, 4

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73	Glory, glory everlasting . . . . .	8s 7s 4.
99	Ho, ye that thirst approach the spring . . . . .	C.M.
115	I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . .	D.C.M.
116	I lay my sins on Jesus . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
360	Jesus my all to heaven is gone . . . . .	L.M.
132	Jesus sinners will receive . . . . .	Six 7s
140	Just as I am, without one plea . . . . .	888, 6
369	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing . . . . .	8s 7s
C102	O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you . . .	12s 11s
226	Return, O wanderer, to thy home . . . . .	C.M.
228	Rock of ages, cleft for me . . . . .	Six 7s
C133	There is life for a look at the crucified One . . .	11s 8s
464	Time's sun is fast setting . . . . .	D. 6s 5s
466	To-day the Saviour calls . . . . .	6s 4s

### **Evening—**

306	Abide with me, fast falls the eventide . . . . .	10s
307	All praise to Thee, my God, this night . . . . .	L.M.
C13	Bless'd Jesus, ere we part . . . . .	7s
C27	Dread Sovereign, let my evening song . . . . .	C.M.
325	Ere I sleep, for every favour . . . . .	D. 8336
79	God that madest earth and heaven . . . . .	84, 84, 8884
O48	Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father . . . . .	8s 7s
471	I close my heavy eye . . . . .	6s 5s (six lines)
C76	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me . . . . .	8s 7s
391	Now all the woods are sleeping . . . . .	776, 778
C101	Now the day is over . . . . .	6s 5s
404	O Lord, another day is flown . . . . .	C.M.
415	One more day's work for Jesus . . . . .	P.M.
416	One sweetly solemn thought . . . . .	6s
417	Our day of praise is done . . . . .	S.M.
428	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
438	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear . . . . .	L.M.
443	The day is past and over . . . . .	76, 76, 88
C122	The daylight fades . . . . .	D. 446
C140	Thou that once on mother's knee . . . . .	Six 7s
459	Thou who hast known the careworn breast . . . .	L.M.
462	Through the day Thy love hath spared us . . . .	87, 87, 77
470	We close the weary eye . . . . .	6s 5s (six lines)

### **Exaltation of Christ. [See Jesus Christ.]**

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### **Faith and Hope—**

305	A safe stronghold our God is still . . . . .	87, 87, 6666, 7
11	As when the Hebrew prophet raised . . . . .	C.M.
115	I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . .	D.C.M.
30	Jesus, lover of my soul . . . . .	D. 7s
140	Just as I am, without one plea . . . . .	888, 6
365	Leave God to order all thy ways . . . . .	Six 8s
173	My faith looks up to Thee . . . . .	664, 666, 4
176	Not all the blood of beasts . . . . .	S.M.
392	Now I have found the ground wherein . . . . .	Six 8s
398	O holy Saviour, Friend unseen . . . . .	888, 6
228	Rock of ages, cleft for me . . . . .	7s
262	There is a fountain filled with blood . . . . .	C.M.
270	Though troubles assail . . . . .	10s 11s
272	Through the love of God our Saviour . . . . .	84, 84, 888, 4
473	We saw Thee not when Thou didst come . . . . .	Six 8s
292	When I can read my title clear . . . . .	C.M.

### **Family Worship. [See Worship.]**

### **Famine, In Time of—**

309	Although the vine its fruit deny . . . . .	D. 886
431	Sometimes a light surprises . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
270	Though troubles assail . . . . .	10s 11s

### **Forgiveness of Sins. [See also Gospel Call.]**

20	Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . . .	6s 8s
84	Great God of wonders, all Thy ways . . . . .	Six 8s
116	I lay my sins on Jesus . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
350	I was a wandering sheep . . . . .	D.S.M.
140	Just as I am, without one plea . . . . .	888, 6
374	My God a God of pardon is . . . . .	C.M.
C95	My soul repeat His praise . . . . .	S.M.
389	No, not despairingly, come I to Thee . . . . .	64, 64, 664
228	Rock of ages, cleft for me . . . . .	Six 7s
262	There is a fountain filled with blood . . . . .	C.M.

### **Foundation or Dedication of a Church. [See Church.]**

### **Funeral. [See Burial.]**

### **Future State. [See Death and Judgment and Heaven.]**

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### **God the Father, Almighty. [See also Praise.]**

C43	Great God, and wilt Thou condescend . . . . .	L.M.
C62	I sing the almighty power of God . . . . .	C.M.
376	My God, how wonderful Thou art . . . . .	C.M.
189	O God my strength and fortitude . . . . .	C.M.
190	O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . . . .	C.M.
212	Our God, our help in ages past . . . . .	C.M.
249	The God of Abraham praise . . . . .	D. 6684
C142	To God who reigns above the sky . . . . .	C.M.

### **God the Son. [See Jesus Christ.]**

#### **God the Holy Ghost—**

30	Come gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . . .	L.M.
31	Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire . . . . .	L.M.
32	Come Holy Spirit come . . . . .	S.M.
C20	Come Holy Spirit, come—O hear . . . . .	S.M.
33	Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . . .	C.M.
46	Creator Spirit, by whose aid . . . . .	Six 8s
339	Gracious Spirit dwell with me . . . . .	Six 7s
100	Holy Ghost dispel our sadness . . . . .	87, 87, 77, 88
101	Holy Ghost, the Comforter . . . . .	Three 7s
105	Holy Spirit, once again . . . . .	Six 7s
153	Lord God, the Holy Ghost . . . . .	D.S.M.
199	O Spirit of the living God . . . . .	L.M.
211	Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed . . . . .	86, 84
239	Spirit divine, attend our prayers . . . . .	C.M.
240	Spirit of everlasting grace . . . . .	L.M.
241	Spirit of power and truth and love . . . . .	L.M.

#### **Gospel Call, The—**

C6	All things are ready: Come . . . . .	S.M.
311	Art Thou weary, art thou languid . . . . .	85, 83
41	Come to Calvary's holy mountain . . . . .	87, 87, 77
C23	Come to Jesus . . . . .	86, 66
42	Come ye sinners poor and wretched . . . . .	8s 7s 4
99	Ho ye that thirst, approach the spring . . . . .	C.M.
116	I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . .	D.C.M.
132	Jesus sinners will receive . . . . .	Six 7s
140	Just as I am, without one plea . . . . .	888, 6
C84	Like mist on the mountain . . . . .	6s 5s
C102	O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you . . . . .	12s 11s

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226	Return, 'O wanderer, to thy home . . . . .	C.M.
C121	Sweet the lessons Jesus taught . . . . .	777, 5
C123	The Lord is rich and merciful . . . . .	D.C.M.
466	To-day the Saviour calls . . . . .	6s 4s
C161	Yes, God is good in earth and aky . . . . .	L.M.

### **Grace and Strength—**

39	Come Thou Fount of every blessing . . . . .	8s 7s
82	Grace, 'tis a charming sound . . . . .	S.M.
343	Heavenly Father to whose eye . . . . .	7s
348	I once was a stranger to grace and to God . . . . .	11s
193	O help us, Lord, each hour of need . . . . .	C.M.
407	O Lord, I look to Thee . . . . .	S.M.
433	Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding . . . . .	8s 7s 4
243	Supreme in wisdom as in power . . . . .	C.M.
472	We praise Thy grace, O Saviour . . . . .	7s 6s

### **Grace, before and after Meat—**

C11	Be present at our table, Lord . . . . .	L.M.
C11	We thank thee, Lord, for this our food . . . . .	L.M.

### **Guidance—**

87	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah . . . . .	8s 7s 4
142	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us . . . . .	8s 7s 4
190	O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . . . .	C.M.
429	Show me the way, O Lord . . . . .	10s
444	The Lord my pasture shall prepare . . . . .	Six 8s
C131	There is a path that leads to God . . . . .	C.M.
463	Thy way, not mine, O Lord . . . . .	6s

### **Harvest. [See Seedtime.]**

### **Harvest, After a Bad—**

309	Although the vine its fruit deny . . . . .	D. 886
431	Sometimes a light surprises . . . . .	D. 7s 6s

### **Heathen, Missions to the. [See Missions.]**

### **Heaven—**

C12	Beautiful Zion built above . . . . .	Six 7s
23	Brief life is here our portion . . . . .	D. 7s 6s

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56	Far from these narrow scenes of night . . . . .	C.M.
64	For thee, O dear, dear country . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
96	Hark, the sound of holy voices . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
C59	I have a Father in the promised land . . . . .	10, 8, 8
125	Jerusalem the golden . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C106	O happy land, O happy land . . . . .	D.C.M.
C107	O heaven, sweet heaven . . . . .	6s 5s
440	Sweet place, sweet place alone . . . . .	6666, 4444
C128	There is a better world they say . . . . .	83, 83, 888, 6
261	There is a blessed home . . . . .	6s
C129	There is a happy land . . . . .	64, 64, 666, 4
263	There is a land of pure delight . . . . .	C.M.
C135	There's a beautiful land where the sun never sets . . . . .	P.M.
C136	There's a Friend for little children . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C148	We know there's a bright and glorious home . . . . .	P.M.
C151	We speak of the realms of the blest . . . . .	Four 8s
289	What are these in bright array . . . . .	D. 7s

### **Heaven, Longing for—**

1	A few more years shall roll . . . . .	S.M.
55	Far from my heavenly home . . . . .	S.M.
62	For ever with the Lord . . . . .	S.M.
112	How long, O Lord, our Saviour . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
347	I have a home above . . . . .	D.S.M.
C67	I would not live alway, live alway below . . . . .	11s
352	I'm but a stranger here . . . . .	64, 64, 666, 4
123	Jerusalem, my happy home . . . . .	C.M.
124	Jerusalem the glorious . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C90	Joyfully, joyfully onward I move . . . . .	Eight 10s
C79	Joyfully, joyfully onward we move . . . . .	Eight 10s
366	Let me be with Thee where Thou art . . . . .	L.M.
384	My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here . . . . .	11s
C103	O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you . . . . .	12s 11s
C104	O had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove . . . . .	11s
C111	Onward, upward, homeward . . . . .	11s
432	Soon and for ever . . . . .	P.M.
445	The roseate hues of early dawn . . . . .	D.C.M.
446	The sands of time are sinking . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C137	This is not my place of resting . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
288	We've no abiding city here . . . . .	L.M.
475	What sinners value I resign . . . . .	L.M.
292	When I can read my title clear . . . . .	C.M.

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### **Help in God.** [See **Grace.**]

### **Holiness.** [See also **Sanctification.**]

126	Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult . . . . .	C.M.
361	Jesus, my strength, my hope . . . . .	S.M.
150	Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee . . . . .	C.M.
C93	Lord, that I may learn of Thee . . . . .	7s
386	Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . . .	64, 64, 66½
394	O for a closer walk with God . . . . .	C.M.
185	O for a heart to praise my God . . . . .	C.M.
198	O Saviour may we never rest . . . . .	C.M.
C112	O that the Lord would guide my ways . . . . .	C.M.
411	O Thou to whose all-searching sight . . . . .	L.M.
445	The roseate hues of early dawn . . . . .	D.C.M.
268	Thou art the Way, to Thee alone . . . . .	C.M.
456	Thou hidden love of God, whose height . . . . .	Six 8s

### **Holy Ghost.** [See **God.**]

### **Holy Scripture.** [See **Word.**]

### **Home, On Entering a New—**

190	O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . . . .	C.M.
421	Peace be to this habitation . . . . .	D. 8s 7s

### **Home Missions.** [See **Missions.**]

### **Hope.** [See **Faith and Hope.**]

### **Hospitals—**

12	At even ere the sun was set . . . . .	L.M.
66	Fountain of good, to own Thy love . . . . .	C.M.
479	When languor and disease invade . . . . .	C.M.

### **Humiliation of Christ.** [See **Jesus Christ.**]

### **Humility—**

C47	He that is down needs fear no fall . . . . .	C.M.
C93	Lord, that I may learn of Thee . . . . .	7s
185	O for a heart to praise my God . . . . .	C.M.
424	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . . . .	Six 7s

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**Incarnation.** [See **Jesus Christ.**]

**Intercession.** [See **Jesus Christ.**]

**Invitations of the Gospel.** [See **Gospel Call.**]

### **Jesus Christ, Advent and Birth of—**

C10	As with gladness men of old . . . . .	Six 7s
7	Angels from the realms of glory . . . . .	8s 7s 4
C14	Brightest and best of the sons of the morning . .	11s 10s
40	Come, Thou long expected Jesus . . . . .	.8s 7s
C34	Glory to God, the angel said . . . . .	C.M.
C37	Glory to Jesus, glory . . . . .	7s, 7s, 8s
90	Hail to the Lord's Anointed . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
93	Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes . . . .	C.M.
94	Hark, the herald angels sing . . . . .	D. 7s
C46	Hark, what mean those holy voices . . . . .	.8s 7s
109	How bright appears the morning star . . . . .	887, 887, 4s, 4s
C60	I love to hear the story . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
355	It came upon the midnight clear . . . . .	D.C.M.
127	Jesus came, the heavens adoring . . . . .	8s 7s 4
139	Joy to the world, the Lord is come . . . . .	C.M.
146	Light of those whose dreary dwelling . . . . .	.8s 7s
253	The Lord of might from Sinai's brow . . . . .	87, 87, 887
256	The race that long in darkness pined . . . . .	C.M.
C127	There came a little child to earth . . . . .	P.M.
C138	Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly .	10s, 10s, 8s
C150	We praise Thee, we bless Thee, O Father . . . .	11s
C156	When, marshalled on the nightly plain . . . . .	L.M.
C158	While shepherds watched their flocks by night .	C.M.

### **Jesus Christ, Childhood of—**

C15	By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . . .	C.M.
C60	I love to hear the story . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C61	I love to think though I am young . . . . .	C.M.
C70	Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour . . . . .	8s 7s
C127	There came a little Child to earth . . . . .	P.M.
C140	Thou that once on mother's knee . . . . .	Six 7s

### **Jesus Christ, Life of—** [See also **Example of.**]

C2	A little ship was on the sea . . . . .	C.M.
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C18	Christ is merciful and mild . . . . .	7s
C28	Ever would I fain be reading . . . . .	8s 7s
C63	I think when I read that sweet story of old . . . . .	11s 8s
C78	Jesus who lived above the sky . . . . .	L.M.
474	What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone . . . . .	C.M.
C153	When His salvation bringing . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C155	When Jesus left His Father's throne . . . . .	C.M.
C161	Young children once to Jesus came . . . . .	C.M.

### **Jesus Christ, Sufferings and Death of—**

C9	Around the throne of God in heaven . . . . .	C.M.
11	As when the Hebrew prophet raised . . . . .	C.M.
315	Bound upon the accursed tree . . . . .	Ten 7s
C33	Glory be to Jesus . . . . .	6s 5s
336	Go to dark Gethsemane . . . . .	Six 7s
89	Hail, Thou once despised Jesus . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
97	Hark, the voice of love and mercy . . . . .	8s 7s 4
C56	How loving is Jesus who came from the sky . . . . .	11s
348	I once was a stranger to grace and to God . . . . .	11s
C78	Jesus who lived above the sky . . . . .	L.M.
141	Lamb of God whose bleeding love . . . . .	P.M.
388	No condemnation, O my soul . . . . .	C.M.
176	Not all the blood of beasts . . . . .	S.M.
390	Not what these hands have done . . . . .	D. S.M.
402	O Lamb of God, once wounded . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
328	Rock of ages, cleft for me . . . . .	Six 7s
231	Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . . . .	D. 7s
441	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . . . .	8s 7s
442	Thanks, thanks be to Thee for Thy pity . . . . .	98, 98, 88
447	The way is long and dreary . . . . .	76, 76, 76, 76, 5
262	There is a fountain filled with blood . . . . .	C.M.
C133	There is life for a look at the crucified One . . . . .	11s 8s
275	Thy works, not mine, O Christ . . . . .	6s
287	We sing the praise of Him who died . . . . .	L.M.
393	When I survey the wondrous cross . . . . .	L.M.
484	When wounded sore, the stricken soul . . . . .	C.M.

### **Jesus Christ, Resurrection of—**

13	Awake, and sing the song . . . . .	S.M.
18	Blest be the everlasting God . . . . .	C.M.
20	Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . . .	6s 8s

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28	Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day . . . . .	7s
63	Father of peace and God of love . . . . .	C.M.
74	Glory to God on high . . . . .	664, 666, 4
128	Jesus Christ is risen to-day . . . . .	7s
139	Jesus lives : no longer now . . . . .	7s 8s
180	Now may He who from the dead . . . . .	7s
148	The day of resurrection . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
231	The happy morn is come . . . . .	6s 8s
287	The Saviour died, but rose again . . . . .	C.M.
4143	To Him who for our sins was slain . . . . .	88, 6

### **Jesus Christ, Ascension and Exaltation of—**

28	Christ is gone up with a joyful sound . . . . .	P.M.
22	Hail the day that sees Him rise . . . . .	7s
320	Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone . . . . .	L.M.
326	Let me be with Thee where Thou art . . . . .	L.M.
140	Look ye saints, the sight is glorious . . . . .	8s 7s 4
183	O Christ, our hope, our heart's desire . . . . .	C.M.
247	The atoning work is done . . . . .	6s 8s
260	The golden gates are lifted up . . . . .	C.M.
302	The head that once was crowned with thorns . . . . .	C.M.
200	Thou art gone up on high . . . . .	D.S.M.
424	Where is our Master now . . . . .	64, 64, 66, 4

### **Jesus Christ, Second Advent of—**

18	Behold, the mountain of the Lord . . . . .	C.M.
37	Come, Lord, and tarry not . . . . .	S.M.
106	Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear . . . . .	C.M.
112	How long, O Lord, our Saviour . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
244	It came upon the midnight clear . . . . .	D.C.M.
127	Jesus came, the heavens adoring . . . . .	8s 7s 4
146	Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart . . . . .	C.M.
148	Lo, He comes with clouds descending . . . . .	8s 7s 4
222	Rejoice, rejoice, believers . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
222	The Lord of might, from Sinai's brow . . . . .	87, 87, 88, 7
224	The Lord will come and not be slow . . . . .	C.M.
224	The Lord will come, the earth shall quake . . . . .	L.M.
64	Time's sun is fast setting . . . . .	D. 6s 5s
226	To Him that loved the souls of men . . . . .	C.M.
66	When, the startling watchery pealeth . . . . .	898, 898, 66, 4, 44, 8
226	When Jesus came to earth of old . . . . .	L.M.

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- 485 Where is our Master now . . . . . 64, 64, 66, 4  
301 Ye servants of the Lord . . . . . S.M.

### **Jesus Christ, Confessing—**

- 119 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord . . . . . C.M.  
357 Jesus, and shall it ever be . . . . . L.M.

### **Jesus Christ, Cross of— [See also His Sufferings and Death.]**

- 11 As when the Hebrew prophet raised . . . . . C.M.  
441 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . . . . 8s 7s  
287 We sing the praise of Him who died . . . . . L.M.  
293 When I survey the wondrous cross. . . . . L.M.

### **Jesus Christ, Example of—**

- C31 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild . . . . . 7s  
336 Go to dark Gethsemane . . . . . Six 7s  
C64 I want to be like Jesus . . . . . D. 76, 86  
126 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult . . . . . 8s 7s  
C70 Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour . . . . . 8s 7s  
150 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee . . . . . C.M.  
C126 The world looks very beautiful . . . . . 76, 76, 76, 73  
474 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone . . . . . C.M.

### **Jesus Christ for us—**

- 116 I lay my sins on Jesus . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
130 Jesus, lover of my soul . . . . . D. 7s  
362 Jesus the holy One . . . . . 64, 64, 666, 4  
372 Lord Jesus, hide Thy people . . . . . 7s 6s  
155 Lord Jesus, we believing . . . . . D. 7s 6s

### **Jesus Christ, Intercession of—**

- 89 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus . . . . . D. 8s 7s  
120 In all things like Thy brethren, Thou . . . . . C.M.  
354 In the hour of trial, Jesus, pray for me . . . . . 6s 5s  
203 O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend . . . . . 888, 6  
247 The stoning work is done . . . . . 6s 8s  
357 The Saviour died, but rose again . . . . . C.M.

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- 468 Weary of wandering from my God . . . . . Six 8s  
296 Where high the heavenly temple stands . . . . . L.M.

### **Jesus Christ, Kingdom of— [See Jesus Christ, our King.]**

#### **Jesus Christ, Love of—**

- C28 Ever would I fain be reading . . . . . 8s 7s  
340 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord . . . . . 7s  
C80 I love to hear the story . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
C74 Jesus loves me, this I know . . . . . 7s  
C78 Jesus who lived above the sky . . . . . L.M.  
377 My God, I love Thee, not because . . . . . C.M.  
178 Now begin the heavenly theme . . . . . 7s  
409 O love divine, how sweet Thou art . . . . . 886, 886  
C114 O what has Jesus done for me . . . . . D. 8s 7s  
210 One there is above all others . . . . . 87, 87, 77  
C110 One there is above all others . . . . . 84, 84, 888, 4  
C134 There is no love like the love of Jesus . . . . . 10s 6s  
272 Through the love of God our Saviour . . . . . 84, 84, 888, 4  
279 To our Redeemer's glorious name . . . . . C.M.  
C147 Was there ever kindest shepherd . . . . . 8s 7s  
293 When I survey the wondrous cross . . . . . L.M.

#### **Jesus Christ, Name of—**

- 114 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . . . . C.M.  
358 Jesus, how much Thy name unfolds . . . . . C.M.  
134 Jesus, the very thought of Thee . . . . . C.M.  
C130 There is a name I love to hear . . . . . C.M.

#### **Jesus Christ, Sympathy of—**

- 451 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light . . . . . C.M.  
291 When along life's thorny road . . . . . D. 7s  
478 When gathering clouds around I view . . . . . Six 8s  
295 When our heads are bowed with woe . . . . . 7s  
296 Where high the heavenly temple stands . . . . . L.M.

#### **Jesus Christ, our All—**

- 373 Lord, let my heart still turn to Thee . . . . . L.M.  
486 Who is there like Thee . . . . . 55, 88, 55  
487 Whom have I in heaven but Thee . . . . . P.M.
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### **Jesus Christ, our Friend—**

C98	Now I have found a friend . . . . .	64, 64, 666, 4
210	One there is above all others . . . . .	87, 87, 77
C139	Thou Guardian of our youthful days . . . . .	O.M.

### **Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd—**

C26	Down in the pleasant pastures . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C42	Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd . . . . .	8s 7s
C58	I am Jesu's little lamb . . . . .	77, 88, 77
350	I was a wandering sheep . . . . .	D.S.M.
C65	I was wandering and weary . . . . .	P.M.
C73	Jesus is our Shepherd . . . . .	D. 6s 5s
C76	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me . . . . .	8s 7s
133	Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep . . . . .	L.M.
C118	Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us . . . . .	8s 7s 4
232	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding . . . . .	8s 7s
444	The Lord my pasture shall prepare . . . . .	Six 8s
C147	Was there ever kindest shepherd . . . . .	8s 7s

### **Jesus Christ, our Guide—**

87	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah . . . . .	8s 7s 4
143	Leader of faithful souls, and Guide . . . . .	Six 8s
463	Thy way not mine, O Lord . . . . .	6s

### **Jesus Christ, Head of the Church—**

98	Head of the Church triumphant . . . . .	D. 77, 44, 7
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### **Jesus Christ, our King—**

3	All hail the power of Jesus' name . . . . .	C.M.
15	Behold the mountain of the Lord . . . . .	C.M.
47	Crown Him with many crowns . . . . .	S.M.
72	Glory be to God the Father . . . . .	8s 7s 4
90	Hail to the Lord's Anointed . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
92	Hark, how the adoring hosts above . . . . .	C.M.
95	Hark, the song of Jubilee . . . . .	D. 7s
131	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun . . . . .	L.M.
139	Joy to the world, the Lord is come . . . . .	C.M.
145	Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart . . . . .	C.M.

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149	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious . . . . .	8s 7s 4
283	O Christ, our hope, our heart's desire . . . . .	C.M.
204	O Thou who for our fallen race . . . . .	L.M.
223	Rejoice, the Lord is King . . . . .	6s 8s
252	The head that once was crowned with thorns . . . . .	C.M.
300	Ye servants of God . . . . .	10, 10, 11, 11
302	Zion's King shall reign victorious . . . . .	8s 7s

### **Jesus Christ, our Priest— [See also His Intercession and Sufferings.]**

20	Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . . .	6s 8s
296	Where high the heavenly temple stands . . . . .	L.M.

### **Jesus Christ, our Prophet—**

29	Christ, whose glory fills the skies . . . . .	Six 7s
146	Light of those whose dreary dwelling . . . . .	8s 7s

### **Jesus Christ, Prophet, Priest and King—**

C53	Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn . . . . .	C.M.
353	I've found the pearl of greatest price . . . . .	C.M.
138	Join all the glorious names . . . . .	6s 8s

### **Jesus Christ, our Righteousness—**

348	I once was a stranger to grace and to God . . . . .	11s
136	Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness . . . . .	L.M.

### **Jesus Christ, our Saviour. [See His Sufferings.]**

### **Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life—**

360	Jesus my all to heaven is gone . . . . .	L.M.
452	Thine for ever, God of love . . . . .	7s
268	Thou art the Way, to Thee alone . . . . .	C.M.

### **Jesus Christ, Fellowship with—**

323	Compared with Christ, in all beside . . . . .	C.M.
106	Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear . . . . .	C.M.
371	Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee . . . . .	C.M.
437	Still with Thee, O my God . . . . .	S.M.

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### **Jesus Christ, Longing for—**

308	Abide with me, fast falls the eventide . . . . .	10s
368	Let me be with Thee where Thou art . . . . .	D. 7s
373	Lord, let my heart still turn to Thee . . . . .	L.M.
386	Nearer my God to Thee . . . . .	64, 64, 684
414	Object of my first desire . . . . .	D. 7s
236	Son of God, to Thee I cry . . . . .	Six 7s
445	The roseate hues of early dawn . . . . .	D.C.M.
486	Who is there like Thee. . . . .	55, 89, 55

### **Jesus Christ, Love to— [See also His Name.]**

314	Blest be Thy love, dear Lord . . . . .	S.M.
323	Compared with Christ, in all beside . . . . .	D.C.M.
340	Hark, my soul, it is the Lord . . . . .	7s
114	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . . . .	C.M.
134	Jesus, the very thought of Thee . . . . .	C.M.
135	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts . . . . .	L.M.
377	My God, I love Thee, not because . . . . .	C.M.
380	My God, the spring of all my joys . . . . .	C.M.
408	O Lord, I would delight in Thee . . . . .	C.M.
448	Thee will I love, my strength, my tower . . . . .	Six 8s
284	We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone . . . . .	D.C.M.

### **Jesus Christ, Union with. [See Fellowship with and Longing for Him.]**

### **Jews: [See Missions.]**

### **Joy—**

13	Awake and sing the song . . . . .	S.M.
44	Come ye that love the Lord . . . . .	S.M.
380	My God, the spring of all my joys . . . . .	C.M.
178	Now begin the heavenly theme . . . . .	7s
222	Rejoice, rejoice, believers . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
223	Rejoice, the Lord is King . . . . .	6s 8s

### **Judgment, Last. [See Death and Judgment.]**

### **Justification by Faith—**

136	Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness . . . . .	L.M.
141	Lamb of God whose bleeding love . . . . .	P.M.

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- 228 Rock of ages, cleft for me . . . . . Six 7s  
281 Vain are the hopes the sons of men . . . . . C.M.

**Kingdom of God.** [See Jesus Christ, our King.]

**Last Things, The.** [See Death, Eternity, Heaven.]

**Life, Shortness of—** [See also Year.]

- 23 Brief life is here our portion . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
432 Soon and for ever . . . . . P.M.  
141 Time by moments steals away . . . . . D. 7s  
144 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine . . . . . S.M.

**Life Everlasting, The.** [See Heaven.]

**Lord our Righteousness, The.** [See Jesus Christ.]

**Lord's Day, The—**

- 163 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows . . . . . L.M.  
166 Lord, remove the veil away . . . . . D 7s  
184 O day of rest and gladness . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
439 Sweet is the work, my God, my King . . . . . L.M.  
248 The day of resurrection . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
264 This is the day the Lord hath made . . . . . C.M.  
469 Welcome, sweet day of rest . . . . . S.M.

**Lord's Day Morning, The—**

- 367 Light of light, enlighten me . . . . . 7s, 7s, 77  
426 Safely through another week . . . . . Six 7s  
453 This is the day of light . . . . . S.M.  
465 To Thy temple I repair . . . . . 7s

**Lord's Day Evening, The—**

- 12 At even ere the sun was set . . . . . L.M.  
324 Ere another Sabbath's close . . . . . 7s  
197 O Saviour, bless us ere we go . . . . . Six 8s

**Lord's Supper, The—**

- 2 According to Thy gracious word . . . . . C.M.  
21 Bread of the world in mercy broken . . . . . 9s 8s  
34 Come, let us join our cheerful songs . . . . . C.M.

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332	For mercies countless as the sands . . . . .	C.M.
344	Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face . . . . .	10s
121	In memory of the Saviour's love . . . . .	C.M.
134	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts . . . . .	L.M.
141	Lamb of God, whose bleeding love . . . . .	P.M.
371	Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee . . . . .	C.M.
375	My God, and is Thy table spread . . . . .	L.M.
242	Suffering Saviour, Lamb of God . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
244	Sweet feast of love divine . . . . .	S.M.
276	Till He come, O let the words . . . . .	Six 7s
280	'Twas on that night when doomed to know . . . . .	L.M.
293	When I survey the wondrous cross . . . . .	L.M.

### **Lord's Supper, For One Absent from the—**

399	O Jesus Christ, the holy One . . . . .	C.M.
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### **Love and Care of God— [See also Jesus Christ.]**

C54	How dearly God must love us . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
170	Love divine, all love excelling . . . . .	D. 7s
409	O love divine, how sweet Thou art . . . . .	886, 886
C115	Poor and needy though I be . . . . .	7s
456	Thou hidden love of God, whose height . . . . .	Six 8s

### **Love, Brotherly—**

313	Blest be the dear uniting love . . . . .	C.M.
19	Blest be the tie that binds . . . . .	S.M.
35	Come, let us join our friends above . . . . .	C.M.

### **Marriage—**

346	How welcome was the call . . . . .	S.M.
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### **Mediator. [See Jesus Christ.]**

### **Meeting and Parting—**

313	Blest be the dear uniting love . . . . .	C.M.
19	Blest be the tie that binds . . . . .	S.M.
C49	Here we suffer grief and pain . . . . .	77, 6
171	May the grace of Christ our Saviour . . . . .	ts 7s
180	Now may He who from the dead . . . . .	7s
419	Part in peace : Christ's life was peace . . . . .	D. 7s

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### **Mercy—**

- 158 Lord of mercy and of might . . . . . 777, 5-  
 231 Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . . . . D. 7s  
 458 Thou who didst on Calvary bleed . . . . . 777, 5

### **Mercy and Judgment—**

- 174 My song shall be of mercy . . . . . D. 7s 6s

### **Ministers, Meeting of—**

- 108 How beauteous are their feet . . . . . S.M.  
 151 Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine . . . . . L.M.  
 161 Lord of the living harvest . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
 215 Pour out Thy Spirit from on high . . . . . L.M.  
 235 Soldiers of the cross arise . . . . . 7s  
 239 Spirit divine, attend our prayers . . . . . C.M.  
 301 Ye servants of the Lord . . . . . S.M.

### **Ministers, Ordination of—**

- 31 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire. . . . . L.M.  
 161 Lord of the living harvest . . . . . D. 7s 6s

### **Missions—**

- 9 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake . . . . . L.M.  
 15 Behold the mountain of the Lord . . . . . C.M.  
 20 Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . . . 6s 8s  
 37 Come, Lord, and tarry not . . . . . S.M.  
 70 From Greenland's icy mountains . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
 77 God of mercy, God of grace . . . . . Six 7s  
 90 Hail to the Lord's Anointed . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
 95 Hark, the song of Jubilee . . . . . D. 7s  
 108 How beauteous are their feet . . . . . S.M.  
 131 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun . . . . . L.M.  
 C87 Little travellers Zionward . . . . . D. 7s  
 156 Lord of all power and might . . . . . 664, 666, 4  
 C97 Now be the Gospel banner . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
 183 O brothers, lift your voices . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
 187 O for the time when on the world . . . . . D.C.M.  
 C108 O joyous ~~and glorious~~ . . . . . P.M.

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195	O Lord our God, arise . . . . .	S.M.
199	O Spirit of the living God . . . . .	L.M.
204	O Thou, who for our fallen race . . . . .	L.M.
213	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness . . . . .	8s 7s 4
225	Remember, Lord, Thy Word of old . . . . .	C.M.
230	Saviour, sprinkle many nations . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
235	Soldiers of the cross arise . . . . .	7s
C120	Stand up, stand up, for Jesus . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
269	Thou, whose almighty word . . . . .	664, 666, 4
C157	When mothers of Salem . . . . .	P.M.
302	Zion's King shall reign victorious . . . . .	8s 7s

### **Missions at Home—**

183	Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep . . . . .	L.M.
235	Soldiers of the cross arise . . . . .	7s

### **Missions to the Jews—**

37	Come, Lord, and tarry not . . . . .	S.M.
168	Lord, Thine ancient people see . . . . .	7s
200	O that the Lord's salvation . . . . .	7s 6s
205	O why should Israel's sons, once blest . . . . .	L.M.

### **Missionaries, Departure of—**

57	Farewell to thee, brother, we meet but to part . . . . .	11s
238	Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them . . . . .	8s 7s 4

### **Morning—**

312	Awake, my soul, and with the sun . . . . .	L.M.
29	Christ, whose glory fills the skies . . . . .	Six 7s
320	Come, my soul, thou must be waking . . . . .	847, 847
333	Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go . . . . .	L.M.
104	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty . . . . .	P.M.
380	My God, the spring of all my joys . . . . .	C.M.
387	New every morning is the love . . . . .	L.M.
393	Now that the sun is gleaming bright . . . . .	C.M.
401	O Jesus, Lord of light and grace . . . . .	L.M.
412	O Thou who camest from above . . . . .	L.M.
424	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . . . .	Six 7s
C124	The morning bright . . . . .	448, 448

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### **Mourners Comforted—**

146	Light of those whose dreary dwelling . . . . .	8s 7s
403	O let him whose sorrow . . . . .	6s 5s
245	Take comfort, Christians, when your friends . . . .	C.M.
295	When our heads are bowed with woe . . . . .	7s
487	Whom have I in heaven but Thee . . . . .	P.M.
490	Your harps, ye trembling saints . . . . .	.M.

### **National Danger—**

305	A safe stronghold our God is still . . . . .	87, 87, 66, 66, 7
5	Almighty God, before Thy throne . . . . .	C.M.
52	Dread Jehovah, God of nations . . . . .	8s 7s
80	God the almighty King, who ordainest . . . . .	11, 10, 11, 9
86	Great King of nations, hear our prayer . . . . .	D.C.M.
191	O God of love, O King of peace . . . . .	L.M.

### **National Deliverance and Thanksgiving—**

14	Before Jehovah's awful throne . . . . .	L.M.
81	God the Lord has heard our prayer . . . . .	Six 7s
181	Now thank we all our God . . . . .	67, 67, 66, 66
224	Rejoice to-day with one accord . . . . .	87, 87, 66, 66, 7

### **New Year. [See Year.]**

### **Obedience—**

C57	How solemn, silent, and how still . . . . .	C.M.
C81	Lamb of God, who came from heaven . . . . .	Six 7s

### **Old and New Year. [See Year.]**

### **Omnipotence. [See God the Father, Almighty.]**

### **Omniscience—**

C7	Almighty God, Thy piercing eye . . . . .	C.M.
C9	Among the deepest shades of night . . . . .	L.M.
C96	None is like God who reigns above . . . . .	C.M.

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**Ordination.** [See **Ministers.**]

### **Orphans—**

- C22 Come, let us sing our Maker's praise . . . . . L.M.  
C43 Great God, and wilt Thou condescend . . . . . L.M.

**Pardon.** [See **Forgiveness.**]

**Parting.** [See **Meeting.**]

**Passion of Jesus.** [See **Jesus Christ, Sufferings and Death.**]

**Patience.** [See **Resignation.**]

### **Peace—**

- 304 A mind at perfect peace with God . . . . . C.M.  
317 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm . . . . . C.M.  
327 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee . . . . . C.M.  
155 Lord Jesus, we believing . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
421 Peace be to this habitation . . . . . D. 8s 7s

### **Peace, For—**

- 15 Behold, the mountain of the Lord . . . . . C.M.  
191 O God of love, O King of peace . . . . . L.M.

**Pestilence, In Time of—** [See also **National Danger.**]

- 428 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing . . . . . 8s 7s  
271 Through all the changing scenes of life . . . . . C.M.  
489 Why those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus . . . . . 8s 7s 4

### **Piety, Early—**

- C15 By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . . . C.M.  
C16 Childhood's years are passing o'er us . . . . . 8s 7s

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C29	Fair waved the golden corn . . . . .	C.M.
C31	Gentle Jesus, meek and mild . . . . .	7s.
C84	Like mist on the mountain . . . . .	11s.
C91	Lord, teach a little child to pray . . . . .	C.M.
C106	O happy is the man who hears . . . . .	C.M.
C118	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us . . . . .	8s 7s 4
C153	When, His salvation bringing . . . . .	D. 7s 6s.

### **Pilgrimage—**

1	A few more years shall roll . . . . .	S.M.
24	Children of the heavenly King . . . . .	7s
44	Come, ye that love the Lord . . . . .	S.M.
55	Far from my heavenly home . . . . .	S.M.
C30	Father, let Thy benediction . . . . .	8s 7s 4
C41	God of mercy, throned on high . . . . .	7s
87	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah . . . . .	8s 7s 4
C68	I'm a little pilgrim . . . . .	6s 5s
C78	I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger . . . . .	9, 11, 10, 10
142	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us . . . . .	8s 7s 4
143	Leader of faithful souls and Guido . . . . .	Six 8s
363	Light of the world, O shine on us . . . . .	86, 88, 86
C37	Little travellers Zionward . . . . .	D. 7s.
190	O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . . . .	C.M.
C111	Onward, upward, homeward . . . . .	D. 6s 5s
444	The Lord my pasture shall prepare . . . . .	Six 8s.
C137	This is not my place of resting . . . . .	8s 7s.
273	Through the night of doubt and sorrow . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
288	We've no abiding city here . . . . .	L.M.

### **Praise—**

4	All people that on earth do dwell . . . . .	L.M.
14	Before Jehovah's awful throne . . . . .	L.M.
68	From all that dwell below the skies . . . . .	L.M.
91	Hallelujah, best and sweetest . . . . .	8s 7s 4
118	I'll praise my Maker with my breath . . . . .	Six 8s
144	Let us with a gladsome mind . . . . .	7s
165	Lord our God to whom is given . . . . .	898, 898, 66, 4, 88
237	Songs of praise the angels sang . . . . .	7s.
277	To God the only wise . . . . .	S.M.
282	We give immortal praise . . . . .	6s 8s.

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- 286 We praise Thee, O God . . . . .  
 299 With one consent let all the earth . . . . . L.M.

### **Praise of Creation—**

- 310 Angels holy, high and lowly . . . . . 57, 99, 7  
 207 O worship the King . . . . . 10, 10, 11, 11  
 423 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King . 14, 14, 4, 7, 9  
 258 The spacious firmament on high . . . . . D.L.M.  
 280 The strain upraise of joy and praise . . . . . P.M.  
 C160 Yes, God is good : in earth and sky . . . . . L.M.

### **Praise of God—**

- C4 Above the clear blue sky . . . . . 6068, 4444  
 C21 Come, let us join the hosts above . . . . . C.M.  
 C32 Give to our God immortal praise . . . . . L.M.  
 C36 Glory to God with joyful adoration . . . . . P.M.  
 C40 God of glory, God of grace . . . . . D. 7s  
 C55 How glorious is our heavenly King . . . . . C.M.  
 C90 Lord of power, Lord of might . . . . . Six 7s  
 C94 Mighty God, while angels bless Thee . . . . . 5s 7s 4  
 376 My God, how wonderful Thou art . . . . . C.M.  
 C95 My soul, repeat His praise . . . . . 8.M.  
 216 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven . . . . . 8s 7s 4  
 218 Praise the Lord, His glories show . . . . . D. 7s  
 219 Praise the Lord of heaven . . . . . 11s  
 221 Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him . . . . . D. 5s 7s  
 249 The God of Abraham praise . . . . . D. 6, 6s, 4  
 460 Thousands of thousands stand around . . . . . C.M.  
 286 We praise Thee, O God . . . . .  
 C150 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, O Father . . . . . 11s

### **Praise of Jesus—**

- C5 All glory, laud, and honour . . . . . 7s 6s  
 3 All hail the power of Jesus' name . . . . . C.M.  
 13 Awake and sing the song . . . . . S.M.  
 22 Brethren, let us join to bless . . . . . 7s  
 C17 Children of Jerusalem . . . . . Six 7s  
 C19 Come, children, join to sing . . . . . P.M.  
 34 Come, let us join our cheerful songs . . . . . C.M.

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39	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing . . . . .	8s 7s
73	Glory, glory everlasting . . . . .	8s 7s 4
74	Glory to God on high . . . . .	664, 666, 4
89	Hail, Thou once despised Jesus . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
92	Hark, how the adoring hosts above . . . . .	C.M.
C45	Hark, round the God of love . . . . .	65, 65, 66, 65
C52	Hosanna be the children's song . . . . .	C.M.
C53	Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn . . . . .	C.M.
C56	How loving is Jesus who came from the sky . . . . .	11s
C66	I would be like an angel . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C71	Jesus, high in glory . . . . .	6s 5s
363	Jesus, Thou our pure delight . . . . .	74, 74, 74, 6
138	Join all the glorious names . . . . .	6s 8s
C82	Let children proclaim . . . . .	10, 10, 11, 11
C83	Let us sing with one accord . . . . .	7s
C85	Little children, praise the Saviour . . . . .	8s 7s 4
186	O for a thousand tongues to sing . . . . .	C.M.
220	Praise the Lord through every nation . . . . .	898, 898, 866, 4, 88
223	Rejoice, the Lord is King . . . . .	6s 8s
C117	Saviour, blessed Saviour . . . . .	D. 6s 5s
264	This is the day the Lord hath made . . . . .	C.M.
267	Thou art the King of mercy and of grace . . . . .	10, 10, 666, 666
274	Thy name we bless, Lord Jesus . . . . .	D. 77, 44, 7
278	To Him that loved the souls of men . . . . .	C.M.
C143	To Him who for our sins was slain . . . . .	88, 6
279	To our Redeemer's glorious name . . . . .	C.M.
285	We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord . . . . .	C.M.
287	We sing the praise of Him who died . . . . .	L.M.
C153	When His salvation bringing . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
491 ix	Worship, honour, glory, blessing . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
300	Ye servants of God . . . . .	10, 10, 11, 11

### **Praise of Redemption—**

3	All hail the power of Jesus' name . . . . .	C.M.
34	Come, let us join our cheerful songs . . . . .	C.M.
47	Crown Him with many crowns . . . . .	S.M.
73	Glory, glory everlasting . . . . .	8s 7s 4
109	How bright appears the morning star . . . . .	887, 887, 48, 48
178	Now begin the heavenly theme . . . . .	7s
229	Salvation, O the joyful sound . . . . .	C.M.
287	We sing the praise of Him who died . . . . .	L.M.

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### **Prayer and Prayer-Meeting—**

8	Approach, my soul, the mercy seat . . . . .	C.M.
331	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare . . . . .	7s
69	From every stormy wind that blows . . . . .	L.M.
337	God of my life, to Thee I call . . . . .	L.M.
351	I would commune with Thee, my God . . . . .	C.M.
137	Jesus, where'er Thy people meet . . . . .	L.M.
167	Lord, teach us how to pray aright . . . . .	C.M.
169	Lord, when we bend before Thy throne . . . . .	C.M.
423	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . . . .	C.M.
435	Stealing from the world away . . . . .	7s
C182	There is an eye that never sleeps . . . . .	C.M.
457	Thou in whose name the two or three . . . . .	L.M.
476	What various hindrances we meet . . . . .	L.M.

### **Providence—**

323	Commit thou all thy ways . . . . .	S.M.
334	Give to the winds thy fears . . . . .	S.M.
76	God moves in a mysterious way . . . . .	C.M.
345	How are Thy servants blest, O Lord . . . . .	C.M.
C54	How dearly God must love us . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
379	My God, my only help and hope . . . . .	C.M.
190	O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . . . .	C.M.
444	The Lord my pasture shall prepare . . . . .	Six 8s
271	Through all the changing scenes of life . . . . .	C.M.
477	When all Thy mercies, O my God . . . . .	C.M.
C154	When I look up to yonder sky . . . . .	L.M.

### **Public Worship. [See Worship.]**

### **Repentance—**

C3	A sinner, Lord, behold I stand . . . . .	C.M.
C7	Almighty God, Thy piercing eye . . . . .	C.M.
36	Come, let us to the Lord our God . . . . .	C.M.
169	Lord, when we bend before Thy throne . . . . .	C.M.
226	Return, O wanderer, to thy home . . . . .	C.M.
468	Weary of wandering from my God . . . . .	Six 8s

### **Resignation and Patience—**

314	Blest be Thy love, dear Lord . . . . .	S.M.
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328	Father, I know that all my life . . . . .	86, 86, 86
330	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss . . . . .	C.M.
342	Heart be still . . . . .	3, 777, 3
364	Lay Thy hand upon me . . . . .	11s
370	Lord, it belongs not to my care . . . . .	C.M.
173	My God and Father while I stray . . . . .	888, 4
383	My Jesus, as Thou wilt . . . . .	D. 6s
384	My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here . . . . .	11s
175	My spirit on Thy care . . . . .	S.M.
385	My times are in Thy hand . . . . .	S.M.
386	Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . . .	64, 64, 664
398	O holy Saviour, Friend unseen . . . . .	888, 6
406	O Lord, how happy should we be . . . . .	886, 886
413	O Thou whose sacred feet have trod . . . . .	C.M.
434	Sovereign Ruler of the skies . . . . .	7s
463	Thy way, not mine, O Lord . . . . .	D. 6s

### **Rest—**

1	A few more years shall roll . . . . .	S.M.
8	Approach, my soul, the mercy seat . . . . .	C.M.
324	Ere another Sabbath's close . . . . .	7s
115	I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . .	D.C.M.
162	Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows . . . . .	L.M.
381	My heart is resting, O my God . . . . .	D.C.M.
384	My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here . . . . .	11s
•104	O had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove . . . . .	11s
292	When I can read my title clear . . . . .	C.M.

### **Resurrection of the Body— [See also Burial of the Dead.]**

18	Blest be the everlasting God . . . . .	C.M.
62	For ever with the Lord . . . . .	S.M.
245	Take comfort, Christians, when your friends . . . . .	C.M.
475	What sinners value I resign . . . . .	L.M.

### **Revival—**

36	Come, let us to the Lord our God . . . . .	C.M.
146	Light of those whose dreary dwelling . . . . .	8s 7s
369	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing . . . . .	8s 7s

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- 227 Revive Thy work, O Lord . . . . . S.M.  
 240 Spirit of everlasting grace . . . . . L.M.

### **Sabbath, The Christian— [See also The Lord's Day.]**

- 162 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows . . . . . L.M.  
 166 Lord, remove the veil away . . . . . D. 7s  
 184 O day of rest and gladness . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
 439 Sweet is the work, my God, my King . . . . . L.M.  
 248 The day of resurrection . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
 264 This is the day the Lord hath made . . . . . C.M.  
 469 Welcome, sweet day of rest . . . . . S.M.

### **Sailors. [See Sea.]**

### **Salvation— [See also Jesus Christ, His Sufferings and Death.]**

- 89 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus . . . . . D. 8s 7s  
 229 Salvation, O the joyful sound . . . . . C.M.  
 300 Ye servants of God . . . . . 10, 10, 11, 11

### **Sanctification— [See also God, the Holy Ghost.]**

- 17 Blest are the pure in heart . . . . . S.M.  
 C24 Dear Saviour, to Thy little lamb . . . . . D.C.M.  
 C51 Holy children read and pray . . . . . Six 7s  
 126 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult . . . . . 8s 7s  
 C72 Jesus, holy undefiled . . . . . 7s  
 C75 Jesus, meek and gentle . . . . . 6s 5s  
 361 Jesus, my strength, my hope . . . . . S.M.  
 150 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee . . . . . C.M.  
 C89 Lord, look upon a little child . . . . . L.M.  
 C99 Now in my early days . . . . . S.M.  
 394 O for a closer walk with God . . . . . C.M.  
 185 O for a heart to praise my God . . . . . C.M.  
 198 O Saviour may we never rest . . . . . C.M.  
 C112 O that the Lord would guide my ways . . . . . C.M.  
 411 O Thou to whose allsearching sight . . . . . L.M.  
 445 The roseate hues of early dawn . . . . . D.C.M.  
 456 Thou hidden love of God whose height . . . . . Six 8s

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**Saviour.** [See Jesus Christ.]

**Scholar, Death of a—**

C25 Death has been here, and borne away . . . . . C.M.

**School, Opening of a—**

C40 God of glory, God of grace . . . . . D. 7s  
 C77 Jesus, we love to meet . . . . . P.M.  
 C88 Lord, a little band and lowly . . . . . 8s 7s  
 C139 Thou Guardian of our youthful days . . . . . C.M.  
 C146 We come, Lord, to Thy feet . . . . . S.M.

**School, Closing of a—**

6 Almighty God, Thy Word is cast . . . . . C.M.  
 C30 Father, let Thy benediction . . . . . 8s 7s 4  
 C45 Hark, round the God of love . . . . . 65, 65, 66, 65  
 C109 Once more before we part . . . . . 6s

**Scripture, Holy.** [See Word.]

**Sea, For those at—**

53 Eternal Father, strong to save . . . . . Six 8s  
 331 Fierce was the wild billow . . . . . D. 6s 4s  
 345 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord . . . . . C.M.  
 142 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us . . . . . 8s 7s 4  
 395 O God who metest in Thine hand . . . . . L.M.  
 405 O Lord be with us when we sail . . . . . C.M.  
 C156 When marshalled on the nightly plain . . . . . L.M.  
 489 Why those fears? Behold 'tis Jesus . . . . . 8s 7s 4

**Security of the Believer.** [See Believer.]

**Seedtime and Harvest—**

6 Almighty God, Thy Word is cast . . . . . C.M.  
 43 Come, ye thankful people, come . . . . . D. 7s  
 54 Eternal Source of every joy . . . . . L.M.

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C29	Fair waved the golden corn . . . . .	S.M.
67	Fountain of mercy, God of love . . . . .	C.M.
154	Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead . . . . .	C.M.
180	Lord of the harvest, once again . . . . .	Six 8s
217	Praise, O praise our God and King . . . . .	7s
C116	Praise to God, immortal praise . . . . .	7s
C119	Sow in the morn thy seed . . . . .	S.M.
C149	We plough the fields, and scatter . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
293	With joy unspoken, with fervent song . . . . .	P.M.

### **Self-Dedication and Surrender—**

308	All that I was, my sin, my guilt . . . . .	C.M.
39	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing . . . . .	8s 7s
C29	Fair waved the golden corn . . . . .	S.M.
328	Father, I know that all my life . . . . .	86, 86, 86
359	Jesus, I my cross have taken . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
361	Jesus, my strength, my hope . . . . .	S.M.
C100	Now that my journey's just begun . . . . .	C.M.
397	O happy day that fixed my choice . . . . .	L.M.
400	O Jesus, Friend unfailing . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
412	O Thou who camest from above . . . . .	L.M.
456	Thou hidden love of God, whose height . . . . .	Six 8s

### **Sick and Dying, For the— [See also Heaven, Resignation, Trust in Trial.]**

329	Father, into Thy loving hands . . . . .	L.M.
62	For ever with the Lord . . . . .	S.M.
335	Go not far from me, O my Strength . . . . .	86, 86, 86
337	God of my life, to Thee I call . . . . .	L.M.
C59	I have a Father in the promised land . . . . .	P.M.
C67	I would not live alway, live alway below . . . . .	11s
356	It is not death to die . . . . .	S.M.
370	Lord, it belongs not to my care . . . . .	C.M.
378	My God, I thank Thee who hast made . . . . .	84, 84, 84
384	My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here . . . . .	11s
416	One sweetly solemn thought . . . . .	6s
420	Pass away earthly joy . . . . .	64, 64, 666, 4
432	Soon and for ever, such promise our trust . . . . .	P.M.
446	The sands of time are sinking . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
455	Thou art my hiding place, O Lord . . . . .	D.C.M.
273	Through the night of doubt and sorrow . . . . .	D. 8s 7s

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479	When languor and disease invade . . . . .	C.M.
480	When the dark waves round us roll . . . . .	7s
481	When the spark of life is waning . . . . .	84, 84, 888, 4
482	When this passing world is done . . . . .	Six 7s
483	When time seems short, and death is near . . . . .	Six 8s

### **Sin, Confession of—**

8	Approach, my soul, the mercy seat . . . . .	C.M.
36	Come, let us to the Lord our God . . . . .	C.M.
C38	God almighty heareth ever . . . . .	8s 7s
117	I need Thee, gracious Jesus . . . . .	7s 6s
360	Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone . . . . .	L.M.
389	No, not despairingly . . . . .	64, 64, 664
176	Not all the blood of beasts . . . . .	S.M.
201	O Thou from whom all goodness flows . . . . .	C.M.
468	Weary of wandering from my God . . . . .	Six 8s

### **Sin, Pardon of. [See Forgiveness.]**

### **Soldiers, For—**

119	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord . . . . .	C.M.
209	Oft in danger, oft in woe . . . . .	7s
234	Soldiers of Christ, arise . . . . .	S.M.
235	Soldiers of the cross, arise . . . . .	7s
302[ii]	Sounds the trumpet from afar . . . . .	7s
C120	Stand up, stand up for Jesus . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C125	The Son of God goes forth to war . . . . .	D.C.M.

### **Sorrow. [See Trust.]**

### **Submission. [See Resignation.]**

### **Supplication—**

396	O gracious Jesu, hear our humble crying . . . . .	11, 11, 11, 5
231	Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . . . .	D. 7s
458	Thou who didst on Calvary bleed . . . . .	777, 5
291	When along life's thorny road . . . . .	D. 7s
295	When our heads are bowed with woe . . . . .	7s

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### **Teachers' Meetings—**

19	Blest be the tie that binds . . . . .	S.M.
161	Lord of the living harvest . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C119	Sow in the morn thy seed . . . . .	S.M.
C144	To-morrow, Lord, is Thine . . . . .	S.M.
301	Ye servants of the Lord . . . . .	S.M.

### **Thankfulness—**

333	For mercies countless as the sands . . . . .	C.M.
378	My God, I thank Thee, who hast made . . . . .	84, 84, 84

### **Thanksgiving, General—**

63	For the beauty of the earth . . . . .	Six 7s
68	From all that dwell below the skies . . . . .	L.M.
381	My heart is resting, O my God . . . . .	D.C.M.
181	Now thank we all our God . . . . .	67, 67, 6666
189	O God, my strength and fortitude . . . . .	C.M.
477	When all Thy mercies, O my God . . . . .	C.M.

### **Thanksgiving, National—**

81	God the Lord has heard our prayer . . . . .	7s
144	Let us with a gladsome mind . . . . .	7s
224	Rejoice, to-day, with one accord . . . . .	87, 87, 6666, 7

### **Travellers by Land or by Water, For—**

53	Eternal Father, strong to save . . . . .	Six 8s
331	Fierce was the wild billow . . . . .	D. 6s 4s
345	How are Thy servants blest, O Lord . . . . .	C.M.
405	O Lord, be with us when we sail . . . . .	C.M.

### **Trinity in Unity—**

58	Father of heaven, whose love profound . . . . .	L.M.
72	Glory be to God the Father . . . . .	8s 7s 4
C35	Glory to the Father give . . . . .	7s
C40	God of glory, God of grace . . . . .	D. 7s
102	Holy, Holy, Holy Lord . . . . .	Six 7s

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103	Holy, Holy, Holy Lord—God of . . . . .	D. 7s
104	Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty . . . . .	P.M.
142	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us . . . . .	8s 7s 4
269	Thou whose almighty Word . . . . .	664, 666, 4
461	Three in One, and One in Three . . . . .	777, 5
282	We give immortal praise . . . . .	6s 8s

### **Trouble, In Time of—**

5	Almighty God, before Thy throne . . . . .	C.M.
52	Dread Jehovah, God of nations . . . . .	8s 7s
331	Fierce was the wild billow . . . . .	D. 6s 4s
76	God moves in a mysterious way . . . . .	C.M.
86	Great King of nations, hear our prayer . . . . .	D.C.M.
193	O help us, Lord, each hour of need . . . . .	C.M.

### **Trust—**

130	Jesus, lover of my soul . . . . .	D. 7s
175	My spirit on Thy care . . . . .	C.M.
C100	Now that my journey's just begun . . . . .	C.M.
398	O holy Saviour, Friend unseen . . . . .	888, 6
406	O Lord, how happy should we be . . . . .	886, 886
424	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . . . .	Six 7s

### **Trust in Trial—**

309	Although the vine its fruit deny . . . . .	886, 886
318	Cling to the Mighty One . . . . .	D. 6s 4s
334	Come, let us join our cheerful songs . . . . .	C.M.
76	God moves in a mysterious way . . . . .	C.M.
354	In the hour of trial . . . . .	D. 6s 5s
365	Leave God to order all thy ways . . . . .	Six 8s
174	My song shall be of mercy . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
403	O let him whose sorrow . . . . .	6s 5s
431	Sometimes a light surprises . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
270	Though troubles assail . . . . .	10, 10, 11, 11
271	Through all the changing scenes of life . . . . .	C.M.

### **Unity of the Church. [See Church.]**

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### **War and Tumult, In Time of—**

- 5 Almighty God, before Thy throne . . . . . C.M.  
 52 Dread Jehovah, God of nations . . . . . 8s 7s  
 80 God the almighty, King who ordainest . . . 11, 10, 11, 9  
 86 Great King of nations, hear our prayer . . . D.C.M.  
 191 O God of love, O King of peace . . . . . L.M.

### **Warfare and Conflict—**

- 316 Breast the wave, Christian . . . . . 1c, 10, 11, 11  
 326 Ever is my peril near . . . . . 7s  
 209 Oft in danger, oft in woe . . . . . 7s  
 234 Soldiers of Christ, arise . . . . . S.M.  
 432 Soon and for ever, such promise our trust . . . P.M.  
 302[ii] Sounds the trumpet from afar . . . . . 7s  
 C120 Stand up, stand up for Jesus . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
 243 Supreme in wisdom as in power . . . . . C.M.  
 C125 The Son of God goes forth to war . . . . . D.C.M.  
 488 Why should I fear the darkest hour . . . . . 888

### **Week, Close of the—**

- 426 Safely through another week . . . . . Six 7s

### **Word of God, The—**

- 6 Almighty God, Thy Word is cast . . . . . C.M.  
 59 Father of mercies, in Thy Word . . . . . C.M.  
 C50 Holy Bible, Book divine . . . . . 7s  
 113 How precious is the Book divine . . . . . C.M.  
 156 Lord of all power and might . . . . . 664, 666, 4  
 164 Lord, our eyes unseal . . . . . 55, 88, 55  
 206 O Word of God, incarnate . . . . . D. 7s 6s  
 259 The Spirit breathes upon the Word . . . . . C.M.  
 C153 We won't give up the Bible . . . . . D. 7s 6s

### **Words, Our—**

- C159 Words are things of little cost . . . . . Six 7s

### **Work, Christian—**

- 333 Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go . . . . . L.M.  
 C39 God intrusts to all . . . . . 5s 6s

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C86	Little drops of water . . . . .	6s 5
412	O Thou who camest from above . . . . .	L.M
C113	O what can little hands do . . . . .	77, 88,
415	One more day's work for Jesus . . . . .	76, 55, 64
234	Soldiers of Christ, arise . . . . .	S.M
235	Soldiers of the cross, arise . . . . .	7
C119	Sow in the morn thy seed . . . . .	S.M
243	Supreme in wisdom, as in power . . . . .	C.M
472	We praise Thy grace, O Saviour . . . . .	7s 6

### **Worship, Children's—**

C77	Jesus, we love to meet . . . . .	P.M
C88	Lord, a little band and lowly . . . . .	8s 7
C93	Lord, this day Thy children meet . . . . .	7
C146	We come, Lord, to Thy feet . . . . .	S.M

### **Worship, Family — [See also Morning and Evening.**

341	Harp and voice Thy praises telling . . . . .	D. 8s 7
379	My God, my only help and hope . . . . .	C.M
401	O Jesus, Lord of light and grace . . . . .	L.M
404	O Lord, another day is flown . . . . .	C.M
421	Peace be to this habitation . . . . .	8s 7
261	There is a blessed home . . . . .	D. 6

### **Worship, Public—**

45	Command Thy blessing from above . . . . .	C.M
78	God reveals His presence . . . . .	663, 668, 33, 6
83	Great God, indulge my humble claim . . . . .	L.M
107	Hosanna to the living Lord . . . . .	88, 88, 1
147	Lo, God is here, let us adore . . . . .	Six 8
151	Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine . . . . .	L.M
162	Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows . . . . .	L.M
163	Lord of the worlds above . . . . .	6666, 444
166	Lord, remove the veil away . . . . .	D. 7
177	Not unto us, but Thee, O Lord . . . . .	C.M
214	Pleasant are Thy courts above . . . . .	D. 7
422	Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King . . . . .	14, 14, 4, 7,
239	Spirit divine, attend our prayers . . . . .	C.M
299	With one consent let all the earth . . . . .	L.M

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### **Worship, Beginning of Public—**

4	All people that on earth do dwell . . . . .	L.M.
10	As pants the hart for cooling streams . . . . .	C.M.
12	At even, ere the sun was set . . . . .	L.M.
14	Before Jehovah's awful throne . . . . .	L.M.
27	Christ is made the sure foundation . . . . .	87, 87, 87
38	Come, O Lord, the heavens rending . . . . .	888, 3
50	Dear Lord, to hear Thee and Thy Word . . . . .	86, 86, 86
51	Dear Shepherd of Thy people hear . . . . .	C.M.
100	Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness . . . . .	87, 87, 77, 88
122	In Thy name, O Lord, assembling . . . . .	8s 7s 4
164	Lord, our eyes unseal . . . . .	55, 88, 55
188	O God, for ever near . . . . .	S.M.
196	O Lord, within Thy sacred gates . . . . .	L.M.
410	O Saviour, is Thy promise fled . . . . .	L.M.
465	To Thy temple I repair . . . . .	7s
469	Welcome, sweet day of rest . . . . .	S.M.

### **Worship, Close of Public—**

152	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing . . . . .	8s 7s 4
171	May the grace of Christ our Saviour . . . . .	8s 7s
180	Now may He who from the dead . . . . .	7s
491[x]	Now to Him who loved us, gave us . . . . .	87, 87, 87
197	O Saviour, bless us ere we go . . . . .	Six 8s
208	Of Thy love, some gracious token . . . . .	87, 87, 77, 44, 77
C109	Once more before we part . . . . .	6s
417	Our day of praise is done . . . . .	S.M.
419	Part in peace: Christ's life was peace . . . . .	D. 7s
491[iv]	Praise God from whom all blessings flow . . . . .	L.M.
427	Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise . . . . .	10s

### **Year, Old and New—**

1	A few more years shall roll . . . . .	S.M.
16	Bless, O Lord, the opening year . . . . .	7s
C16	Childhood's years are passing o'er us . . . . .	8s 7s
54	Eternal Source of every joy . . . . .	L.M.
65	For Thy mercy and Thy grace . . . . .	7s
C41	God of mercy, throned on high . . . . .	7s
343	Heavenly Father, to whose eye . . . . .	7s
132	In Thy name, O Lord, assembling . . . . .	8s 7s 4
C84	Like mist on the <i>mountain</i> . . . . .	D. 6s 5s

### *Index of Subjects.*

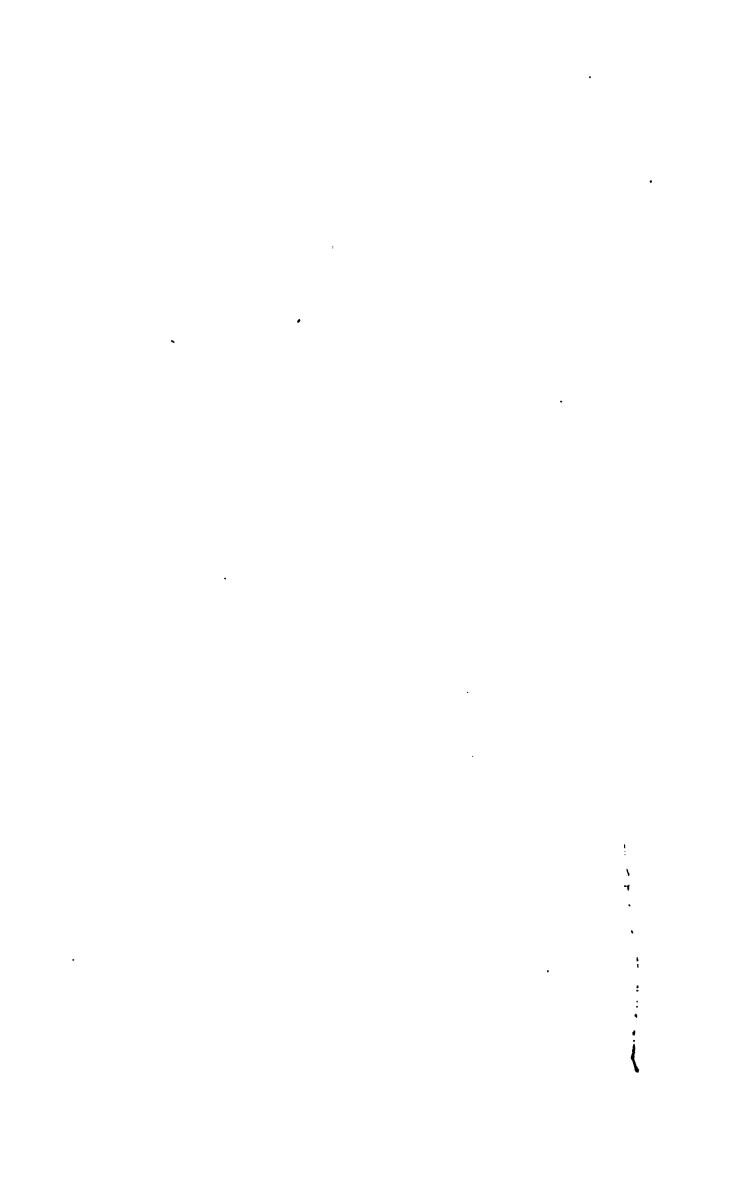
179	Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal . . . . .	C.M.
181	Now thank we all our God . . . . .	67, 67, 6686
190	O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . . . .	C.M.
192	O God the Rock of ages . . . . .	7s 6s
212	Our God, our help in ages past . . . . .	C.M.
430	Sing we, brethren, faithful-hearted . . . . .	D. 8s 7s
436	Still on the homeward journey . . . . .	D. 7s 6s
C141	Time by moments steals away . . . . .	D. 7s
C144	To-morrow, Lord, is Thine . . . . .	S.M.
297	While with ceaseless course the sun . . . . .	D. 7s

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PART I.



HYMNS FOR PUBLIC  
WORSHIP.



- 1**     **A** FEW more years shall roll,  
          A few more seasons come,  
s.m. And we shall be with those that rest,  
          Asleep within the tomb.
- 2**     A few more suns shall set  
          O'er these dark hills of time ;  
          And we shall be where suns are not,  
          A far serener clime.
- 3**     A few more storms shall beat  
          On this wild, rocky shore ;  
          And we shall be where tempests cease,  
          And surges swell no more.
- 4**     A few more struggles here,  
          A few more partings o'er,  
          A few more toils, a few more tears,  
          And we shall weep no more.
- 5**     A few more Sabbaths here  
          Shall cheer us on our way ;  
          And we shall reach the endless rest,  
          The eternal Sabbath day.
- 6**     'Tis but a little while,  
          And He shall come again,  
          Who died that we might live, who lives  
          That we with Him may reign.
- 7**     Then, O my Lord, prepare  
          My soul for that glad day ;  
          O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
          And *take my sins away.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**2** ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
c. M. This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ·  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

**3** ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
c. M. Bring forth the royal diadem,  
To crown Him, Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him, Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him, Lord of all.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall ;  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him, Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him, Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall,  
There join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him, Lord of all.

**4** ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :  
L. M. Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;  
Without our aid He did us make ;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed ;  
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto ;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always ;  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good ;  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood ;  
And shall from age to age endure.

**5** ALMIGHTY God, before Thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend ;  
c. m. 'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone,  
Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Dark judgments from Thy heavy hand  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And yet we live to pray.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 O, bid us turn, almighty Lord,  
By Thy resistless grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,  
And humbly seek Thy face.
- 4 Then, should we sometimes be afraid,  
We shall not sink in fear ;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
If God, our God, is near.

**6** **A**LMIGHTY God, Thy Word is cast  
Like seed into the ground ;  
c. m. Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove ;  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy ;  
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,  
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Let not Thy Word, so kindly sent  
To raise us to Thy throne,  
Return to Thee, and sadly tell  
That we reject Thy Son.
- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
Thy quickening grace bestow ;  
That all, whose souls the truth receive,  
Its saving power may know.

**7** **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
8s. 7s. Ye who sang creation's story,  
4. Now proclaim Messiah's birth :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;  
Brighter visions beam afar :  
Seek the great Desire of nations ;  
Ye have seen His natal star :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly, the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

**8** **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
c. m. There humbly fall before His feet,  
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
*Might plead Thy gracious name.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**9** **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake,  
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake ;  
L. M. And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone :  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come ;  
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;  
And let our wondering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim  
In every clime, of every name ;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

**10** **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase ;  
C. M. So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
O when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

**11** **A**S when the Hebrew prophet raised  
The brazen serpent high,  
C. M. The wounded looked, and straight were cured,  
The people ceased to die :

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*Hymns for Public Worship.*

2 So from the Saviour on the cross  
A healing virtue flows ;  
Who looks to Him with lively faith  
Is saved from endless woes.

3 For God gave up His Son to death,  
So generous was His love,  
That all the faithful might enjoy  
Eternal life above.

4 Not to condemn the sons of men  
The Son of God appeared ;  
No weapons in His hand are seen,  
Nor voice of terror heard :

5 He came to raise our fallen state,  
And our lost hopes restore :  
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,  
And bids us fear no more.

**12** **A**<sup>T</sup> even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay,  
L. M. O in what divers pains they met !  
O with what joy they went away !

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,  
Oppressed with various ills, draw near,  
What if Thy form we cannot see ?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had ;

4 And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free ;  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin ;  
And they who fain would serve Thee best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power,  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;  
Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

**13**      **A** WAKE, and sing the song  
                 Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
S. M.    Wake every heart and every tongue,  
                 To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2      Sing of His dying love ;  
         Sing of His rising power ;  
         Sing how He intercedes above  
         For those whose sins He bore.
- 3      Sing on your heavenly way ,  
         Ye ransomed sinners, sing,  
         Sing on, rejoicing every day  
         In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4      Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
         Ye blessed children, come :  
         Soon will He call you hence away,  
         And take His wanderers home.
- 5      There shall our raptured tongue  
         His endless praise proclaim,  
         And sweeter voices swell the song  
         Of Moses and the Lamb.

**14**      **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
                 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
L. M.    Know that the Lord is God alone,  
                 He can create and He destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
         Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
         And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
         He brought us to His fold again.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love ;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

**15** **B**EHOLD, the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
c. m. On mountain-tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to His house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations He shall judge ;  
His judgments truth shall guide ;  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar the peaceful years ;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encountering hosts  
Their millions slain deplore ;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.
- 7 Come then, O come, from every land  
To worship at His shrine ;  
And walking in the light of God,  
With *holy beauties* shine.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**16** **B**LESS, O Lord, the opening year  
To each soul assembled here ;  
7s. Clothe Thy Word with power divine,  
Make us willing to be Thine.

2 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep,  
Teach the stony heart to weep ;  
Let the blind have eyes to see,  
See themselves, and look on Thee.

3 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,  
Give new strength the race to run ;  
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,  
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

4 Bless us all, both old and young ;  
Call forth praise from every tongue ;  
Let the whole assembly prove  
All Thy power, and all Thy love.

**17** **B**LEST are the pure in heart.  
For they shall see our God ,  
S. M. The secret of the Lord is theirs,  
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men,  
Their pattern and their King:

3 He to the lowly soul  
Doth still Himself impart,  
And for His dwelling and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek ;  
May ours this blessing be ;  
Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for Thee.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**18**    **B**LEST be the everlasting God,  
          The Father of our Lord ;  
c. m.    Be His abounding mercy praised,  
          His majesty adored.

2    When from the dead He raised His Son,  
          And called Him to the sky,  
          He gave our souls a lively hope  
          That they should never die.

3    To an inheritance divine  
          He taught our hearts to rise ;  
          'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,  
          Unfading in the skies.

4    Saints by the power of God are kept  
          Till the salvation come :  
          We walk by faith as strangers here ;  
          But Christ shall call us home.

**19**    **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
          Our hearts in Christian love ,  
s. m.    The fellowship of kindred minds  
          Is like to that above.

2    Before our Father's throne  
          We pour our ardent prayers ;  
          Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
          Our comforts and our cares.

3    We share our mutual woes,  
          Our mutual burdens bear,  
          And often for each other flows  
          The sympathizing tear.

4    From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
          And sin we shall be free ;  
          And perfect love and friendship reign  
          Through all eternity.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**20** **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound;  
6s. 8s. Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesu's love;  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The Gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption through His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of Jubilee is come:  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

**21** **B**READ of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
9s. 8s. By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead,

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 22** **B**RETHREN, let us join to bless  
Christ, our peace and righteousness ;  
7s. Let our praise to Him be given,  
High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing ;  
Thee, we praise, our Priest and King ;  
Worthy is Thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 3 Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
Of salvation by Thee wrought ;  
Wrought to set Thy people free,  
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.
- 4 May we follow and adore  
Thee, our Saviour, more and more ;  
Guide and bless us with Thy love  
Till we join Thy saints above.

- 23** **B**RIEF life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
7s. 6s. The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there.  
O happy retribution,  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest.
- 2 And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown ;  
And He whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.
- 3 The morning shall awaken.  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day :  
There God, our King and portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
*And worship face to face.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**24** CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
7s. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light ;  
Zion's city is in sight :  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Christ, the everlasting Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below :  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

**25** CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow  
Perfecting the saints below,  
7s. Steadfast let us cleave to Thee ;

Love, the mystic union be.  
Still our fellowship increase ;  
Knit us in the bond of peace ;  
Join us, in one spirit join,  
Each to each, and all to Thine.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide ;  
Divers gifts to each divide ;  
Placed according to Thy will,  
Let us all our work fulfil ;  
Never from our office move,  
Needful to each other prove ;  
Use the grace on each bestowed,  
Tempered by the art of God.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Many are we now, and one,  
We who Jesus have put on;  
Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touched with softest sympathy :  
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,  
Rendered all distinctions void ;  
Names and sects and parties fall,  
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

**26** CHRIST is gone up with a joyful sound,  
He is gone to His bright abode ;  
P. M. The armies of heaven, they throng around,  
To hail their ascended God.

- 2 He is gone to His glorious throne on high,  
And to claim the victor's crown ;  
And captive He leads captivity,  
And the foe He has overthrown.

- 3 He is gone to pour, from the fount of love,  
Rich gifts on a sinful race ;  
To prepare a place for His saints above,  
And to shed the Spirit's grace.

- 4 Christ is gone up with a joyful sound,  
He is gone to His bright abode ;  
With the seraphim pure, who His throne sur-  
round,  
O praise our ascended God.

**27** CHRIST is made the sure foundation,  
Christ the head and corner-stone,  
8s.7s. Chosen of the Lord and precious,  
Binding all the Church in one,  
Holy Sion's help for ever,  
And her confidence alone.

- 2 To this temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day ;  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,  
Hear Thy servants as they pray ;  
And Thy fullest benediction  
*Shed within its walls alway.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain;  
What they gain from Thee for ever  
With the blessed to retain,  
And hereafter, in Thy glory,  
Evermore with Thee to reign.

**28** CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Sons of men, and angels, say,  
7s. Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King:  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died our souls to save:  
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 4 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven;  
Praise to Thee by both be given;  
Thee we greet triumphant now,  
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

**29** CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
7s. Sun of righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night:  
Day-spring from on high, be near;  
Day-star, in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- ▲      ▲

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief:  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

**30** COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above:  
L. M. Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In His enjoyment to be blest;  
Lead us to heaven, that we may share,  
Fulness of joy for ever there.

**31** COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire;  
L. M. Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy blessèd unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace;  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;  
Where *Thou art Guide*, no ill can come.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of both, to be but One;  
That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song,  
‘Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
‘Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.’

- 32** COME, Holy Spirit, come;  
Let Thy bright beams arise;  
s.m. Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus’ blood;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.
- 4 ’Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

- 33** COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
c.m. Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls—how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

*Hymn for Public Worship.*

- 4 Dear Lord and shall we ever be  
In this poor dying state ;  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

**34** COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
c.m. Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus ;"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For He was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord. for ever Thine.

- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

**35** COME, let us join our friends above  
That have obtained the prize,  
d.c.m. And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven are one.

- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,  
One church, above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
*The narrow stream of death :*

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow ;  
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,  
And part is crossing now.

- 3 Our old companions in distress  
We haste again to see,  
And eager long for our release  
And full felicity :  
Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
Like theirs with glory crowned,  
And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
To hear His trumpet sound.

**36** COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return ;  
c. m. Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.

- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave ;  
And, though His arm be strong to smite,  
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;  
The dawn shall bring us light :  
God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know.  
Shall know Him, and rejoice ;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs His voice.

**37** COME, Lord, and tarry not,  
Bring the long-looked-for day ;  
s. m. O, why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay ?

- 2 Come, for Thy Israel pines,  
An exile from Thy fold ;  
O call to mind Thy faithful word,  
And bless them as of old.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Come, for love waxes cold,  
Its steps are faint and slow ;  
Faith now is lost in unbelief,  
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.
- 4 Come, for the corn is ripe,  
Put in Thy sickle now,  
Reap the great harvest of the earth,  
Sower and Reaper Thou.
- 5 Come, in Thy glorious might,  
Come with the iron rod,  
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face  
Most mighty Son of God.
- 6 Come and make all things new,  
Build up this ruined earth,  
Restore our faded Paradise,  
Creation's second birth.
- 7 Come and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace ;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of righteousness.

**38** COME, O Lord, the heavens rending,  
On our barren souls descending,  
8,8,8,3. Grace and greatness sweetly blending ;  
Come, O Lord !

- 2 Thou from guilt and curse hast freed us ;  
With the bread of heaven feed us ;  
In the path of wisdom lead us ;  
Lead us, Lord !

- 3 From Thy throne of mercy hear us ;  
With Thy holy presence cheer us ;  
Now and always be Thou near us,  
When we call.

**39** COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;  
8s.7s. Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
*He, to rescue me from danger,*  
*Interposed His precious blood.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

3 O to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be :  
Let that grace, now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

**40** COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set Thy people free ;  
8s.7s. From our fears and sins release us ;  
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;  
Dear desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver ;  
Born a child and yet a king ;  
Born to reign in us for ever ;  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone :  
By Thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

**41** COME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners ruined by the fall ;  
8,7,8,7, Here a pure and healing fountain  
7,7. Flows to you, to me, to all,  
In a full, perpetual tide,  
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in poverty and meanness,  
Come, defiled without, within ;  
From infection and uncleanness,  
From the leprosy of sin,  
Wash your robes, and make them white ;  
Ye shall walk with God in light.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;  
Here the guilty, free remission,  
Here the troubled, peace may find ;  
Health this fountain will restore,  
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

**42** COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;

8s. 7s. Jesus ready stands to save you,

4. Full of pity joined with power :  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more.

- 2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify :  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him :  
This He gives you ;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of His blood ;  
Venture on Him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude :  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with His name ;  
Hallelujah,  
*Sinners here may sing the same.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**43** COME, ye thankful people, come,  
7s. Raise the song of harvest-home ;  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin :  
God our Maker doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied :  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home !

2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown :  
First the blade and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear ;  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home :  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away ;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast ,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,  
To Thy final harvest-home ;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin ,  
There, for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide :  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home !

**44** COME, ye that love the Lord,  
s.m. . And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God ;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of His grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

**15** **C**OMMAND Thy blessing from above,  
O God, on all assembled here ;  
L. M. Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.

- 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;  
May we Thy true disciples be ;  
Speak to each heart the mighty Word,  
Say to the weakest, Follow me.
- 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
Spirit of truth, and fill this place  
With humbling and with healing power,  
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,  
One true eternal God confest,  
May neither sin nor foe divide\* [blest.  
Whom Thou hast joined, whom Thou hast

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**46** CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
8s. Come, visit every pious mind ;  
Come, pour Thy joys on humankind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 Thou strength of His almighty hand,  
Whose power doth heaven and earth com-  
mand,  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.


3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high  
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy ;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe ;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the almighty Father's name ;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died :  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

**47** CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne ;  
s.m. Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own.

2 Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him who died for thee ;  
And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love ;  
Behold His hands and side,  
Those wounds yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified.



*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise.
- 5 His reign shall know no end ;  
And round His piercèd feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 6 All hail, Redeemer, hail !  
For Thou hast died for me :  
Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
Throughout eternity.

**48** DAY of judgment, day of wonders,  
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,

8s. 7s. Louder than a thousand thunders,

4. Shakes the vast creation round.

How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound !

- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine !  
You who long for His appearing,  
Then shall say, This God is mine.  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for Thine.

- 3 At His call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
All the powers of nature, shaken  
By His look, prepare to flee :  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee ?

- 4 But to those who have confessèd,  
Loved, and served the Lord below,  
He will say, Come near, ye blessèd,  
See the *kingdom* I bestow ;  
*You for ever*  
*Shall My love and glory know.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**49** DAY of wrath, O day of mourning!  
See the Crucified returning,

8s. Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;  
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking;  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo, the books, exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded;  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

9 Faint and weary, Thou has sought me,  
On the cross of suffering bought me;  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

10 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning:  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

11 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying.

12 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!  
From the dust of death returning,  
Man for judgment must prepare him;  
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.  
Lord, all pitying, Jesus blest,  
*Grant us rest.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**50** **D**EAR Lord, to hear Thee and Thy Word,  
Behold us here to-day ;  
8s. 6s. May the sweet lessons of Thy love  
Our thoughts and wishes sway,  
Till, drawn to Thee, our spirits rise,  
And turn from earth away.

2 Our reason and our will alike  
Are wrapt in darkest night,  
Until Thy hand both rends the veil,  
And fills us with Thy light.  
'Tis Thou must work in us whate'er  
We think, speak, do aright.

3 O Glory of the Godhead, Thou,  
Light of the light divine,  
Prepare us to receive Thy truth,  
Heart, ear, and lip incline ;  
Accept our worship, Lord, and own  
The worshippers for Thine.

**51** **D**EAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;  
Thy presence now display ;  
c. m. As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise,  
And pour Thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

4 May we in faith receive Thy Word,  
In faith present our prayers ;  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**52** **D**READ Jehovah, God of nations,  
From Thy temple in the skies,  
8s. 7s. Hear Thy people's supplications,  
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at Thy feet we bend ;  
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning ;  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression ;  
Let that blood our guilt efface ;  
Save Thy people from oppression ;  
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

**53** **E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless waves  
8s. Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee,  
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive heard,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid its rage didst sleep ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee,  
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,  
And gavest light, and life, and peace ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee,  
For those in peril on the sea.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 O Trinity of love and power,**                       et  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;      cy-  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;         'l  
And ever let there rise to Thee,  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

**54** **E**TERNAL Source of every joy,  
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,  
While in Thy temple we appear,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days  
Demand successive songs of praise:  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With opening light and closing shade.**

- 3 O may our more harmonious tongues  
In worlds unknown pursue these songs ;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.**

**55** **F**AR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my Father's breast,  
**s.m.** Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,  
And speed me to my rest.

- 2 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee :  
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.

- 8 To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road ;  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode ?

- 4 God of my life be near :  
On Thee my hopes I cast :  
O guide me through the desert here,  
*And bring me home at last.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**56** FAR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise :

c.m. And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land, could mortal eyes  
But half its joys explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more.

3 There pain and sickness never come,  
And grief no more complains ;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair ;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

5 The glorious Monarch there displays  
His beams of wondrous grace ;  
His happy subjects sing His praise,  
And bow before His face.

6 O may the heavenly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear every thought above.

**57** FAREWELL to thee, brother, we  
but to part,

11s. And sorrow is struggling with joy in  
heart ;  
There is grief, but there's hope, all its art  
to quell ;  
The Master goes with thee—farewell, C  
well.

2 Farewell, for thou treadest the path thou  
trodest ;  
His God is thy Father, His Father thy  
And if ever with doubtings thy bosom  
swell,  
Remember He's with thee—farewell, C  
well.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Farewell, but in spirit we often shall meet  
(Though the ocean divide us) at one mercy-seat,  
And above ne'er to part, but for ever to dwell  
With the Master in glory—till then, O farewell!

**58** FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,

L.M. Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.

- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy quickening power extend.

- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

**59** FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word  
What endless glory shines!

C.M. For ever be Thy name adored,  
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here springs of consolation rise  
To cheer the fainting mind;  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.

- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound,

- 4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word  
And view my Saviour there.

**60** **F**ATHER of peace, and God of love,  
We own Thy power to save,  
c.m. That power by which our Shepherd rose  
Victorious o'er the grave.

- 2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,  
When, by His sacred blood,  
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,  
The eternal covenant stood.
- 3 O may Thy Spirit seal our souls,  
And mould them to Thy will,  
That our weak hearts no more may stray,  
But keep Thy precepts still ;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height  
We nearer still may rise,  
And all we think, and all we do,  
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

**61** **F**EAR not, O little flock, the foe  
Who madly seeks your overthrow,  
8,8,6, Dread not his rage and power ;  
8,8,6. What though your courage sometimes faints  
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
Lasts but a little hour.

- 2 As true as God's own Word is true,  
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew  
Against us shall prevail.  
A jest and by-word are they grown ;  
God is with us, we are His own ;  
Our victory cannot fail.
- 3 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer ;  
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,  
Fight for us once again.  
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise  
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,  
World without end. Amen.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**62**    **F**OR ever with the Lord;  
          Amen, so let it be;  
s. m.    Life from the dead is in that word,  
          'Tis immortality.

2    Here in the body pent,  
      Absent from Him I roam,  
      Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
      A day's march nearer home.

3    My Father's house on high,  
      Home of my soul, how near,  
      At times, to faith's foreseeing eye  
      Thy golden gates appear!

4    Ah, then my spirit faints  
      To reach the land I love,  
      The bright inheritance of saints,  
      Jerusalem above.

5    For ever with the Lord;  
      Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
      The promise of that faithful word,  
      Even here to me fulfil.

6    Be Thou at my right hand,  
      Then can I never fail;  
      Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,  
      Fight, and I must prevail.

7    So when my latest breath  
      Shall rend the veil in twain,  
      By death I shall escape from death,  
      And life eternal gain.

8    Knowing as I am known,  
      How shall I love that word,  
      And oft repeat before the throne,  
      For ever with the Lord.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 63** **F**OR the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
7s. For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies :  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon and stars of light :  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 3 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above ;  
For all gentle thoughts and mild :  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 4 For each perfect gift of Thine  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven :  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.

- 64** **F**OR thee, O dear, dear country,  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
7s. 6s. For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep :  
The home of fadeless splendour,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn ;  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn.

- 2 O one, O only mansion,  
O Paradise of joy,  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy ;  
New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays :  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced ;  
The saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is Christ.
- 4 Upon the Rock of ages  
They raise thy holy tower ;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.  
The Lamb is all thy splendour,  
The Crucified thy praise ;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.
- 5 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest,  
Jesus, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.
- 5 **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Father and Redeemer, hear.
- 2 Lo, our sins on Thee we cast,  
Thee, our perfect sacrifice ;  
And, forgetting all the past,  
Press towards our glorious prize.
- 3 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay ;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.
- 4 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread,  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou *his dying bed*.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own;  
Help Thy servants to endure,  
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 6 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,

**66** FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love  
Our thankful hearts incline;  
c. m. What can we render Lord, to Thee,  
When all the worlds are Thine.

- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of Thy grace,  
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess  
Before Thy Father's face,
- 3 In their sad accents of distress,  
Thy pleading voice is heard,  
In them Thou mayest be clothed and fed,  
And visited, and cheered.
- 4 Thy face, with reverence and with love,  
We in Thy poor would see;  
For while we minister to them,  
We do it, Lord, to Thee.

**67** FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich Thy bounties are!  
c. m. The rolling seasons as they move,  
Proclaim Thy constant care.

- 2 When, in the bosom of the earth,  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine,  
The plants in beauty grew;  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And mild, refreshing dew

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone  
Thou dost on man bestow ;  
Let him not then forget to own  
From whom his blessings flow.
- 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine ;  
To Thee our songs we'll raise,  
And all created nature join,  
In sweet, harmonious praise.

**68** FROM all that dwell below the skies  
L. M. Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends Thy Word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

**69** FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
L. M. From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads ;  
A place than all beside more sweet,  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
And friend holds fellowship with friend ,  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

**70** FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
7s. 6s. Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

**71** GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God ;  
8s. 7s. He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for His own abode.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood ;  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God :  
'Tis His love His people raises,  
Over self to reign as kings,  
And as priests, His solemn praises,  
Each for a thank-offering brings.

- 4 Saviour, if of Zion city  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy name.  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show ;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
None but Zion's children know.

**72** **G**LORY be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,

8s. 7s. Glory be to God the Spirit,

4. Great Jehovah, Three in One ;  
Glory, glory,  
While eternal ages run.

- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,  
Washed us from each spot and stain ;  
Glory be to Him who bought us,  
Made us kings with Him to reign ;  
Glory, glory,  
To the *Lamb that once was slain.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

3 Glory to the King of angels,  
Glory to the Church's King,  
Glory to the King of nations,  
Heaven and earth your praises bring;  
Glory, glory,  
To the King of glory bring.

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal,  
Thus the choir of angels sings;  
Honour, riches, power, dominion,  
Thus its praise creation brings;  
Glory, glory,  
Glory to the King of kings.

**73** GLORY, glory everlasting,  
Be to Him who bore the cross,  
8s. 7s. Who redeemed our souls, by tasting  
4. Death, the death deserved by us :  
Spread His glory,  
Who redeemed His people thus.

2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,  
Without measure, without end ;  
Human thought is here confounded,  
'Tis too vast to comprehend :  
Praise the Saviour ;  
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story  
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
Sing we, Everlasting glory  
Be to God and to the Lamb :  
Saints and angels,  
Give ye glory to His name.

**74** GLORY to God on high ;  
Let earth to heaven reply,  
6,6,4,6, Praise ye His name :  
6,6,4. Angels His name adore  
Who all our sorrows bore,  
And saints cry evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb,

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 All they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising His name :  
We who have felt His blood  
Sealing our peace with God,  
Spread His dear fame abroad,  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 Join all the ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless,  
Praise ye His name :  
In Him we will rejoice,  
Making a cheerful noise,  
And say with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 Though we must change our place,  
Yet shall we never cease  
Praising His name ;  
To Him we'll tribute bring,  
Laud Him our gracious King,  
And without ceasing sing,  
Worthy the Lamb.

**75**      **G**OD knoweth all His people,  
7s. 6s.      From everlasting knew  
The greatest and the smallest,  
The many and the few.  
Not one of them shall perish ;  
He guardeth each alone ;  
In living and in dying  
They shall remain His own.

- 2 He knows them by their loving,  
The fruit of His own love,  
And by their earnest longing  
To please their Lord above ;  
By their long-suffering patience  
When others work them ill,  
By blessing as He blesseth,  
And bearing all His will.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 And thus He knows His people,  
From everlasting knew  
The greatest and the smallest,  
The many and the few.  
Where His own Spirit's working  
In gracious power is seen,  
By faith, hope, love abounding,  
Where'er His step hath been.

**76** **G**OD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
c. m. He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain ;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

**77** **G**OD of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy face .  
7s. Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,  
Fill Thy Church with light divine ;  
And Thy saving health extend

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Be by all that live, adored ;  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King ;  
At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;  
God to man His blessing give ;  
Man to God devoted live ;  
All below and all above,  
One in joy and light and love.

78 **G**OD reveals His presence ;  
Let us now adore Him,  
. m. And with awe appear before Him :  
God is in His temple ;  
All within keep silence,  
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.  
Him alone  
God we own,  
Him our God and Saviour :  
Praise His name for ever.

2 God reveals His presence ;  
Hear the harps resounding,  
See the crowds the throne surrounding :  
Holy, holy, holy,  
Hear the hymn ascending,  
Angels, saints, their voices blending.  
Bow Thine ear  
To us here ;  
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,  
To our meaner praises.

3 O Thou Fount of blessing,  
Purify my spirit  
Trusting only in Thy merit :  
Like the holy angels  
Who behold Thy glory,  
*May I ceaselessly adore Thee :*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

Let Thy will  
Ever still  
Rule Thy Church terrestrial,  
As the hosts celestial.

- 4 Jesus, dwell within me ;  
Whilst on earth I tarry  
Make me Thy blest sanctuary ,  
Then, on angel-pinions,  
Waft me to those regions  
Filled with bright seraphic legions ;  
May this hope  
Bear me up,  
Till these eyes for ever  
Gaze on Thee, my Saviour.

**79** **G**OD, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light ;  
8,4,8,4, Who the day for toil hast given,  
8,8,8,4. For rest the night ;  
May Thine angel guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This live-long night !

- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ,  
And when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie ;  
When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us,  
With Thee on high.

**80** **G**OD the all-terrible, King who or-  
dainest  
11,10,11, Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings  
9. Thy sword ;  
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou  
reignest :  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

- 2 God the omnipotent, mighty Avenger,  
Watching invisible, judging unheard ;  
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger :  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

3 God the all-merciful, earth hath forsaken  
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy  
Word;

Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken :  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,  
Laud Him who saved them from peril  
abhorred,

Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,  
Peace to the nations, and praise to the  
Lord.

**31** GOD the Lord has heard our prayer,  
God has lightened all our care;  
7s. To His glorious throne on high  
Rose His children's mournful cry :  
Hallelujah, praises sing  
To our Father and our King.

2 Helpless, Lord, Thy face we sought,  
Thou hast our deliverance wrought ;  
God, who gave us faith to pray,  
Give us thankful hearts to-day :  
Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee  
Sing we, though unworthily.

3 Now the night of grief is gone,  
Now with joy breaks forth the morn ;  
Trust in God if ye would prove  
All the riches of His love :  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord,  
Trust His love and plead His Word.

**32** GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to my ear :  
3.M. Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear

2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps that grace display  
*Which drew the wondrous plan.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days :  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

**83** GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest :  
L. M. The glories that compose Thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am Thine by sacred ties ;  
Thy son, Thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling waterbrook.

4 With early feet I love to appear  
Among Thy saints and seek Thy face ,  
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,  
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise ;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

**84** GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways  
Are matchless, God-like, and divine ,  
8s. But the fair glories of Thy grace  
More God-like and unrivalled shine ;  
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

2 In wonder lost, with trembling joy  
We take the pardon of our God :  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

A pardon bought with Jesus' blood;  
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 3 O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
This God-like miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all the angelic choirs above;  
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

**35** GREAT God, what do I see and hear?  
The end of things created!  
7,8,7, The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
8,7. On clouds of glory seated.

The trumpet sounds; the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding.  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing.  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trembling, they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear?  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of mankind doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated.  
Low at His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
*And thus prepare to meet Him.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**86** GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,  
while at Thy feet we fall,  
D.C.M. And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for  
mercy call ;  
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine, O turn  
us not away,  
But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and help  
us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no  
less we own,  
Yet wondrously from age to age Thy good-  
ness hath been shown ;  
When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our  
country round,  
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, and  
help in Thee was found. .

3 With one consent we meekly bow beneath  
Thy chastening hand,  
And pouring forth confession meet, mourn  
with our mourning land ;  
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we  
lift our prayer,  
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord, then  
let Thy mercy spare.

**87** GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
8s. 7s. I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
4. Hold me with Thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
    Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death and hell's destruction,  
    Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
        Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee.

18. **18** **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,  
    Ravished from our wishful eyes ;  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Reascends His native heaven.

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;  
    Lift your heads, eternal gates ;  
    Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
    Take the King of glory in.
- 3 Him, though highest heaven receives,  
    Still He loves the earth He leaves ;  
    Though returning to His throne,  
    Still He calls mankind His own.
- 4 See, He lifts His hands above ;  
    See, He shows the prints of love ;  
    Hark, His gracious lips bestow  
    Blessings on His Church below.
- 5 Still for us His death He pleads ;  
    Prevalent, He intercedes ;  
    Near Himself prepares our place,  
    Harbinger of human race.
- 6 Lord, though parted from our sight,  
    High above yon azure height,  
    Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
    Following Thee beyond the skies.

**39** **H**AIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus,  
    Hail, Thou Galilean King ;  
s. 7s. Thou didst suffer to release us,  
    Thou didst free salvation bring :  
Hail, Thou agonising Saviour,  
    Bearer of our sin and shame,  
By Thy merits we find favour ;  
    *Life is given through Thy name.*

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid ;  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All Thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;  
Opened is the gate of heaven ;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide ;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side.  
There for sinners Thou art pleading ;  
There Thou dost our place prepare ,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing  
Thou art worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give ;  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## 90 HAIL, to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son !

- 7s. 6s. Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun.  
He comes to break oppression,  
To let the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth ;  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing:  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end:  
The mountain-dews shall nourish  
A seed, in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.
- 5 O'er every foe victorious  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all-blest;  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
That name to us is Love.

11 HALLELUJAH, best and sweetest  
Of the hymns of praise above;  
3. 7s. Hallelujah, thou repeatest,  
4. Angel-host, these notes of love:  
This ye utter,  
While your golden harps ye move.

- 2 Hallelujah, church victorious,  
Join the concert of the sky;  
Hallelujah, bright and glorious,  
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high;  
We, poor exiles,  
Join *not yet your melody.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Hallelujah, strains of gladness  
    Suit not souls with anguish torn :  
Hallelujah, sounds of sadness  
    Best become the heart forlorn :  
    Our offences  
    We with bitter tears must mourn.
- 4 But our earnest supplication,  
    Holy God, we raise to Thee :  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
    Make us all Thy joys to see :  
    Hallelujah,  
    Ours at length this strain shall be.

**92** **H**ARK, how the adoring hosts above  
    With songs surround the throne ;  
c. m. Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
    But all their hearts are one.

- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
    To be exalted thus ;  
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,  
    For He was slain for us.
- 3 To Him be power divine ascribed,  
    And endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
    For ever on His head.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood,  
    And set the prisoners free ;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
    And we shall reign with Thee.
- 5 From every kindred, every tongue,  
    Thou brought'st Thy chosen race ;  
And distant lands and isles have shared  
    The riches of Thy grace.
- 6 To Him who sits upon the throne,  
    The God whom we adore,  
And to the Lamb that once was slain  
    Be glory evermore.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**93** **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour  
comes,

c. m. The Saviour promised long ;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.

**94** **H**ARK, the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King ;

7s. Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
Universal nature say,  
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored ;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;  
Late in time behold Him come,  
*Offspring of a virgin's womb :*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;  
Hail, the incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel !

3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of peace,  
Hail, the Sun of righteousness,  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild, He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.


4 Come, Desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home ;  
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.  
Adam's likeness, Lord, efface ;  
Stamp Thy image in its place ;  
O to all Thyself impart,  
Formed in each believing heart.

**95** **H**ARK, the song of Jubilee ;  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
7s. Or the fulness of the sea,

When it breaks upon the shore :  
Hallelujah, for the Lord  
God omnipotent, shall reign ;  
Hallelujah, let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah, hark, the sound,  
From the depths unto the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies :  
See Jehovah's banner furled,  
Sheathed His sword : He speaks ; 'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway ;  
He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have passed away :



*Hymns for Public Worship.*

Then the end ; beneath His rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
Hallelujah, Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

**96** **H**ARK, the sound of holy voices,  
Chanting at the crystal sea,

8s. 7s. Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee ;  
Multitude which none can number,  
Like the stars in glory stand,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding  
Palms of victory in their hand.

2 They have come from tribulation,  
And have washed their robes in blood,  
Washed them in the blood of Jesus ;  
Tried they were, and firm they stood ;  
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,  
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
They have conquered death and Satan,  
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite ;  
Love and peace they taste for ever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
Of the blessed Trinity.

**97** **H**ARK, the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;

8s. 7s. See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
4. Shakes the earth and veils the sky ;

It is finished,  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished ; O what pleasure,  
Do the wondrous words afford ;  
Heavenly blessings without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;  
It is finished,  
*Saints the dying words record.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Finished all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law ;  
Finished all that God had promised ;  
Death and hell no more shall awe.  
It is finished,  
Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;  
Strike them to Immanuel's name ;  
All on earth and all in heaven,  
Join the triumph to proclaim.  
Hallelujah,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

**98** **H** **E** **A** **D** of the Church triumphant  
We joyfully adore Thee ;

7,7,4,  
4, 7.

- Till Thou appear,  
Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory ;  
We lift our hearts and voices,  
With blest anticipation,  
And cry aloud,  
And give to God  
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 Thou dost conduct Thy people  
Through torrents of temptation ;  
Nor will we fear,  
While Thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation ;  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes ;  
By Thee we shall  
Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.
- 3 By faith we see the glory  
To which Thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise,  
For that high prize  
*Which Thou hast set before us :*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

And, if Thou count us worthy,  
We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see Thee stand  
At God's right hand  
To take us up to heaven.

**99** **H**O, ye that thirst, approach the spring  
Where living waters flow :  
Free to that sacred fountain, all  
Without a price may go.

2 My stores afford those rich supplies  
That health and pleasure give :  
Incline your ear, and come to Me ;  
The soul that hears shall live.

3 Seek ye the Lord while yet His ear  
Is open to your call ;  
While offered mercy still is near,  
Before His footstool fall.

4 Let sinners quit their evil ways,  
Their evil thoughts forego,  
And God, when they to Him return,  
Returning grace will show.

**100** **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of sinful night ,  
8,7, Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,  
8,8. Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.  
Loving Spirit, God of peace,  
Great Distributor of grace,  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,  
As a gracious shower descend,  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, and God can send :  
O Thou Glory, shining down  
From the Father and the Son,  
Grant us Thy illumination,  
*Rest upon this congregation.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**101** **H**OLY Ghost, the Comforter,  
7s. Now from highest heaven appear,  
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.

- 2 Come to them who suffer dearth,  
With Thy gifts of priceless worth  
Lighten all who dwell on earth.
- 3 Thou the heart's most precious guest,  
Thou of comforters the best,  
Give to us, the o'erladen, rest.
- 4 Blessed Sun of grace, o'er all  
Faithful hearts, that on Thee call,  
Let Thy joy and solace fall.
- 5 What without Thy aid is wrought,  
Skilful deed or wisest thought,  
God will count but vain and nought.
- 6 Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful stain,  
O'er the parchèd heart, O rain,  
Heal the wounded from its pain.
- 7 Bend the stubborn will to Thine,  
Melt the cold with fire divine,  
Erring hearts aright incline.
- 8 May we live in holiness,  
And in death find happiness,  
And abide with Thee in bliss!

**102** **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord  
7s. God of hosts, eternal King,  
By the heavens and earth adored;  
Angels and archangels sing,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.

- 2 Since by Thee were all things made,  
And in Thee do all things live,  
Be to Thee all honour paid,  
Praise to Thee let all things give,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.
-

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,  
Spirits blest before the throne,  
Speeding thence at Thy command,  
And, when Thy behests are done,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.
- 4 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,  
Thee the noble martyr band,  
Praise with solemn jubilee;  
Thee the Church in every land,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.
- 5 Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
Godhead One and Persons Three;  
Join us with the heavenly Host,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

**103** **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord  
7s. God of hosts, when heaven and earth,  
Out of darkness, at Thy word,  
Issued into glorious birth,  
All Thy works before Thee stood,  
And Thine eye beheld them good,  
While they sang, with sweet accord,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy, Thee,  
One Jehovah evermore,  
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,  
Dust and ashes, would adore :  
Lightly by the world esteemed,  
From that world by Thee redeemed,  
Sing we here, with glad accord,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy, all  
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,  
When the ransomed nations fall  
*At the footstool of their King :*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

Then shall saints and seraphim,  
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,  
Round the throne with full accord,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

**104** **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,  
P. M. Early in the morning our song shall  
rise to Thee ;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around  
the glassy sea ;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before  
Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt  
be.

3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide  
Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory  
may not see,  
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside  
Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in  
earth and sky and sea ;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

**105** **H**OLY Spirit, once again  
7s. Come, thou true eternal God ;  
Nor Thy power descend in vain,  
Make us ever Thine abode ;  
So shall Spirit, joy, and light  
Dwell in us, where all was night.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 Guide us, Lord, from day to day,  
Keep us in the paths of grace,  
Clear all hindrances away  
That might foil us in the race;  
When we stumble, hear our call,  
Work repentance for our fall.
- 3 Witness in our hearts that God  
Counts us children through His Son,  
That our Father's gentle rod  
Smites us for our good alone;  
So when tried, perplexed, distressed,  
In His love we still may rest.
- 4 Quicken us to seek His face  
Freely, with a trusting heart,  
In our prayers, O breathe Thy grace,  
Go with us when we depart;  
So shall our request be heard,  
And our faith to joy be stirred.
- 5 Lord, preserve us in the faith,  
Suffer nought to drive us thence,  
Neither Satan, scorn, nor death;  
Be our God and our defence;  
Though the flesh resist Thy will,  
Let Thy Word be stronger still.
- 6 And at last when we must die,  
O assure the sinking heart  
Of the glorious realm on high  
Where Thou healest every smart,  
Of the joys unspeakable,  
Where our God would have us dwell.

**106** **H** OPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,  
Thou glorious Star of day,  
c. m. Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,  
With all our tears away.

- 2 No resting-place we seek on earth,  
No loveliness we see;  
Our eye is on the royal crown,  
Prepared for us and Thee.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 But, dearest Lord, however bright  
That crown of joy above,  
What is it to the brighter hope  
Of dwelling in Thy love?
- 4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,  
Unmingled, pure and free,  
Of union with our living Head,  
Of fellowship with Thee?
- 5 This joy e'en now on earth is ours,  
But only, Lord, above,  
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know  
The fulness of Thy love.

**107**      **H**OSANNA to the living Lord,  
                 Hosanna to the incarnate Word:  
8, 8, 8,      To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
8, 11.      Let earth, let heaven Hosanna sing,  
                 Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest.

- 2      O Saviour, with protecting care,  
Return to this Thy house of prayer,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim,  
Assembled in Thy sacred name.  
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest.
- 3      But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.  
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest.
- 4      So in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again:  
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest.

**108**      **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
                 Who stand on Zion's hill,  
s. m.      Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
                 And words of peace reveal.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found.
- 3 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light.  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 4 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

**109** **H**OW bright appears the morning Star.  
With mercy beaming from afar ;

**P. M.** The host of heaven rejoices :

O righteous Branch, O Jesse's Rod,  
Thou Son of man, and Son of God,  
We, too, will lift our voices.

Jesus, Jesus,  
Holy, holy, yet most lowly,  
Draw Thou near us ;  
Great Immanuel, stoop and hear us.

- 2 Though circled by the hosts on high,  
He deigned to cast a pitying eye  
Upon His helpless creature ;  
The whole creation's Head and Lord,  
By highest seraphim adored,  
Assumed our very nature.

Jesus, grant us,  
Through Thy merit, to inherit  
Thy salvation ;  
Hear, O hear our supplication.

- 8 Rejoice, ye heavens ; thou earth, reply :  
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,  
For this His incarnation.  
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power ;  
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,  
Till all know Thy salvation.

Amen, amen ;  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Praise be given

*Evermore, by earth and heaven.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**110** **H**OW bright these glorious spirits sh  
Whence all their white array?

c. m. How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every mouth to sing:  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring.

5 The Lamb which dwells amidst the thr  
Shall o'er them still preside;  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.


6 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His fl  
Where living streams appear;  
And God the Lord, from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.

**111** **H**OW glorious Sion's courts appear  
The city of our God:

c. m. His throne He hath established here,  
Here fixed His loved abode.

2 Its walls, defended by His grace,  
No power shall e'er overthrow,  
Salvation is its bulwark sure  
Against the assailing foe.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling;  
Enter, ye nations, that obey  
The statutes of our King.



*Hymns for Public Worship.*

4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,  
And dwell in perfect peace,  
Ye, that have known Jehovah's name,  
And trusted in His grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust, }  
And banish all your fears ;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells  
Eternal as His years.

**12** **H**OW long, O Lord our Saviour,  
Wilt Thou remain away ?

s. 6s. Our hearts are growing weary  
Of Thy so long delay ;  
O when shall come the moment,  
When, brighter far than morn,  
The sunshine of Thy glory  
Shall on Thy people dawn ?

2 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,  
How long wilt Thou delay ?  
And yet how few are grieving,  
That Thou dost absent stay :  
The very bride her portion  
And calling hath forgot,  
And seeks for ease and glory,  
Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

3 O wake Thy slumbering virgins ;  
Send forth the solemn cry,  
Let all Thy saints repeat it :  
The Bridegroom draweth nigh.  
May all our lamps be burning,  
Our loins well girded be,  
Each longing heart preparing,  
With joy Thy face to see.

**13** **H**OW precious is the Book divine,  
By inspiration given ;

.m. Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It shows to man his wandering ways,  
And where his feet have trod ;  
And brings to view the matchless grace  
Of a forgiving God.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

**114** **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !

c. m. It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place ;  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 15** **I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto Me and rest ;  
H.M. Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad,  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water ; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am this dark world's light,  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my star, my sun ;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.
- 6** **I** LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God ;  
8s. He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursèd load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White, in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;  
All fulness dwells in Him :  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrow shares.

*Hymns for Public Worship*

- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes  
His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child.  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

- 117** I NEED Thee, gracious Jesus, for I am  
full of sin ;  
7s. 6s. My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is  
dead within.  
I need the cleansing fountain, where I can  
always flee,  
The blood of Christ most precious, the sin-  
ner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, gracious Jesus, for I am very  
poor ;  
A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly  
store.  
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my  
way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my  
strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, gracious Jesus, I need a friend  
like Thee,  
A friend to soothe and sympathise, a friend  
to care for me ;  
I need the heart of Jesus to feel each an-  
xious care,  
To tell my every trouble, and all my sor-  
row share.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus, and hope to  
see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow, and seated on  
Thy throne ;  
There, with Thy blood-bought children, my  
joy shall ever be,  
To sing Thy praises, Jesus, to gaze, my  
Lord, on Thee.

18 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God : He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train :  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find His promise vain.

- 3 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow, and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

19 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend His cause,  
Maintain the honour of His word,  
The glory of His cross.

- 2 Jesus, my Lord, I know His name,  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.


*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure  
What I've committed to His hands  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own His servant's name,  
Before His Father's face,  
And, in the new Jerusalem,  
Appoint my soul a place.

**120** **I**N all things like Thy brethren Thou  
Wast made, yet free from sin ;  
c. m. But how unlike to us, O Lord,  
Replies the voice within.

- 2 Our faith is weak ; O Light of light,  
Clear Thou our clouded view ;  
That, Son of man and Son of God,  
We give Thee honour due.
- 3 O Son of man, Thyself hast proved  
Our trials and our tears,  
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,  
Death's agonies and fears.
- 4 O Son of God, in glory raised,  
Thou sittest on Thy throne ;  
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,  
Still succouring Thine own.
- 5 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge,  
To Thee, O Christ, is given  
To bind upon Thy crown the names  
Elect in earth and heaven.

**121** **I**N memory of the Saviour's love,  
We keep the sacred feast,  
c. m. Where every humble, contrite heart  
Is made a welcome guest.

- 2 By faith we take the Bread of Life  
With which our souls are fed,  
The cup in token of His blood  
That was for sinners shed.
- 

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Under His banner thus we sing  
The wonders of His love,  
And thus anticipate by faith  
The heavenly feast above.

**122** **I**N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, Thy people, now draw near;  
8s. 7s. Teach us to rejoice with trembling,  
4. Speak, and let Thy servants hear,  
Hear with meekness,  
Hear thy Word with godly fear.

- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to Thee !  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be,  
Till Thy glory,  
Without clouds in heaven we see.

- 3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,  
Thee, Thy people shall adore ;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Far than thought conceived before ,  
Full enjoyment,  
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

**123** **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
c. m. When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy and peace, and thee ?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built  
walls,  
And pearly gates behold,  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?  
3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.  
4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
*And realms of endless day.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
    Around my Saviour stand ;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
    Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
    My soul still pants for thee :  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
    When I thy joys shall see.

- 124** **J**ERUSALEM the glorious,  
    The glory of the elect ;  
7s. 6s. O dear and future vision,  
    That eager hearts expect :  
Even now by faith I see thee ;  
    Even here thy walls discern ;  
For thee my thoughts are kindled,  
    And strive, and pant, and yearn.
- 2 Jerusalem the only,  
    That look'st from heaven, below ;  
In thee is all my glory ;  
    In me is all my woe.  
That we should look, poor wanderers,  
    To have our home on high ;  
That worms should seek for dwellings,  
    Beyond the starry sky !
- 3 O fields that know no sorrow,  
    O state that fears no strife,  
O princely bowers, O land of flowers,  
    O realm and home of life !  
O sweet and blessed country,  
    Shall I ever see thy face ?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
    Shall I ever win thy grace ?
- 4 Exult, O dust and ashes,  
    The Lord thall be thy part ;  
His only, His for ever.  
    Thou shalt be, and thou art.  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
    To that dear land of rest ;  
Jesus, with God the Father,  
    And Spirit, ever blest.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 125** **J**ERUSALEM the golden,  
7s. 6s. With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppress :  
I know not, O I know not  
What joys await us there,  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng ;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene ;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast ;  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest ;  
Jesus, with God the Father,  
And Spirit ever blest.
- 126** **J**ESUS calls us o'er the tumult  
8s. 7s. Of our life's wild restless sea ;  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, Christian follow Me.
- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, *Christian, love Me more.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
Christian, love Me more than these.

4 Jesus calls us. By Thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee, best of all.

**127** JESUS came, the heavens adoring,  
Came with peace from realms on high;  
8s. 7s. Jesus came for man's redemption,  
4. Lowly came on earth to die;  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,  
When our hearts are bowed with care;  
Jesus comes again in answer  
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,  
Bringing news of sin forgiven;  
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,  
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,  
When the heavens shall pass away;  
Jesus comes again in glory:  
Let us, then, our homage pay,  
Hallelujah, ever singing,  
Till the dawn of endless day.

**128** JESUS Christ is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day,  
7s. Who did once upon the cross,  
Suffer to redeem our loss.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ our heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.

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*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 But the pains which He endured  
Our salvation have procured :  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing  
Hallelujah.

**129** **J**ESUS lives: no longer now  
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;  
7s. 8s. Jesus lives: by this we know  
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.

- 2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.
- 3 Jesus lives: for us He died:  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.
- 4 Jesus lives: to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given:  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

**130** **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
7s. While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring:  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name ;  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
False, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound ;  
Make and keep me pure within :  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

**131** **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
L. M. His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er Hé reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains :  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long Amen.
-

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**132** **J**ESUS, sinners will receive ;  
Say this word of grace to all  
78. Who the heavenly pathway leave,  
All who linger, all who fall ;  
This can bring them back again,  
Christ receiveth sinful men.

2 Sick, and sorrowful, and blind,  
I, with all my sins, draw nigh ;  
O my Saviour, Thou canst find  
Help for sinners such as I ;  
Speak that word of love again,  
Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Yea, my soul is comforted ;  
For Thy blood hath washed away  
All my sins, though crimson-red,  
And I stand in white array,  
Purged from every spot and stain :  
Christ receiveth sinful men.

4 Christ receiveth sinful men :  
Even me, with all my sin ;  
Openeth to me heaven again,  
With Him I may enter in.  
Death hath no more sting nor pain ;  
Christ receiveth sinful men.

**133** **J**ESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
L. M. The flock for which Thou cam'st from  
heaven,  
The flock for which Thy life was given.

2 O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
And guide them that they never stray ;  
Cherish the young, sustain the old,  
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

3 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,  
And let the number be complete ;  
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,  
And occupy *the fold above*.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**134** **J**ESUS, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
c.m. But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,  
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek;  
To those who fall how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss,  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

**135** **J**ESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,  
Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,  
l.m. From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay,  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**136** **J**ESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
L. M. Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Even then shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,  
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove ;  
Now let Thy Word o'er all prevail ;  
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice,  
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice ;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

**137** **J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;  
L. M. Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**138**

6s. 8s.

- J**OIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore;  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless Thy name;  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered His blood and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside;  
His powerful blood did once atone;  
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 Divine, almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing;  
Thine is the power; behold, I sit  
In willing bonds before Thy feet.
- 5 Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down;  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown:  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

**139**

C. M.

- J**OY to the world: the Lord is come:  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth: the Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make His blessings flow,  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

- 140** **J**UST as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
8,8,8,6. And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 7 Just as I am, of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to  
prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**141**

P. M.

- L**AMB of God, whose bleeding love  
We now recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find ;  
Think on us who think on Thee,  
And every struggling soul release ;  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By Thine agonizing pain  
And bloody sweat, we pray,  
By Thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away :  
Burst our bonds and set us free ;  
From all iniquity release ;  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal ;  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal :  
By Thy passion on the tree,  
Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.

**142**

8s. 7s.

4.

- L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee ;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love, with every passion blending,  
Pleasure, that can never cloy:  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

**143** **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide

- 8s. Of all that travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, even us, abide,  
Who would on Thee alone rely;  
On Thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place,  
But hasten through the vale of woe,  
And, restless to behold Thy face,  
Swift to our heavenly country move,  
Our everlasting home above.

- 3 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,  
Freely and graciously forgiven,  
With songs to Sion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven;  
That palace of our glorious King,  
We find it nearer while we sing.

- 4 Raised by the breath of love divine,  
We urge our way with strength renewed;  
The church of the first-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God;  
With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

**44** **L**ET us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;

- 7s. For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Let us blaze His name abroad,  
For of gods He is the God;  
*For His, etc.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Who His mansion hath on high,  
Passing reach of mortal eye ;  
For His, etc.
- 4 All things living He doth feed ;  
His full hand supplies their need ;  
For His, etc.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye  
Beheld us in our misery ;  
For His, etc.
- 6 Let us therefore warble forth  
His great majesty and worth ;  
For His, etc.

**145** **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
Star of the coming day,  
C. M. Arise, and with Thy morning beams,  
Chase all our griefs away.

- 2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore,  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,  
In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,  
The air, the earth, the sea,  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine ;  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine.

**146** **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
8s. 7s. Come, and by Thy love revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise,  
Scattering all the night of nature,  
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for Thy appearing;  
Life and joy Thy beams impart;  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every poor benighted heart.
- 4 By Thy all-restoring merit,  
Every burdened soul release;  
Every weary, wandering spirit,  
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

**47** **L**O, God is here; let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place:

8s. Let all within us feel His power,  
And silent bow before His face;  
Who know His power, His grace who prove,  
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

- 2 Lo, God is here; Him day and night  
The united choir of angels sing;  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

- 3 Being of beings, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;  
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

**48** **L**O, He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain:

7s. Thousand thousand saints attending,

4. Swell the triumph of His train:

*Hallelujah,  
God appears on earth to reign.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;  
Come to judgment,  
Come to judgment, come away.
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear :  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air :  
Hallelujah,  
See the day of God appear.
- 5 Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne :  
Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own :  
O come quickly,  
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

**149** **L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
See the Man of sorrows now ;  
8s. 7s. From the fight returned victorious,  
4. Every knee to Him shall bow :  
Crown Him, crown Him ;  
Crowns become the victor's brow.

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him ;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;  
In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings :  
Crown Him, crown Him ;  
Crown the Saviour, King of kings.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
Own His title, praise His name:  
Crown Him, crown Him;  
Spread abroad the victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation;  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords;  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
O what joy the sight affords:  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

**150** **L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
c. m. So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear,  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine,  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We in our turn would meekly cry,  
Father, Thy will be done.
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,  
Or brethren faithless prove,  
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim,  
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**151** **L**ORD, cause Thy face on us to shine ;  
Give us Thy peace and seal us Thine :  
L. M. Teach us to prize the means of grace,  
And love Thy earthly dwelling-place.

2 May we in truth our sins confess,  
Worship the Lord in holiness,  
And all Thy power and glory see,  
Within Thy hallowed sanctuary.

3 O King of Salem, Prince of peace,  
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease ;  
One is our faith, and one our Lord,  
One body, Spirit, hope, reward ;

4 One God and Father of us all,  
On whom Thy Church and people call.  
O may we one communion be,  
One with each other, one in Thee.

**152** **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
8s. 7s. Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
4. Triumph in redeeming grace :  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration  
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound ;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**153**      **L** ORD God, the Holy Ghost,  
                 In this accepted hour,  
D.S.M.    As on the day of Pentecost,  
                 Descend in all Thy power ;  
                 We meet with one accord  
                 In our appointed place,  
                 And wait the promise of our Lord,  
                 The Spirit of all grace.

2      Like mighty rushing wind  
                 Upon the waves beneath,  
                 Move with one impulse every mind,  
                 One soul, one feeling breathe :  
                 The young, the old, inspire  
                 With wisdom from above ;  
                 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
                 To pray, and praise, and love.

3      Spirit of light, explore,  
                 And chase our gloom away,  
                 With lustre shining more and more  
                 Unto the perfect day :  
                 Spirit of truth, be Thou  
                 In life and death our Guide ;  
O Spirit of adoption, now  
                 May we be sanctified.

**154**      **L** ORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,  
                 And Thou hast sworn to hear ;  
c.m.      Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
                 The fresh and fading year.

2      Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,  
                 We trusted, Lord, with Thee ;  
                 And now, that spring has on us smiled,  
                 We wait on Thy decree.

3      The former and the latter rain,  
                 The summer sun and air,  
                 The green ear, and the golden grain,  
                 *All Thine, are ours by prayer.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
The wondrous growth unseen,  
The hopes that soothe, the fears that breathe  
The love that shines serene.
- 5 So grant the precious things brought for  
By sun and moon below,  
That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth  
We never may forego.

**155** **L**ORD Jesus, we believing,  
In Thee have peace with God ;  
7s. 6s. Eternal life receiving,

- As given us through Thy blood :  
Our curse and condemnation  
Thou barest in our stead ;  
Secure is our salvation  
In Thee, our risen Head.
- 2 The Holy Ghost, revealing  
Thy work, has made us blest ;  
Thy stripes have given us healing,  
Upon Thy love we rest.  
In Thee the Father sees us  
Accepted and complete ;  
Thy blood, from sin which frees us,  
For glory makes us meet.
- 3 We know that nought can sever  
Our souls, O Lord, from Thee ;  
And thus united ever  
To all Thy saints are we.  
We know Thy word declaring  
The Father's wondrous love,  
In which we all are sharing  
With Thee, our Head above.
- 4 May we this love be showing  
To all Thy members here,  
For Thy sake freely flowing,  
Until Thou shalt appear ;  
Till all the Church in union  
Around the Father's throne,  
Shall stand in blest communion,  
For ever joined in one.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**156** **L**ORD of all power and might,  
6,6,4,6, Father of love and light,  
6,6,4. Speed on Thy Word ;  
O let the Gospel sound  
All the wide world around,  
Wherever man is found,  
God speed His Word.

2 Hail, blessèd Jubilee :  
Thine, Lord, the glory be,  
Hallelujah ;  
Thine was the mighty plan,  
From Thee the work began ;  
Away with praise of man,  
Glory to God.

3 Lo, what embattled foes,  
Stern in their hate, oppose  
God's holy Word :  
One for His truth we stand,  
Strong in His own right hand,  
Firm as a martyr band ;  
God shield His Word.

4 Onward shall be our course,  
Despite of fraud or force ;  
God is before ;  
His Word ere long shall run  
Free as the noonday sun ;  
His purpose must be done :  
God bless His Word.

**157** **L**ORD of hosts, to Thee we raise  
7s. Here a house of prayer and praise :  
Thou, Thy people's hearts prepare,  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed  
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread ;  
Here, in hope of glory blest,  
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand  
While the sea shall gird the land ,  
Here reveal Thy *mercy* sure,  
*While the sun and moon endure.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 Hallelujah, earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply ;  
Hallelujah, hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

**158** **L**ORD of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the life and light,  
7,7,7,5. Maker, Teacher infinite,  
Jesus, hear and save.

- 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
Jesus, hear and save.

- 3 Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
Jesus, hear and save.

- 4 Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
Hear us now, and hear us then,  
Jesus, hear and save.

**159** **L**ORD of our life, and God of our salva-  
tion,  
11,11,11, Star of our night, and hope of every nation,  
5. Hear and receive Thy Church's supplica-  
tion,

Lord God Almighty.

- 2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows  
curling,  
See how Thy foes their banners are un-  
furling ;  
Lord, while their darts envenomed they  
are hurling,

Thou canst preserve us.

- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour  
faileth ;  
Lord, Thou canst save though every sin  
assailleth ;  
Lord, o'er Thy Rock, nor death nor hell  
prevailleth :

Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward  
driven ;  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be  
forgiven ;  
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have  
striven,  
Peace in Thy heaven.

**30** **L**ORD of the harvest, once again  
s. We thank Thee for the ripened grain,  
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
Thy servants through another year :  
For all sweet, holy thoughts, supplied  
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

- 2 The bare, dead grain, in autumn sown,  
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;  
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
Fresh garnished by the King of kings ;  
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee,  
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

- 3 Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask  
A lesson from the reaper's task :  
So shall Thine angels issue forth ;  
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,  
The sport of sun and storm no more,  
Be gathered to their Father's store.

- 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayer be said,  
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread :  
But not alone our bodies feed ;  
Supply our fainting spirits' need :  
O Bread of life, from day to day,  
Be Thou our comfort, food, and stay.

**31** **L**ORD of the living harvest,  
6s. That whitens o'er the plain,  
Where angels soon shall gather  
Their sheaves of golden grain ;  
Accept these hands to labour,  
These hearts to trust and love,  
And deign with them to hasten  
Thy kingdom from above.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,  
Lord, send us out to be  
Content to bear the burden  
Of weary days for Thee ;  
We ask no other wages,  
When Thou shalt call us home,  
But to have shared the travail  
Which makes Thy kingdom come.
- 3 Be with us, God the Father,  
Be with us, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit,  
O blessed Three in One ;  
Make us a royal priesthood,  
Thee rightly to adore,  
And fill us with Thy fulness,  
Now, and for evermore.

**162** **L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this Thy day, in this Thy house  
L. M. And own as grateful sacrifice  
The songs which from the desert rise.

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our labouring souls aspire  
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues ;
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin ;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**63** **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
6,6,6, The dwellings of Thy love,  
4,4,4. Thy earthly temples are !  
To Thine abode  
My heart aspires,  
With warm desires  
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear ;  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there !  
They praise Thee still ;  
And happy they  
That love the way  
To Zion's hill.

8 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears ;  
O glorious seat,  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence ;  
With gifts His hands are filled,  
We draw our blessings thence :  
Thrice happy he,  
O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in Thee.

**64** **L**ORD, our eyes unseal ;  
To our minds reveal  
5,8,8, All that glorious hidden treasure,  
5,5. Grace and mercy without measure,  
Which in Thy good Word,  
For our need is stored.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2      Holy Ghost, arise  
        On our darkened eyes;  
Now to Christ our Saviour lead us;  
Jesus, in Thy pastures feed us;  
        With Thy Word may we  
        Ever nourished be.
- 3      Ever on our sight  
        Pour Thy holy light;  
Darkness all around us reigneth,  
But Thy hand our steps sustaineth;  
        Thou dost guide us still  
        To Thy holy hill.

- 165**    **L**ORD our God, to whom is given  
          The homage of the hosts of heaven  
P. M.      Whose lofty praises fill the sky;  
Myriad white-robed saints adore Thee,  
Seraph and elder bow before Thee,  
        And, Holy, holy, holy, cry;  
        With burst of mighty song  
        Their anthems they prolong,  
            Ever, ever:  
We too are Thine, and with them sing,  
Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.
- 2    Heaven, and earth, and all creation  
        Unite, in ceaseless adoration,  
        To celebrate Thine awful praise;  
Glorious angels chant Thy glory,  
And choir to choir repeats the story  
        Of Thy redeeming love and grace;  
        Yet all is never sung,  
        Even by a seraph's tongue,  
            Never, never;  
We too are Thine, and with them sing,  
Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.
- 3    Come, O Lord, the heavens rending,  
        Upon our waiting hearts descending,  
        And make them temples meet for Thee  
Scatter darkness, banish sadness;  
Spring up within us, Fount of gladness,

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

And flood our hearts with melody ;  
Fill them with endless praise  
Of all Thy works and ways,  
Ever, ever :  
Then come what will, we too shall sing,  
Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.

**166** **L**ORD, remove the veil away,  
Let us see Thyself to-day ;  
78. Thou who camest from on high,  
For our sins to bleed and die,  
Help us now to cast aside  
All that would our hearts divide ;  
With the Father and the Son  
Let Thy living Church be one.

2 O from earthly cares set free,  
Let us find our rest in Thee ;  
May our toils and conflicts cease  
In the calm of Sabbath peace,  
That Thy people, here below,  
Something of the bliss may know,  
Something of the rest and love  
In the Sabbath-home above.

3 Give my soul the spotless dress  
Of Thy perfect righteousness ;  
Then at length, a welcome guest,  
I shall enter to the feast,  
Take the harp, and raise the song,  
All Thy ransomed ones among ;  
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,  
Joys to last for evermore.

**.67** **L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear ;  
n. m. Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;  
O grant us power to pray ;  
And when to meet Thee we prepare,  
*Lord, meet us by the way.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,  
In weakness, want, and woe,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Lord, whither shall we go ?
- 4 God of all grace, we come to Thee  
With broken, contrite hearts ;  
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts :
- 5 Faith in the only sacrifice  
That can for sin atone,  
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
On Christ, on Christ alone.

- 168** **L**ORD, Thine ancient people see,  
Captives still, in darkness bound ;  
7s. Let Thy Gospel set them free,  
Let them hear its joyful sound.
- 2 Still the veil is on their heart,  
Rend it, Lord, at length in twain ;  
Bid their unbelief depart,  
Bring them to Thy fold again.
- 3 Let Thy love their blindness heal,  
God of Israel, hear our prayer ;  
Let Thy grace their pardon seal,  
Still Thy covenant let them share.
- 4 Harp of Judah, long unstrung,  
Sound at length the Saviour's praise ;  
Jew and Gentile, old and young,  
Loud the glad Hosanna raise.

- 169** **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne  
And our confessions pour,  
c. m. Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits, pitying see,  
And penitence impart ;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
That is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

**170** **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
8s. 7s. Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown :  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love Thou art ;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive ;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be ;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee ;  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place ;  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

**171** **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
8s. 7s. With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other, and the Lord ;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
*Joys which earth can not afford.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**172**

6,6,4,6,  
6,6,4.

**M**Y faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine;  
Now hear me while I pray :  
Take all my guilt away ;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire ;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be ;  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll ;  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

**173**

8,8,8,4.

**M**Y God and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's ro  
way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot  
Let me be still, and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught  
Thy will be done.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh,  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will be done.
- 4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,  
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;  
Thy will be done.
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I strive to say,  
Thy will be done.
- 6 If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :  
Thy will be done.
- 7 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.
- 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done.

**174** MY song shall be of mercy :  
Come, ye who love the Lord,  
7s. 6s. Who know that He is gracious,  
Who trust His faithful Word,  
Tell out His works with gladness,  
With me exalt His name,  
Whose love endures for ever,  
To endless years the same.

- 2 My song shall be of judgment :  
Ye who His chastenings feel,  
O faint not, nor be weary,  
He wounds that He may heal ;

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,  
And in your grief confess  
That all His ways are wisdom,  
And truth, and righteousness.

- 3 Of mercy and of judgment  
To Thee, O Lord, we sing,  
O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
O great eternal King ;  
For only Thou art holy,  
For Thou art Lord alone,  
And mercy still and judgment  
Are pillars of Thy throne.

**175**      **M**Y spirit on Thy care,  
Blest Saviour, I recline ;  
s. m.      Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
For Thou art love divine.

- 2 In Thee I place my trust,  
On Thee I calmly rest ;  
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform ;  
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me ;  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee.

**176**      **N**OT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
s. m.      Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear  
When hanging on the cursèd tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.

**177** NOT unto us, but Thee, O Lord,  
Be praise and glory given,  
c. m. For every gracious thought and word,  
Which brings us nearer heaven.

- 2 Thy saints are in Thy faithful hand,  
Secure beneath Thine eye ;  
And safe, at last, they all shall stand,  
Before Thy throne on high.
- 3 Redeemed from sin, and saved by grace,  
Thy glory they shall see ;  
And eye to eye, and face to face,  
For ever dwell with Thee.
- 4 O hasten, Lord, the glorious day ,  
Call all Thy children home ;  
Teach us, with humble hope, to say,  
Lord Jesus, quickly come.

**178** NOW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;  
7s. Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears ;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
*Cancelled by redeeming love.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Welcome all by sin opprest,  
Welcome to His sacred rest;  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 4 Hither, then, your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string;  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

**179** **N**OW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal  
And make Thy glory known;  
c. m. Now let us all Thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone.

- 2 From all the guilt of former sin  
May mercy set us free;  
And let the year we now begin,  
Begin and end with Thee.
- 3 Send down Thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love Thee more;  
And sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never loved before.
- 4 And when before Thee we appear,  
In our eternal home;  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise Thee in our room.

**180** **N**OW may He, who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep  
7s. Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.

- 2 May He teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in His sight;  
Perfect us in all His will,  
And preserve us, day and night.
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant sealed with blood,  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**181**

6,7,6,7,  
6,6,6,6.

- N**OW thank we all our God,  
With heart, and hands, and  
voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom His world rejoices ;  
Who, from our mother's arms,  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.
- 2 O may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us,  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God  
The Father now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With them in highest heaven,  
The one eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore ;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

**182**

7s. 6s.

- O** BROTHERS, lift your voices,  
Triumphant songs to raise :  
Till heaven on high rejoices,  
And earth is filled with praise.  
Ten thousand hearts are bounding  
With holy hopes and free ;  
The Gospel tramp is sounding,  
The tramp of Jubilee.
- 2 O Christian brothers, glorious  
Shall be the conflict's close :  
The cross hath been victorious,  
And shall be, o'er its foes.  
Faith is our battle-token :  
Our Leader all controls ;  
*Our trophies, fetters broken ;*  
*Our captives, ransomed souls.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Not unto us, Lord Jesus,  
To Thee all praise be due :  
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,  
Has freed our brethren too.  
Not unto us: in glory  
The angels catch the strain,  
And cast their crowns before Thee  
Exultingly again.
- 4 Captain of our salvation,  
Thy presence we adore :  
Praise, glory, adoration  
Be Thine for evermore.  
Still on in conflict pressing,  
On Thee Thy people call,  
Thee, King of kings confessing,  
Thee crowning Lord of all.

**183** O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desi  
Redemption's only spring ;  
c. m. Creator of the world art Thou,  
Its Saviour and its King.

- 2 How vast the mercy and the love  
Which laid our sins on Thee,  
And led Thee to a cruel death,  
To set Thy people free.
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,  
The ransom hath been paid ;  
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,  
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail  
Our sinful souls to spare ;  
O may we come before Thy throne  
And find acceptance there !
- 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,  
Our future great reward ;  
Our only glory may it be  
To glory in the Lord.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**84** **O** DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
l. 68. O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee the high and lowly,  
Through ages joined in tune,  
Sing Holy, holy, holy,  
To the great God triune.

2 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel light is glowing,  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living waters flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

3 A day of sweet refection  
Thou art, a day of love;  
A day of resurrection  
From earth to things above.  
New graces ever gaining,  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest, remaining  
To spirits of the blest.

**85** **O** FOR a heart to praise my God  
A heart from sin set free;  
m. A heart that always feels the blood,  
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him *that dwells within.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine ;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

**186** **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise,  
c. m. The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace !

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
And sets the prisoner free :  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks ; and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 7 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own  
Your God, ye fallen race ;  
Look, and be saved through faith alone ;  
Be justified by grace.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**37** **O** FOR the time, when on the world  
Thy Spirit shall be poured,  
M. Thy banner over all unfurled,  
Thy name by all adored ;  
When nations living on Thy words,  
And dwelling 'neath Thy wings,  
Shall own Thee only Lord of lords,  
And only King of kings.

2 Bright, blessed hour ! O Lord, how long ;  
How long, O Lord, till we  
Shall stand amid that countless throng  
Thus gathered around Thee ?  
Where souls, long parted, safe at last  
Before Thy throne shall meet,  
And crowding saints their crowns shall cast  
In thousands at Thy feet ?

**38** **O** GOD, for ever near,  
We humbly will rejoice,  
M. For well we know that Thou art here,  
And listening to our voice.

2 Up to Thy mercy-seat  
'Tis good for us to go ;  
For there Thou dost Thy people meet,  
Rich blessings to bestow.

3 And now, no longer veiled,  
The mercy-seat is free ;  
The great High Priest for man prevailed  
To clear our way to Thee.

4 O God, for ever near,  
We listen for Thy voice ;  
Our waiting souls would find Thee here,  
And in Thy Word rejoice.

**39** **O** GOD, my strength and fortitude,  
Of force I must love Thee ;  
M. Thou art my castle and defence  
In my necessity.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 In my distress I sought my God,  
I sought Jehovah's face ;  
My cry before Him came ; He heard  
Out of His holy place.
- 3 The Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens most high,  
And underneath His feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.
- 4 On cherubim and seraphim,  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds,  
Came flying all abroad.
- 5 And so delivered He my soul,  
Who is a rock but He ?  
He liveth : blessed be my Rock,  
My God exalted be.
- 6 He sat serene upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain ;  
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,  
For evermore shall reign.

**190** O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;

c. m. Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led :

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace :  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

**11** **O** GOD of love, O King of peace,  
Make wars throughout the world to  
m. cease ;

The wrath of sinful man restrain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told ;  
Remember not our sin's dark stain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord ?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word ?  
None ever called on Thee in vain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,  
All hearts are knit in holy love ;  
O bind us in that heavenly chain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

**12** **O** GOD, the Rock of ages,  
Who evermore hast been,  
6s. What time the tempest rages,

Our dwelling-place serene :  
Before Thy first creations,  
O Lord, the same as now,  
To endless generations  
The everlasting, Thou.

2 Our years are like the shadows  
On sunny hills that lie,  
Or grasses in the meadows,  
That blossom but to die ;  
A sleep, a dream, a story  
By strangers quickly told,  
An unremaining glory  
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,  
Whose light grows never pale,  
Teach us aright to number  
Our years *before they fail.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

On us Thy mercy lighten,  
On us Thy goodness rest,  
And let Thy Spirit brighten  
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour  
With beauty and with grace,  
Till, clothed in light for ever,  
We see Thee face to face :  
A joy no language measures ;  
A fountain brimming o'er ;  
An endless flow of pleasures ;  
An ocean without shore.

**193** **O** **HELP** us, Lord, each hour of need,  
Thy heavenly succour give ;  
c. m. Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live. .

- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore :  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still, the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high,  
We know no help but Thee ;  
O help us so to live and die,  
As Thine in heaven to be.

**194** **O** **LORD** of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be ;  
8,8,8,4. How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Giver of all ?

- 2 For peaceful homes and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Giver of all.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
Father, what can to Thee be given,  
Who givest all?
- 4 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee  
Repaid a thousand-fold will be ;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee,  
Giver of all ;
- 5 To Thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;  
O may we ever with Thee live,  
Giver of all.

- 195** O LORD our God, arise,  
The cause of truth maintain ;  
s. m. And wide o'er all the peopled world  
Extend its blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,  
Nor let Thy glory cease ;  
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,  
Expand Thy quickening wing ;  
And o'er a dark and ruined world  
Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth, arise,  
To God the Saviour sing :  
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,  
Let echoing anthems ring.

- 196** O LORD, within Thy sacred gates,  
Where I so oft have sought for Thee,  
l. m. Again my longing spirit waits,  
The fulness of delight to see.
- 2 In blessing Thee with thankful songs,  
My happy life shall glide away ;  
The praise that to Thy name belongs,  
Daily *with lifted hands* I'll pay.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Abundant sweetness, while I sing  
Thy love, my ravished soul o'erflows ;  
Secure in Thee, my God, my King,  
Of glory that no period knows.
- 4 More dear than life itself, Thy love  
My heart and tongue shall still employ ;  
Thy love to sing, Thy grace to prove,  
Be this my glory, peace, and joy.

- 197** **O** SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go ;  
Thy Word into our minds instil,  
8s. And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O blessed Jesus, be our light.
- 2 The day is done, its hours have run ;  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O blessed Jesus, be our light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release ;  
And bless us more than in past days  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O blessed Jesus, be our light.
- 4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,  
Sweet fear and sober liberty ;  
And simple hearts without alloy,  
That only long to be like Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O blessed Jesus, be our light.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;  
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ,  
Ah, never let our works be soiled  
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O blessed Jesus, be our light.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;  
O let Thy mercy make us glad ;  
Thou art our Jesus and our all.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O blessed Jesus, be our light.

**198** O SAVIOUR, may we never rest  
Till Thou art formed within ;  
c. m. Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,  
And crushed the power of sin.

- 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross,  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light :
- 3 Until, released from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees true peace above the skies,  
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There, as we gaze, may we become  
United, Lord, to Thee ;  
And in a fairer, happier home,  
Thy perfect beauty see.

**199** O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
L. M. Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling Word ;  
Give power and unction from above,  
*Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order in Thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare  
All the round earth her God to n  
Breathe Thou abroad like morning  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call Him, Lor

**200** O THAT the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come,  
7s. 6s. To heal His ancient nation,  
To lead His outcasts home.

- 2 How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane ?  
Return, O Lord, in pity,  
Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,  
Thy saving grace impart ;  
Roll back the veil of error,  
Release the fettered heart.
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,  
Her lost Messiah see ;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

**201** O THOU, from whom all goodne  
I lift my heart to Thee ;  
c. m. In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 When on my aching, burdened hea  
My sins lie heavily,  
My pardon speak, new peace impa  
In love remember me.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
O give me strength, Lord, as my day ;  
For good remember me.
- 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble frame should be,  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;  
Hear, and remember me.
- 5 If, on my face, for Thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be ;  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me.
- 6 And O when in the hour of death  
I own Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

**102** **O** THOU who dwellest in the heavens  
high,

P.M. Above yon stars, and within yon sky,  
Where the dazzling fields never needed  
light

Of the sun by day, or the moon by night.

- 2 Though shining millions around Thee stand,  
For the sake of One that's at Thy right hand,  
O think on them that have cost Him dear,  
As they wander in sorrow and darkness here.
- 3 Our night is dreary, and dim our day,  
And if Thou turnest Thy face away,  
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,  
And have none to look to, and none to trust.
- 4 The powers of darkness are all abroad,  
They own no Saviour, they fear no God ;  
And we are trembling in dumb dismay ;  
O turn not Thou Thy face away.
- 5 Thine aid, O mighty One, we crave ;  
Not shortened is Thine arm to save :  
Let not Thine anger ever burn,  
*Return, O Lord of hosts, return.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**203** O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend  
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end  
8,8,8,6. On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.

- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting-place,  
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray,  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast washed them all away;  
O say Thou plead'st for me.

**204** O THOU, who, for our fallen race,  
Didst lay Thy crown of glory by,  
L. M. And quit Thy heavenly dwelling-place  
To clothe Thee in mortality:

- 2 By whom our vesture of decay,  
Its frailty and its pains, were worn;  
Who, sinless, of our sinful clay  
The burden and the griefs hast borne:
- 3 Who, stainless, bore our guilty doom,  
Upon the cross, to save us, bled;  
And who, triumphant from the tomb,  
Captivity hast captive led:

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 O teach Thy ransomed ones to know  
Thy love, who diedst to set them free,  
And bid their languid spirits glow  
With love, which centres all in Thee.
- 5 Rise, Sun of righteousness, and shed  
Thy beams of searching light abroad,  
That earth may know, her darkness fled,  
Her King in Thee, incarnate God.
- 6 And O while yet Thy mercy speaks,  
So may the words of love prevail,  
That when the morn of judgment breaks,  
Many may Thine appearing hail.

**05** O WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,  
Still roam the scorning world around,  
.m. Disowned of heaven, by man oppress,  
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?

- 2 O God of Israel, view their race;  
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;  
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace;  
To hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light,  
The severed olive-branch again  
Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 Haste, glorious day, expected long,  
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall  
raise.  
With eager feet one temple throng,  
One God with grateful rapture praise.

**06** O WORD of God incarnate,  
O wisdom from on high,  
s. 6s. O truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O light of our dark sky.

- 2 We praise Thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
*Shines on from age to age.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.
- 4 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled ;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world.
- 5 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old.
- 6 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

**207**

5,5,5,5,  
6,5,6,5.

- O** WORSHIP the King,  
All glorious above ;  
O gratefully sing  
His power and His love ;  
Our Shield and Defender,  
The Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour,  
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,  
O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light,  
Whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of wrath  
Deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path  
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store  
Of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power  
Hath founded of old ;  
Hath stablished it fast  
By a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast,  
Like a mantle, the sea.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

4 Thy bountiful care,  
What tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air,  
It shines in the light;  
It streams from the hills,  
It descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils  
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust,  
Nor find Thee to fail:  
Thy mercies how tender,  
How firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend.

8 **O**F Thy love some gracious token  
Grant us, Lord, before we go;  
Bless Thy word which has been spoken,  
Life and peace on all bestow.  
When we join the world again,  
Let our hearts with Thee remain;  
O direct us  
And protect us,  
Till we gain the heavenly shore,  
Where Thy people want no more.

9 **O**FT in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the Bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war and face the foe;  
Will ye flee in danger's hour?  
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March, in heavenly armour clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall *victory* tune your song.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward then in battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

- 210** **O**NE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
8,7,8,7, His is love beyond a brother's,  
7,7. Costly, free, and knows no end :  
They who once His kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed their blood ?  
But our Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God :  
This was boundless love indeed :  
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,  
Friend of sinners was His name ;  
Now above all glory raisèd,  
He rejoices in the same :  
Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften ;  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often,  
What a Friend we have above ;  
But when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought.

- 211** **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
8,6,8,4 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On earth to shed.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each  
And speaks of heaven. [fear,
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
And every conquest won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see ;  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,  
And meet for Thee.

- 212** **O** UR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
c. m. Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our *eternal home*.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 213** O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,  
8s. 7s. All the promises do travail  
4. With a glorious day of grace.  
Blessèd Jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest,  
Once obtained on Calvary:  
Let the Gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light,  
And from eastern coast to western  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May Thy lasting wide dominions  
Multiply, and still increase:  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

- 214** PLEASANT are Thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love;  
7s. Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.  
O my spirit longs and fain  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
King of glory, God of grace.
- 2 Happy birds, that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O most High,  
Happier souls, that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast.  
Like the wandering dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Happy souls, their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies :  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length ;  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike Thou art ;  
Guide and guard my erring heart ;  
Grace and glory flow from Thee,  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.
- 5 **P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;  
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe us with Thy righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple, when we stand  
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,  
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness with meekness, from above,  
To bear Thy people on our heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost  
love ;
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint ;  
By day and night strict guard to keep ;  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,  
In humble hope our charge resign :  
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God, may they and we be Thine.

**216** PRAISE, my soul the King  
To His feet thy tribute bring  
8s. 7s. Ransomed, healed, restored, freed,  
4. Who, like me, His praise should  
Praise Him, praise Him  
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and  
To our fathers in distress ;  
Praise Him, still the same for  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless  
Praise Him, praise Him  
Glorious in His faithfulness

3 Fatherlike he tends and spares  
Well our feeble frame He keeps  
In His hands He gently bears  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise Him, praise Him  
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him ;  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Sun and moon, bow down before  
Dwellers all in time and space  
Praise Him, praise Him  
Praise with us the God of grace

**217** PRAISE, O praise our God  
Hymns of adoration sing  
7s. For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the  
Day by day his course to run ;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure :

3 And the silver moon by night,  
Shining with her gentle light ;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain ;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure :

5 And hath bid the fruitful field  
Crops of precious increase yield ;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,  
He hath filled the garner-floor ;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure :

7 And for richer food than this,  
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King,  
Glory let creation sing,  
Glory to the Father, Son,  
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

8 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,  
Saints within His courts below,  
Angels round His throne above,  
All that see and share His love.  
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,  
Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;  
Age to age, and shore to shore,  
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

2 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace ;  
Praise His providence and grace,  
All that He for man hath done,  
All He sends us through His Son :  
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
In the concert bear your parts ;  
All that breathe, your Lord adore,  
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**219** PRAISE the Lord of heaven, praise  
Him in the height,

6s. 5s. Praise Him, all ye angels, praise Him, stars  
and light;

Praise Him, skies and waters, which above  
the skies,

When His word commanded, 'stablished  
did arise.

2 Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deep  
and seas,

Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and  
all trees;

Praise Him, clouds and vapours, snow, and  
hail, and fire,

Stormy wind, fulfilling, only His desire.

3 Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and a  
kings,

Praise Him, men and maidens, all created  
things;

For the name of God is excellent alone;

Over earth His footstool, over heaven His  
throne.

**220** PRAISE the Lord through every nation  
His holy arm hath wrought salvation

P. M. Exalt Him on His Father's throne;

Praise your King, ye Christian legions,

Who now prepares, in heavenly regions,

Unfailing mansions for His own;

With voice and minstrelsy,

Extol His majesty:

Hallelujah,

His praise shall sound, all nature round,

Where'er the race of man is found.

2 God with God dominion sharing,

And Man with man our image bearing,

Gentiles and Jews to Him are given;

Praise your Saviour, ransomed sinners,

Of life, through Him, immortal winners;

Nor longer heirs of earth but heaven;

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

O beatific sight,  
To view His face in light!

Hallelujah,

And while we see, transformed to be  
From bliss to bliss eternally.

- 8 Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,  
Wisdom and might to Thee belong;  
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee,  
We bow the knee, we fall before Thee,  
Thy love henceforth shall be our song;  
The cross meanwhile we bear,  
The crown ere long to wear;  
Hallelujah,  
Thy reign extend, world without end,  
Let praise from all to Thee ascend.

1 **P**RAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore  
Him;

1. Praise Him, angels, in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.  
Praise the Lord; for He hath spoken,  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;  
Laws, which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,  
Never shall His promise fail;  
God hath made His saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His name.

- 2 **R**EJOICE, rejoice, believers,  
And let your lights appear;  
The evening is advancing,  
The darker night is near.  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon He will draw nigh;  
*Up! watch, and pray, and wrestle,*  
*At midnight comes the cry.*

*Hymns for Public Worship*

- 2 See that your lamps are burnin  
Replenish them with oil,  
And wait for your salvation,  
The end of sin and toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near  
Go, meet Him as He cometh,  
With Hallelujahs clear.
- 3 Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear;  
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere:  
With hearts and hands uplifted  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of our redemption:  
And ever be with Thee.

**223**

6s. 8s.

- R**EJOICE, the Lord is King  
Your Lord and King:  
Mortals, give thanks and sin  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love  
When He had purged our sin  
He took His seat above:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail;  
He rules o'er earth and he  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Saviour given:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope ;  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home :  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

**24** **R**EJOICE to-day with one accord,  
Sing out with exultation ;  
7,8,7, Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
3,6,6,7. Whose arm hath brought salvation ;  
His works of love proclaim  
The greatness of His name ;  
For He is God alone,  
Who hath His mercy shewn ;  
Let all His saints adore Him.

- 2 When in distress to Him we cried,  
He heard our sad complaining ;  
O trust in Him, whate'er betide,  
His love is all-sustaining ;  
Triumphant songs of praise  
To Him our hearts shall raise ;  
Now every voice shall say,  
O praise our God alway ;  
• Let all His saints adore Him.

- 3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,  
Sing out with exultation ;  
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
Whose arm hath brought salvation ,  
His works of love proclaim  
The greatness of His name ;  
For He is God alone,  
Who hath His mercy shewn ;  
Let all His saints adore Him.

**25** **R**EMEMBER, Lord, Thy word of old,  
The promised flood of grace ;  
m. When earth Thy blessing shall behold,  
As streams in every place.

- 2 The barren wild, and thirsty soil,  
Thy Spirit, Lord, await ;  
O *pour it forth*, and crown our toil  
*In every heathen gate.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Where thorns and briars clothe the grove  
And withering idols reign ;  
There let Thy Spirit's dew abound,  
And Eden bloom again.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, on every heart,  
In every land, descend :  
Thy fertilizing gifts impart,  
And bring a glorious end.

**226** **R**ETURN, O wanderer, to thy home  
Thy Father calls for thee :

C. M. No longer now an exile roam,  
In guilt and misery.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;  
'Tis Jesus calls for thee :  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;  
O now, for refuge flee.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;  
'Tis madness to delay :  
There are no pardons in the tomb,  
And brief is mercy's day.  
Return, Return.

**227** **R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord ;  
Thy mighty arm make bare ;

S. M. Speak with the voice that wakes the dead  
And make Thy people hear.

- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Disturb this sleep of death ;  
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,  
By Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for Thee ;  
And, hungering for the Bread of life,  
O may our spirits be.
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt Thy precious name ;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Give power unto Thy Word;  
Grant that Thy blessed Gospel may,  
In living faith, be heard.
- 6 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Give pentecostal showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

- 128 **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
78. Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy Law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

**S**ALVATION, O the joyful sound,  
'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey ;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

**233** SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,  
With all-engaging charms ;  
c. m. Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in His arms.

- 2 Permit them to approach, He cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 Invited by the voice divine,  
We bring them, Lord, to Thee ;  
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans, they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust ;  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

**234** SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
s. m. Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through His eternal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power :  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued ;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle and fight and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.
- 5 That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

- 35** **S**OLDIERS of the cross arise,  
Gird you with your armour bright;  
78. Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle ye must fight.
- 2 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living Word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 3 To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 4 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;  
Comfort troubles; banish grief;  
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 5 Be the banner still unfurled,  
Bear it bravely still abroad,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

- 36** **S**ON of God, to Thee I cry;  
78. By the wondrous mystery  
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
By Thy pure and holy birth,  
Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;  
By Thy bitter agony,  
By Thy pangs to us unknown,  
By Thy spirit's parting groan,  
Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
*Manifest Thyself to me.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Prince of life, to Thee I cry ;  
By Thy glorious majesty,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
Meek to suffer, strong to save,  
Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 4 Lord of glory, God most high,  
Man exalted to the sky,  
With Thy love my bosom fill ;  
Prompt me to perform Thy will ;  
Then Thy glory I shall see,  
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

**237** SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
7s. Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of peace was born ,  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;  
God will make new heavens, new earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And can man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No ; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**138** **S**PEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed  
them,

88. 78.

4

Thou art Lord of winds and waves :

They were bound, but Thou hast freed them ;

Now they go to free the slaves :

Be Thou with them,

'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,

Lord, they go, at Thy command ;

As their stay Thy promise taking,

While they traverse sea and land :

O be with them,

Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Speed them through the mighty ocean,

In the dark and stormy day ;

When the waves in wild commotion

Fill all others with dismay ;

Be Thou with them,

Drive their terrors far away.

4 In the midst of opposition

Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee ;

When success attends their mission,

Let Thy servants humbler be :

Never leave them,

Till Thy face in heaven they see :

5 There to reap, in joy, for ever,

Fruit that grows from seed here sown ;

There to be with Him, who never

Ceases to preserve His own ;

And with triumph,

Sing a Saviour's grace alone.

**39** **S**PIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,  
And make this house Thy home ;

. M.

Descend with all Thy gracious powers,

O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light ; to us reveal

Our emptiness and woe ;

And lead us in those paths of life,

Where *all the righteous* go.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame ;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour ;  
May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilizing power.
- 5 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love ;  
And let Thy Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above.
- 6 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers ;  
Make a lost world Thy home ;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come, great Spirit, come.

**240** SPIRIT of everlasting grace,  
Infinite source of life, come down ;  
L. M. These tombs unlock, these dead upraise,  
Thy glorious power and love make known

- 2 Breathe o'er this valley of the dead,  
Send forth Thy quickening might abroad  
'Till, rising from their tombs, they spread  
In full array, the host of God.
- 3 Thy heritage lies desolate,  
And all Thy pleasant places mourn ;  
O look upon our low estate,  
In loving-kindness, Lord, return.
- 4 Now let Thy glory be revealed ;  
Now let Thy presence with us rest ;  
O heal us, and we shall be healed ;  
O bless us, and we shall be blest.

**241** SPIRIT of power, and truth, and love,  
Who sitt'st enthroned in light above  
L. M. Descend, and bear us on Thy wings,  
Far from these low and fleeting things.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 'Tis Thine the wounded soul to heal ;  
'Tis Thine to make the hardened feel :  
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,  
And bid the grovelling spirit rise.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire,  
With burning zeal our souls inspire ;  
Come, like the south wind, breathing balm,  
Our joys refresh, our passions calm.
- 4 Come, like the sun's enlightening beam ;  
Come, like the cooling, cleansing, stream ;  
With all Thy graces present be ;  
Spirit of God, we wait for Thee.

**42** **S**UFFERING Saviour, Lamb of God,

6s. How hast Thou been usèd ;  
With the Almighty's wrathful rod  
Soul and body bruised.  
We, for whom Thou once wast slain,  
We, whose sins did pierce Thee,  
Now commemorate Thy pain,  
And implore Thy mercy.

2 Thine's an everlasting love,  
We have dearly tried Thee :  
Whom have we in heaven above,  
Whom on earth, beside Thee ?  
What can helpless sinners do,  
When temptations seize us ?  
Nought have we to look unto,  
But the blood of Jesus.

3 Pardon all our baseness, Lord,  
All our weakness pity ;  
Guide us safely by Thy Word  
To the heavenly city.  
Bid us call to mind Thy cross,  
Our hard hearts to soften ;  
Often, Saviour, feast us thus,  
For we need it often.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**243** SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,  
The Rock of ages stands :  
C. M. Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace  
The working of His hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart ;  
And courage in the evil hour  
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,  
And youthful vigour cease ;  
But they who wait upon the Lord  
In strength shall still increase.

4 They, with unwearied feet, shall tread  
The path of life divine ;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagle wings they mount, they soar,  
Their wings are faith and love,  
Till, past the cloudy regions here,  
They rise to heaven above.

**244** SWEET feast of love divine ;  
'Tis grace that makes us free  
S. M. To feed upon this bread and wine,  
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

2 Here every welcome guest  
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn  
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,  
And all Thy grace discern.

3 Here conscience ends its strife,  
And faith delights to prove  
The sweetness of the Bread of Life,  
The fullness of Thy love.

4 The blood that flowed for sin,  
In symbol here we see,  
And feel the blessed pledge within,  
That we are loved of Thee.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 5 O if this glimpse of love  
Is so divinely sweet,  
What will it be, O Lord, above,  
Thy gladdening smile to meet ;
- 6 To see Thee face to face,  
Thy perfect likeness wear ;  
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace  
Through endless years declare ?

**245** **T**AKE comfort, Christians, when your  
In Jesus fall asleep ; [friends  
c. m. Their better being never ends ;  
Why then dejected weep ?

- 2 Why inconsolable, as those  
To whom no hope is given ?  
Death is the messenger of peace,  
And calls the soul to heaven.
- 3 As Jesus died, and rose again  
Victorious from the dead ;  
So His disciples rise, and reign  
With their triumphant Head.
- 4 The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high ;  
The heavenly host with praises loud  
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 5 Together to their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go ;  
And dwell for ever with the Lord,  
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 6 A few short years of evil past,  
We reach the happy shore.  
Where death-divided friends, at last  
Shall meet to part no more.

**46** **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass  
. m. away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

- 247**      **T**HE atoning work is done,  
6s. 8s.      The Victim's blood is shed,  
                 And Jesus now is gone  
                 His people's cause to plead;  
                 He stands in heaven their great High Priest  
                 And bears their names upon His breast.
- 2      No temple made with hands  
                 His place of service is,  
                 In heaven itself He stands,  
                 A heavenly priesthood His;  
                 In Him the shadows of the law  
                 Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.
- 3      And though awhile He be  
                 Hid from the eyes of men,  
                 His people look to see  
                 Their great High Priest again;  
                 In brightest glory He will come,  
                 And take His waiting people home.

- 248**      **T**HE day of resurrection;  
7s. 6s.      Earth, tell it out abroad;  
                 The passover of gladness,  
                 The passover of God.  
                 From death to life eternal,  
                 From earth unto the sky,  
                 Our Christ hath brought us over,  
                 With hymns of victory.
- 2      Our hearts be pure from evil,  
                 That we may see aright  
                 The Lord in rays eternal  
                 Of resurrection light;

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

And, listening to His accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own All hail, and, hearing,  
May raise the victor strain.

- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
And earth her song begin ;  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein ;  
Invisible and visible,  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

**49** THE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above ;

s. 8s. Ancient of everlasting days,

4s. And God of love :

Jehovah, great I AM,  
By earth and heaven confest :  
I bow and bless the sacred name,  
For ever blest.

- 2 The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all my ways :  
He calls a worm His friend ;  
He calls Himself my God,  
And He shall save me to the end  
Through Jesus' blood.

- 3 He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend ;  
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend :  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.

- 4 There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin :  
The Prince of peace,

*Hymns for Public Worship*

On Sion's sacred height  
His kingdom still maintain  
And, glorious with His saints  
For ever reigns.

- 5 The God who reigns on high  
The great archangels sing  
And, Holy, holy, holy, cry,  
Almighty King :  
Who was, and is, the same  
And evermore shall be ;  
Jehovah, Father, Great I Am  
We worship Thee.

- 6 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit  
They ever cry :  
Hail, Abraham's God, and  
I join the heavenly lays ;  
All might and majesty are Thine  
And endless praise.

**250** THE golden gates are lifted  
The doors are opened  
c. m. The King of glory is gone in  
Unto His Father's side.

- 2 Thou art gone up before us,  
To make for us a place,  
That we may be where now  
And look upon God's face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies,  
A light still breaks behind thee  
That veiled Thee from our sight.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our voices  
Let Thy dear grace be given  
That while we wander here  
Our treasure be in heaven.
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand  
Our hope, our love may dwell  
Dwell Thou in us, that we may  
For evermore in Thee.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**251**

(is. 88.)

**T**HE happy morn is come ;  
Triumphant o'er the grave,  
The Saviour leaves the tomb ;  
Omnipotent to save.  
Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them  
For whom their Surety died ?  
Who now shall those condemn  
Whom God hath justified ?  
Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;  
The glorious work is done ;  
On Him our help is laid ;  
By Him our victory won.  
Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

4 Hail, the triumphant Lord ;  
The Resurrection, Thou ;  
We bless Thy sacred Word ;  
Before Thy throne we bow.  
Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

**252**

c. m.

**T**HE head that once was crowned w  
Is crowned with glory now ; [thor  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His, is His by right ;  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below  
To whom *He manifests His love,*  
*And grants His name to know.*

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above;  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him;  
His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

**253** **T**HE Lord of might, from Sinai's br  
Gave forth His voice of thunder;  
8,7,8,7. And Israel lay on earth below,  
8,8,7. Outstretched in fear and wonder:  
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,  
And at His left hand and His right,  
The rocks were rent asunder.

- 2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,  
A meek and suffering stranger,  
Upraised to heaven His languid eye  
In nature's hour of danger;  
For us He bore the weight of woe,  
For us He gave His blood to flow,  
And met His Father's anger.
- 3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,  
The King of all created,  
Shall back return to claim His right,  
On clouds of glory seated;  
With trumpet-sound, and angel song,  
And hallelujahs, loud and long,  
O'er death and hell defeated.

**254** **T**HE Lord will come, and not be sl  
His footsteps cannot err;  
Before Him righteousness shall go,  
His royal harbinger.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
Shall bud and blossom then ;  
And justice, from her heavenly bower,  
Look down on mortal men.
- 3 Rise, Lord, judge Thou the earth in might,  
This wicked earth redress ;  
For Thou art He who shall by right  
The nations all possess.
- 4 The nations all whom Thou hast made  
Shall come, and all shall frame  
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,  
And glorify Thy name.
- 5 For great Thou art, and wonders great  
By Thy strong hand are done :  
Thou, in Thy everlasting seat,  
Remainest God alone.

**255** **T**HE Lord will come: the earth shall  
The hills their fixed seat forsake ; [quake,  
L. M. And, withering, from the vault of night  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord will come : but not the same  
As once in lowly form He came,  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come : a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;  
By power oppressed and mocked by pride,  
The Nazarene, the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;  
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy, *The Lord is come.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*


**256** **T**HE race that long in darkness pine  
Have seen a glorious light;  
c. m. The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.

- 2 To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 3 His name shall be the Prince of peace,  
For evermore adored;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.
- 4 His power increasing still shall spread,  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard His throne above,  
And peace abound below.

**257** **T**HE Saviour died, but rose again  
Triumphant from the grave;  
c. m. And pleads our cause at God's right hand  
Omnipotent to save.

- 2 Who then can e'er divide us more  
From Jesus and His love;  
Or break the sacred chain that binds  
The earth to heaven above?
- 3 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,  
And days of darkness fall;  
Through Him all dangers we'll defy,  
And more than conquer all.
- 4 Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,  
Nor time's destroying sway,  
Can e'er efface us from His heart,  
Or make His love decay.

**258** **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky;  
D. L. M. And spangled heavens, a shining frame  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display;  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.



*Hymns for Public Worship.*


- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What, though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What, though nor real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
The hand that made us is Divine.

**259** **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the Word  
And brings the truth to sight;  
c. m. Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

**60** **T**HE strain upraise of joy and praise,  
Alleluia!  
c. m. 2 To the glory of their King  
Shall the ransomed people sing,  
Alleluia!

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3        And the choirs that dwell on hi  
          Shall re-echo through the sky,  
                                 Alle
- 4    They through the fields of paradise  
          roam,  
      The blessed ones repeat through that h  
          home,                           Alle
- 5    The planets glittering on their hea  
          way,  
      The shining constellations, join and se  
                                 Alle
- 6        Ye clouds that onward sweep,  
          Ye winds on pinions light,  
      Ye thunders, echoing loud and de  
          Ye lightnings, wildly bright,  
      In sweet consent unite your       Alle
- 7        Ye floods and ocean billows,  
          Ye storms and winter snow,  
          Ye days of cloudless beauty,  
          Hoar frost and summer glow,  
          Ye groves that wave in spring,  
          And glorious forests, sing Alle
- 8    First let the birds, with painted plu  
          gay,  
      Exalt their great Creator's praise, and  
                                 Alle
- 9    Then let the beasts of earth, with va  
          strain,  
      Join in creation's hymn, and cry again  
                                 Alle
- 10   Here let the mountains thunder fort  
          norous,                           Alle  
      There let the valleys sing in gentler ch  
                                 Alle
- 11   Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alle  
      Ye tracts of earth and continents, repl  
                                 Alle
- 12   To God, who all creation made,  
      The frequent hymn be duly paid, Alle
- 

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 13 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the  
Lord of all things loves ; Alleluia !  
This is the song, the heavenly song, that  
Christ Himself approves ; Alleluia !
- 14 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice  
awaking, Alleluia !  
And children's voices echo, answer making,  
Alleluia !
- 15 Now from all men be outpoured  
Alleluia to the Lord ;  
With Alleluia evermore  
The Son and Spirit we adore.
- 16 Praise be done to the Three in One,  
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

61

68.

- T**HERE is a blessed home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.
- 2 There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well ;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell ;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father one,  
And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side ;  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe ;  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

**262** **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
C.M. And sinners, plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought, free reward,  
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,  
And formed by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears,  
No other name but Thine.
-

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 63** **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
1. Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbecclouded eyes ;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er ;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

- 64** **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours His own ;  
1. Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,  
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son ;  
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes, in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains,  
The Church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heavens in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

**265** **T**HIS stone to Thee in faith we lay ;  
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee  
L. M. Thine eye be open night and day,  
To guard this house and sanctuary.

- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place  
And when Thou hearest, O forgive.
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,  
Still, by the power of His great name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna, to their heavenly King,  
When children's voices raise that song  
Hosanna, let their angels sing,  
And heaven with earth the strain prolong
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient guest ?  
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?  
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart :  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;  
Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

**266** **T**HOU art gone up on high  
To mansions in the skies ;  
D. S. M. And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care opprest ;  
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high ;  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
To pass unto Thy crown :  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be ;  
But only let that path of tears  
Lead us, at last, to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high ;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train.  
O by Thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
At Thy right hand on high.

17 **T**HOU art the King of mercy and of grace,  
Reigning omnipotent in every place ;  
10, So come, O King, and deign  
8, Within our hearts to reign,  
8. And our whole being sway ;  
Shine in us by Thy light,  
And lead us to the height  
Of Thy pure, heavenly day.

2 Thou art the life by which alone we live,  
And all our substance and our strength  
receive ;  
Comfort us by Thy faith  
Against the pains of death ;  
Sustain us by Thy power ;  
Let not our fears prevail,  
Nor our hearts faint or fail  
When comes the trying hour.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Thou art the true and perfect gentleness,  
No harshness hast Thou, and no bitterness;  
    Make us to taste and prove,  
    Make us adore and love  
    The sweet grace found in Thee;  
    With longing to abide  
    Ever at Thy dear side,  
    And in Thy unity.
- 4 Our hope is in no other save in Thee,  
Our faith is built upon Thy promise free;  
    Come, and our hope increase,  
    Comfort and give us peace;  
    Make us so strong and sure,  
    That we shall conquerors be,  
    And well and patiently  
    Shall every ill endure.
- 5 Turn Thy sweet eyes upon our low estate,  
Our Mediator and our Advocate,  
    Propitiator best;  
    Give us that vision blest,  
    The God of gods most high!  
    And let us by Thy right  
    Enter the blessed light  
    And glories of the sky.

**268** **T**HOU art the Way, to Thee alone  
    From sin and death we flee;  
c. m. And he who would the Father seek,  
    Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

- 2 Thou art the Truth, Thy Word alone  
    True wisdom can impart;  
    Thou only canst inform the mind  
    And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb  
    Proclaims Thy conquering arm;  
    And those who put their trust in Thee,  
    Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
    Grant us that way to know,  
    That truth to keep, that life to win,  
    Whose joys eternal flow.
-

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**39**

4,6,  
4.

**T**HOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight ;  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And, where the Gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light.

- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,  
On Thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
O now, to all mankind  
Let there be light.

- 3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight :  
Move on the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And, in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light.

- 4 Holy and blessed Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might ;  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
Let there be light.

**70**

5,5,  
6,5.

**T**HOUGH troubles assail,  
And dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail,  
And foes all unite ;  
Yet one thing secures us,  
Whatever betide,  
The Scripture assures us,  
The Lord will provide.

- 2 The birds without barn  
Or storehouse are fed ;  
From them let us learn  
To trust for our bread :

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

His saints what is fitting  
Shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written,  
The Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears  
To stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears,  
We triumph by faith:  
He cannot take from us,  
Though oft he has tried,  
This heart-cheering promise,  
The Lord will provide.

4 No strength of our own,  
Or goodness we claim;  
Yet since we have known  
The Saviour's great name,  
In this our strong tower  
For safety we hide;  
The Lord is our power,  
The Lord will provide.

5 When life sinks apace,  
And death is in view,  
This word of His grace  
Shall comfort us through;  
No dangers alarm us,  
With Christ on our side,  
Even death cannot harm us;  
The Lord will provide.

**271** **T**HROUGH all the changing see  
In trouble and in joy,  
c. m. The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succour trust.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 O make but trial of His love ;  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear :  
Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.

**72** **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour,  
All will be well ;  
8,4. Free and changeless is His favour,  
8,4. All, all is well.  
Precious is the blood that healed us ;  
Perfect is the grace that sealed us ;  
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us ;  
All must be well.

- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,  
All will be well ;  
Ours is such a full salvation,  
All, all is well.  
Happy, still in God confiding ;  
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding ;  
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;  
All must be well.
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow ;  
All will be well ;  
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
All, all is well.  
On our Father's love relying,  
Jesus every need supplying,  
Or in living or in dying,  
All must be well.

**73** **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and  
sorrow,  
1. 7a. Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
Singing *songs* of expectation,  
*Marching to the promised land.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

And before us, through the darkness,  
Gleameth clear the guiding light ;  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
And steps fearless through the night.

- 2 One the light of God's dear presence,  
Never in its work to fail,  
Which illumines the wild, rough places  
Of this gloomy haunted vale.  
One the object of our journey,  
One the faith which never tires,  
One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires.
- 3 One the strain which mouths of thousand  
Lift as from the heart of one ;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun ;  
One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the resurrection shore,  
With one Father o'er us shining  
In His love for evermore.
- 4 Go we onward, pilgrim, brothers,  
Visit first the cross and grave,  
Where the cross its shadow flingeth,  
Where the boughs of cypress wave.  
Then, a shaking as of earthquakes,  
Then, a rending of the tomb,  
Then, a scattering of all shadows,  
And an end of toil and gloom.

**274** **T**HY name we bless, Lord Jesus,  
Thy name, all names excelling ;  
7,7,4,  
4,7. By Thy dear blood  
Redeemed to God,  
The saints Thy praise are telling.  
Our sins made all Thy burden,  
The cross Thou hast endured ;  
To save Thine own  
Thou didst atone,  
Thou hast our peace secured.

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*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 On high Thou art ascended  
To God's right hand in heaven ;  
The Lamb once slain,  
Now raised to reign ;  
To Thee all power is given.  
We wait for Thine appearing,  
When we shall see and know Thee,  
Our Priest and King,  
Whose praise we sing,  
O Lamb of God most holy.

5 **T**HY works, not mine, O Christ,  
Speak gladness to this heart ;  
They tell me all is done ;  
They bid my fear depart.

- 2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,  
Have wept my guilt away ;  
And turned this night of mine  
Into a blessed day.

- 3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,  
Has borne the awful load  
Of sins, that none in heaven  
Or earth, could bear, but God.

- 4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,  
Has paid the ransom due ;  
Ten thousand deaths like mine  
Would have been all too few.

- 5 Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
Alone can cover me ;  
No righteousness avails,  
Save that which is of Thee.  
To whom, save Thee  
Who can alone  
For sin atone,  
Lord, shall I flee ?

3 **T**ILL He come, O let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords :  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen ;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that, Till He come.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast?  
Hush, be every murmur dumb :  
It is only, Till He come.
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press ;  
Would we have one sorrow less ?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
Only whisper, Till He come.
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine and break the bread :  
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board ;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only, Till He come.

- 277** **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
s. m. Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,  
His counsel and His care,  
Preserve us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of His face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,  
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 78** **T**O Him that loved the souls of men,  
And washed us in His blood,  
**m.** To royal honours raised our head,  
And made us priests to God ;
- 2 To Him let every tongue be praise,  
And every heart be love ;  
All grateful honours paid on earth,  
And nobler songs above.
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes,  
His saints shall bless the day ;  
While they that pierced Him, sadly mourn,  
In anguish and dismay.
- 4 Thou art the First, and Thou the Last ;  
Time centres all in Thee,  
The almighty God, who was, and is,  
And evermore shall be.

- 79** **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,  
Awake the sacred song ;  
**m.** O may His love, immortal flame,  
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?  
What mortal tongue display ?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,  
And gratitude and joy ;  
Be Jesus our supreme delight,  
His praise our best employ.
- 4 Jesus who left His throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die ;  
Was ever love like this ?
- 5 O Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to Thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
The Saviour died for me.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**280** 'TWAS on that night, when doomed to  
The eager rage of every foe, [know  
L. M. That night in which He was betrayed,  
The Saviour of the world took bread.

- 2 And, after thanks and glory given  
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,  
That symbol of His flesh He broke,  
And thus to all His followers spoke :
- 3 My broken body thus I give  
For you, for all ; take, eat, and live ;  
And oft the sacred rite renew,  
That brings My wondrous love to view.
- 4 Then in His hands the cup He raised,  
And God anew He thanked and praised ,  
While kindness in His bosom glowed,  
And from His lips salvation flowed.
- 5 My blood I thus pour forth, He cries,  
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;  
In this the covenant is sealed,  
And heaven's eternal grace revealed.
- 6 With love to man this cup is fraught,  
Let all partake the sacred draught ;  
Through latest ages let it pour,  
In memory of My dying hour.

**281** VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
Upon their works have built ;  
C. M. Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
Their actions full of guilt.

- 2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,  
Without one vaunting word ;  
And, humbled low, confess their guilt  
Before heaven's righteous Lord.
  - 3 No hope can on the law be built  
Of justifying grace ;  
The law, that shows the sinner's guilt,  
Condemns him to his face.
  - 4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace ;  
When in Thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.
-

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**282** **W**E give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
6s. 8s. For all our comforts here,  
And better hopes above ;  
He sent His own eternal Son  
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with His blood  
From everlasting woe ;  
And now He lives, and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live ;  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee,  
Be endless honours done ;  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One :  
Where reason fails with all her powers,  
There faith prevails, and love adores.

**283** **W**E give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be ;  
s. m. All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold ;  
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,  
*Are straying from the fold,*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be ;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

**284** **W**E love Thee, Lord ; yet not alone  
because Thy bounteous hand,  
D. C. M. Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts  
on ocean and on land ;  
We praise Thee, gracious Lord, for these ;  
yet not for these alone,  
The incense of Thy children's love arises  
to Thy throne.

- 2 We love Thee, Lord, because, when we had  
erred and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into  
the heavenward way ;  
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in  
sin and sorrow's night,  
A guiding ray was granted us from Thy  
pure fount of light.
- 3 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us with  
everlasting love,  
And sentest forth Thy Son to die that we  
might live above ;  
Because, when we were heirs of wrath, Thou  
gavest hopes of heaven ;  
We love because we much have sinned, and  
much have been forgiven.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**85** **W**E praise and bless Thee, gracious  
Our Saviour kind and true, [Lord,  
J.M. For all the old things passed away,  
For all Thou hast made new.

2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,  
And joys, Thy grace has given ;  
Old ties are broken from the earth,  
New ties attach to heaven.

3 But yet how much must be destroyed,  
How much renewed must be,  
Ere we can fully stand complete  
In likeness, Lord, to Thee.

4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on  
The work Thou hast begun ;  
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,  
In Thine own ways to run.

5 So shall we faultless stand at last  
Before Thy Father's throne ;  
The blessedness for ever ours,  
The glory all Thine own.

**86** **W**E praise Thee, O God,  
We acknowledge Thee to be the  
All the earth doth worship Thee, [Lord ;  
The Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud,  
The heavens, and all the powers therein ;  
To Thee cherubim and seraphim  
Continually do cry :

Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God of Sabaoth ;  
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty  
Of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles,  
Praise Thee ;  
The goodly fellowship of the prophets,  
Praise Thee.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

The noble army of martyrs,  
Praise Thee ;  
The holy Church throughout all the world  
Doth acknowledge Thee :

The Father, of an infinite majesty ;  
Thine honourable, true, and only Son ;  
Also the Holy Ghost,  
The Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory  
O Christ ;  
Thou art the everlasting Son  
Of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to delive  
Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's wom  
When Thou hadst overcome the sharp  
death,  
Thou didst open the kingdom of hea  
all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God,  
In the glory of the Father ;  
We believe that Thou shalt come  
To be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy serva  
Whom Thou hast redeemed with Ti  
cious blood :  
Make them to be numbered with Thy sa  
In glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people,  
And bless Thine heritage ;  
Govern them,  
And lift them up for ever.

Day by day,  
We magnify Thee ;  
And we worship Thy name,  
Ever, world without end.

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*Hymns for Public Worship.*

Vouchsafe, O Lord,  
To keep us this day without sin ;  
O Lord, have mercy upon us ;  
Have mercy upon us.  
O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us,  
As our trust is in Thee ;  
O Lord, in Thee have I trusted,  
Let me never be confounded.

**287** **W**E sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross ;  
L.M. The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this, we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, God is love :  
He bears our sins upon the tree ;  
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross, it takes our guilt away,  
It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.


**288** **W**E'VE no abiding city here :  
This may distress the worldling's  
L.M. But should not cost the saint a tear, [mind,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

- 2 We've no abiding city here :  
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;  
But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 8 We've no abiding city here :  
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here :  
We seek a city out of sight ;  
Zion its name, the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bles  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;  
The time my God appoints is best :  
While here, to do His will be mine,  
And His, to fix my time of rest.

**289** **W**HAT are these in bright array ?  
This innumerable throng,

- 7s. Round the altar, night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song :  
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour.
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
These from great affliction came ;  
Now, before the throne of God,  
Sealed with His almighty name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them, the Lamb amid the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
Perfect love dispels all fear ;  
And for ever from their eyes,  
God shall wipe away the tear.
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*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**10** **W**HAT beams of grace and mercy, Lord,  
In Thy example shine;

**M.** O may we give Thee thanks and praise,  
By showing love like Thine.

2 So may we, at the final day,  
With joy Thy coming see,  
And hear the blessing: What ye did  
To Mine, ye did to Me.

**11** **W**HEN along life's thorny road  
Faints the soul beneath its load,

**L.** By its cares and sins oppress,  
Finds on earth no peace or rest;  
When the wily tempter's near,  
Filling us with doubts and fear;  
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,  
Jesus, we will look to Thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,  
Listenest to Thy people's moan;  
Thou, the living Head, dost share  
Every pang the members bear;  
Full of tenderness Thou art,  
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;  
Full of power, Thine arm shall quell  
All the rage and might of hell.

8 By Thy tears o'er Lazarus shed,  
By Thy power to raise the dead,  
By Thy meekness under scorn,  
By Thy stripes, and crown of thorn,  
By that rich and precious blood,  
That hath made our peace with God;  
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,  
Jesus, we will cling to Thee.

4 Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave;  
Thou the bars of death hast riven,  
Opened wide the gates of heaven:  
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,  
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home;  
Jesus, then we all shall be,  
Ever, ever, Lord, with Thee.

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**292** **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,

c. m. I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

**293** **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died

l. m. My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

**294** **W**HEN Jesus came to earth of old,  
He came in weakness and in woe

l. m. He wore no form of angel mould,  
But took our nature, poor and low,

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*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 2 But when He cometh back once more,  
There shall be set the great white throne,  
And earth and heaven shall flee before  
The face of Him that sits thereon.
- 3 O Son of God, in glory crowned,  
The Judge ordained of quick and dead ;  
O Son of man, so pitying found  
For all the tears Thy people shed.
- 4 Be with us in this darkened place,  
This weary, restless, dangerous night ;  
And teach, O teach us, by Thy grace  
To struggle onward into light.
- 5 And by the love that brought Thee here,  
And by the cross, and by the grave,  
Give perfect love for conscious fear,  
And in the day of judgment save.
- 6 And lead us on while here we stray,  
And make us love our heavenly home,  
Till from our hearts we love to say :  
Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

**295** **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,

7a. When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;  
Thou hast shed the human tear ;  
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head ,  
Thou, the blood of life hast shed ;  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;  
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

4 When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin ;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

5 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own ;  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;  
*Jesus, Son of David, hear.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

**296** **W**HERE high the heavenly temple  
stands,

L. M. The house of God, not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;  
And still remembers in the skies,  
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathizes in our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known ;  
And ask the aids of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

**297** **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,

7s. Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here :  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;

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*Hymns for Public Worship.*

Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view :  
Bless Thy Word to young and old ;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Thee above.

- 98 **W**ITH joy unspoken, with fervent song,  
For Thy bounties boundless we  
thank and praise ;  
For life, and the grand and countless throng  
Of hopes and mercies that crown our days.
- 2 For our barns are filled with the gifts of God,  
With the cheerful stores, with the generous food ;  
We rejoice in our toil, spite of blackened  
clod,  
And sterile stubble and desolate wood.
- 3 He that sendeth the harvest to gladden the  
earth,  
Sends His Word eternal to gladden our  
heart ;  
And we welcome His Word with a holier  
mirth,  
Than the autumn treasures that swift  
depart.
- 4 And all the year, and year after year,  
He gives us, along with plenty, peace ;  
And smiles away winter and gloom and  
fear,  
Brings back summer's splendour and  
*autumn's increase.*

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 5 And when our own harvest of days  
When the grave is our winter, and  
and dread,  
In a summer immortal anew we arise  
And the odours of Eden are  
shed.
- 6 For the autumn here and the autumn  
Be glory to Him whose name is  
Be glory to Christ, whose sorrows  
And whose joys we shall share  
home above.

- 299** WITH one consent let all the  
To God their cheerful voices  
L. M. Glad homage pay with awful mirth  
And sing before Him songs of praise
- 2 Convinced that He is God alone,  
From whom both we and all praise  
We, whom He chooses for His own  
The flock that He vouchsafes to
- 3 O enter then His temple gate,  
Thence to His courts devoutly go  
And still your grateful hymns repeat  
And still His name with praises
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stands  
To endless ages shall endure.

- 300** YE servants of God, your Master  
claim,  
5,5,5,5, And publish abroad His wonderful  
6,5,6,5. The name all-victorious of Jesus Christ  
His kingdom is glorious, and rules
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save  
And still He is nigh, His presence  
have:  
The great congregation His triumph  
sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King

*Hymns for Public Worship.*

3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son :  
Our Jesus His praises the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, and worship the  
Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right ;  
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,  
All honour and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite  
love.

**301** **Y**E servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
s. m. Observant of His heavenly Word,  
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame ;  
Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
For awful is His name.

3 Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command ,  
And while we speak, He's near ;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found :  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
With His own royal hand,  
And raise that faithful servant's head  
Amid the angelic band.

**302** **Z**ION'S King shall reign victorious,  
All the earth shall own His sway ;  
8s. 7s. He will make His kingdom glorious ;  
He will reign through endless day.

2 Nations, now from God estranged  
Then shall see a glorious light ;  
Night to day shall then be changed,  
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

## *Hymns for Public Worship.*

- 3 Then shall Israel long dispersèd,  
Mourning seek the Lord their God  
Look on Him whom once they piercèd  
Own and kiss the chastening rod.
- 4 Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,  
Now Thy glorious cause maintain.  
Bring the nations help and healing,  
Make them subject to Thy reign.

[*Second Hymn.*]

**302** SOUNDS the trumpet from afar =  
Soldiers of the holy war.

73. Rise: for you your Captain waits;  
Rise, the foe is at the gates.
- 2 Arm! the conflict has begun;  
Fight! the battle must be won;  
Lift the banner to the sky,  
Wave its blazing folds on high.
- 3 Banner of the blessed tree,  
Round its glory gather ye:  
Warriors of the crown and cross,  
What is earthly gain or loss?
- 4 Life with death, and death with life,  
Closes now in deadly strife;  
Help us with Thy shield and sword,  
King and Captain, mighty Lord.
- 5 King of glory, Thou alone,  
King of kings, Thy name we own;  
With Thy banner overhead,  
Not ten thousand foes we dread.
- 6 Spare not toil, nor blood, nor pain,  
Not a stroke descends in vain;  
Wounded, still no foot we yield  
On this ancient battle-field.
- 7 More than conquerors even now,  
With the war-sweat on our brow,  
Onward o'er the well-marked road,  
March we, as the host of God.
- 8 Royal is the sword we wield,  
Royal is our battle-field,  
Royal is our victory,  
Royal shall our triumph be.

PART II.



HYMNS FOR FAMILY AND  
PRIVATE WORSHIP.

1

2

- 03**    **A**    **DEBTOR** to mercy alone,  
                    Of covenant mercy I sing ;  
2. M.    Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,  
                    My person and offering to bring.
- 2    The terrors of law and of God,  
                    With me can have nothing to do ;  
                    My Saviour's obedience and blood  
                    Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 3    The work which His goodness began,  
                    The arm of His strength will complete ;  
                    His promise is Yea and Amen,  
                    And never was forfeited yet.
- 4    Things future, nor things that are now,  
                    Not all things below nor above,  
                    Can make Him His purpose forego,  
                    Or sever my soul from His love.
- 5    My name from the palms of His hands  
                    Eternity will not erase ;  
                    Impressed on His heart it remains  
                    In marks of indelible grace.
- 6    Yea, I to the end shall endure,  
                    As sure as the earnest is given ;  
                    More happy, but not more secure,  
                    The glorified spirits in heaven.

- 04**    **A**    **MIND** at perfect peace with God ;  
                    O what a word is this :  
2. M.    A sinner reconciled through blood ;  
                    This, this indeed is peace.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 By nature and by practice far,  
How very far from God :  
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.
- 3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,  
I cannot nearer be ;  
For in the person of His Son,  
I am as near as He.
- 4 So dear, so very dear to God,  
More dear I cannot be ;  
The love wherewith He loves the Son,  
Such is His love to me.
- 5 Why should I ever careful be,  
Since such a God is mine ?  
He watches o'er me, night and day,  
And tells me, Mine is thine.

**305** **A** SAFE stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon ;

P. M. He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient prince of hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell ;  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weareth in this hour ;  
On earth is not his fellow.

- 2 With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we down-ridden ;  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
Whom God himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, Who is this same ?  
Christ Jesus is His name,  
The Lord Sabaoth's Son ;  
He and no other one  
Shall conquer in the battle.
- 3 And were this world all devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore ;  
Not they can overpower us.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

And let the prince of ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit :  
For why ? His doom is writ ;  
A word shall quickly slay him.

- 4 God's Word, for all their craft and force,  
One moment will not linger,  
But, spite of hell, shall have its course,  
'Tis written by His finger.  
And, though they take our life,  
Goods, honour, children, wife,  
Yet is their profit small ;  
These things shall vanish all,  
The city of God remaineth.

**106** **A** BIDE with me : fast falls the even-  
tide ;

10a. The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me  
abide :

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass  
away :  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,  
Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy  
wings :  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide  
with me.

*Gymns for Family and Private Worshy.*

- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst  
smile,  
And though rebellious and perverse mean-  
while,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee :  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.
- 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour :  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with  
me.
- 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy  
victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing  
eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies :  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee ;  
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

**307** **A**LL praise to Thee, my God, this night  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
L. M. Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose ;  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**08** **A**LL that I was, my sin, my guilt,  
My death, was all my own :  
I.M. All that I am, I owe to Thee,  
My gracious God, alone.

- 2 The evil of my former state  
Was mine, and only mine ;  
The good in which I now rejoice  
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,  
The bondage, all was mine ;  
The light of life in which I walk,  
The liberty is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,  
It taught me to believe ;  
Then, in believing, peace I found,  
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am, even here on earth,  
All that I hope to be,  
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

**19** **A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
.6. No oil the olive yield ;  
.6. Yet will I trust me in my God,  
Yea, bend rejoicing to His rod,  
And by His grace be healed.

- 2 Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parched by scorching beam ;  
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy ; for, though His frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the fold the flock decay,  
Though herds lie famished o'er the lea,  
And round the empty stall ;  
My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
Its better joys are in the skies ;  
There God is all in all.
- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distress,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
Nay, triumph in His love ;  
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,  
To speed my course above.

**310** ANGELS holy, high and lowly,  
Sing the praises of the Lord ;  
8,7,6, Earth and sky, all living nature,  
8,7. Man, the stamp of thy Creator,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

- 2 Sun and moon bright, night and noonlight,  
Starry temples, azure-floored,  
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,  
Sons of God that shout for gladness,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.
- 3 Ocean hoary, tell His glory,  
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared ==  
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,  
Wave advancing, wave retreating,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.
- 4 Rock and highland, wood and island,  
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared,  
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,  
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 Rolling river, praise Him ever,  
From the mountain's deep vein poured,  
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,  
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.
- 6 Bond and free man, land and sea man,  
Earth, with peoples widely stored,  
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,  
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.
- 7 Praise Him ever, bounteous Giver ;  
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord ;  
Each glad soul, its free course winging,  
Each glad voice, its free song singing,  
Praise the great and mighty Lord.

- 311** **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid ?  
Art thou sore distrest ?  
8,5,8,3. "Come to me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide ?  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns ?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here ?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last ?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay ?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, Yes."

**312** **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
L. M. Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Thy precious time mis-spent, redeem;  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere;  
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who, all night long, unwearied sing,  
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I, like you, my age may spend,  
Like you, may on my God attend.
- 6 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake  
I may of endless light partake.
- 7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 8 Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.
-

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**13** **B**LEST be the dear, uniting love,  
That will not let us part;

.M. Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,  
Where He appoints we go ;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And show His praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,  
And nothing know beside ;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To His beloved embrace ;  
Expect His fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.

**14** **B**LEST be Thy love, dear Lord,  
That taught us this sweet way,

.M. Only to love Thee for Thyself,  
And for that love obey.

2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope,  
We to Thy mercy fly ;  
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,  
To Thee we both resign ;  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to Thee ;  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If Thine in death we be.

**315** **B**OUND upon the accursèd tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He?

7s. By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the side so deeply pierced,  
By the baffled, burning thirst,  
By the drooping, death-dewed brow;  
Son of man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the sun at noonday pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,  
Earth that trembles at His doom,  
Yonder saints who burst their tomb,  
Eden promised, ere He died,  
To the felon at his side;  
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,  
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Sad and dying, who is He?  
By the last and bitter cry,  
The ghost given up in agony;  
By the lifeless body laid  
In the chamber of the dead;  
By the mourners come to weep,  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;  
Crucified, we know Thee now:  
Son of man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
"Lord, they know not what they do,"  
By the spoiled and empty grave,  
By the souls He died to save,  
By the conquest He hath won,  
By the saints before His throne,  
By the rainbow round His brow:  
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**16** **B**REAST the wave, Christian,  
5,5, When it is strongest;  
8,5. Watch for day, Christian,  
When the night's longest;  
Onward, and onward still,  
Be thine endeavour;  
The rest that remaineth  
Will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee;  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heaven is before thee.  
He who hath promised  
Faltereth never;  
The love of eternity  
Flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposeth;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever;  
Mount when thy work is done,  
Praise Him for ever.

**17** **C**ALM me, my God, and keep me calm,  
C.M. While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Let Thine outstretchèd wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,  
Beside her desert spring.

4 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet;  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
*Calm in the bustling street.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain ;  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain.
- 6 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame ;  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng  
Who hate Thy holy name.
- 7 Calm when the great world's news with  
power  
My listening spirit stir ;  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear.
- 8 Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

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6s. 4s.

- C**LING to the Mighty One,  
Cling in thy grief ;  
Cling to the Holy One,  
He gives relief ;  
Cling to the Gracious One,  
Cling in thy pain ;  
Cling to the Faithful One,  
He will sustain.
- 2 Cling to the Living One,  
Cling in thy woe ;  
Cling to the Loving One,  
Through all below ;  
Cling to the Pardoning One,  
He speaketh peace ;  
Cling to the Healing One,  
Anguish shall cease.
- 3 Cling to the Pierced One,  
Cling to His side ;  
Cling to the Risen One,  
In Him abide ;  
Cling to the Coming One,  
Hope shall arise ;  
Cling to the Reigning One,  
Ope thine eyes.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

9 COME forth, come on, with solemn song,  
The road is short, the rest is long;  
8, The Lord brought here, He calls away,  
3, Make no delay,  
This home was for a passing day.

2 Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,  
Here joy and grief by turns he felt:  
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door;  
The task is o'er,  
The sojourner returns no more

3 Now of a lasting home possest,  
He goes to seek a deeper rest.  
Good night: the day was sultry here,  
In toil and fear;  
Good night: the night is cool and clear.

4 Now open to us, gates of peace,  
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease.  
Ye quiet slumberers, make room  
In your still home,  
For the new stranger who has come.

5 How many graves around us lie;  
How many homes are in the sky:  
Yea, for each saint doth Christ prepare  
A place with care;  
Thy home is waiting, brother, there.

6 Jesus, Thou reignest, Lord alone,  
Thou wilt return and claim Thine own:  
Come quickly, Lord, return again;  
Amen, Amen;  
Thine seal us ever, now and then.

0 COME, my soul, thou must be waking,  
Now is breaking  
O'er the earth another day:  
Come to Him who made this splendour;  
See thou render  
All thy feeble strength can pay.

## *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 Gladly hail the sun returning :  
Ready burning  
    Be the incense of thy powers ;  
For the night is safely ended ;  
God hath tended  
    With His care thy helpless hours.
- 3 Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavour,  
    When thine aim is good and true ;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
    When thou wouldst ill pursue.
- 4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,  
    Pass away in slumber sweet ;  
And, released from death's dark sadness  
Rise in gladness,  
    That far brighter Sun to greet.

- 321** COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
    Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
78. He Himself has bid thee pray,  
    Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
  - 3 With my burden I begin :  
Lord, remove this load of sin ;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
  - 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain  
And without a rival reign.
  - 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 6 Show me what I have to do ;  
Every hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith ;  
Let me die Thy people's death.

**322** COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,

s. m. To His sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.

- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey ;  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

- 3 Thou on the Lord rely ;  
So safe shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

- 4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To Him commend thy cause ; His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

- 5 Thy everlasting truth,  
Father, Thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.

- 6 And whatsoe'er Thou will'st  
Thou dost, O King of kings ;  
What Thy unerring wisdom chose,  
Thy power to being brings.

- 7 Thou everywhere hast sway,  
And all things serve Thy might ;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light.

- 8 When Thou arisest, Lord,  
Who shall Thy work withstand ?  
Whate'er Thy children want, Thou giv'st,  
And, *who shall stay Thy hand ?*

**323** COMPARED with Christ, in all besides  
No comeliness I see :

*L.C.M.* The one thing needful, dearest Lord,  
Is to be one with Thee.

The sense of Thy expiring love  
Into my soul convey :  
Thyself bestow : for Thee alone  
I absolutely pray.

2 Whatever else Thy will withholds,  
Here grant me to succeed :  
O let Thyself my portion be,  
And I am blest indeed.

Less than Thyself will not suffice  
My comfort to restore ;  
More than Thyself I cannot have,  
And Thou canst give no more.

3 Loved of my God, for Him again  
With love intense I burn ;  
Chosen of Thee ere time began,  
I choose Thee in return.  
Whate'er consists not with Thy love,  
O teach me to resign ;  
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,  
If Thou, O God, art mine.

**324** **E**RE another Sabbath's close,  
Ere again we seek repose,  
78. Lord, our song ascends to Thee,  
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to Thee alone be given,  
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

3 Cold our services have been ;  
Mingled every prayer with sin ;  
But Thou canst and wilt forgive :  
By Thy grace alone we live.

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,  
May Thy love our footsteps lead ;  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with Thee at last !

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above;  
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend  
To the rest which knows no end.

**325** **E**RE I sleep, for every favour,  
This day shewed  
8,3,3,6. By my God,  
I will bless my Saviour.

- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render  
To Thy name,  
Still the same,  
Gracious, good, and tender?
- 3 Thou hast ordered all my goings  
In Thy way;  
Heard me pray,  
Sanctified my doings.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;  
Let Thy peace  
Be my bliss,  
Till Thou hence remove me.
- 5 Visit me with Thy salvation:  
Let Thy care  
Now be near,  
Round my habitation.
- 6 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,  
Safely keep,  
While I sleep,  
Me, with all Thy power.

**326** **E**VER is my peril near,  
Ever cometh grace to cheer,  
7s. Ever keenest tortures rend,  
Ever Jesus is my friend.

- 2 Ever sin enslaves, ensnares,  
Ever Christ my burden bears;  
Ever tread I sorrow's way,  
Ever, ever, *sing and pray.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 Joyful, woful are my cries ;  
Now I fall, and now I rise ;  
Now I wrestle with unrest,  
Now lean on the Saviour's breast.
- 4 Grief and gladness thus I link,  
And the mystic cup I drink ;  
Sweet and bitter, bitter, sweet ;  
Strange and dread, life's contrasts meet.
- 5 But, O Christ, the more I weep,  
Send the more, faith strong and deep ,  
Sin may tempt and sorrow wail,  
Never let them, Christ, prevail.

**327** **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far ;  
c. m. From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem, by Thy sweet bounty made,  
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God.
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays ;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine,  
And, all harmonious names in one,  
My Saviour, Thou art mine.
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what lov  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above  
time shall be no more.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 328** **F**ATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
8a. 6a. And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.
- 3 I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 And if some things I do not ask,  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee;  
More careful, not to serve Thee much,  
But to please Thee perfectly.
- 7 There are briars besetting every path,  
That call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer;  
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,  
*Is happy anywhere.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 8 In a service which Thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me,  
For my inmost heart is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free ;  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

**329** FATHER, into Thy loving hands  
My feeble spirit I commit,  
L. M. While wandering in these border-lands,  
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

- 2 Father, I would not dare to choose  
A longer life, an earlier death ;  
I know not what my soul might lose  
By shortened or protracted breath.
- 3 These border-lands are calm and still,  
And solemn are their silent shades ;  
And my heart welcomes them, until  
The light of life's long evening fades.
- 4 I heard them spoken of with dread,  
As fearful and unquiet places ;  
Shades, where the living and the dead  
Look sadly in each other's faces ;
- 5 But, since Thy hand hath led me here,  
And I have seen the border-land,  
Seen the dark river flowing near,  
Stood on its brink, as now I stand ;
- 6 There has been nothing to alarm  
My trembling soul ; how could I fear  
While thus encircled with Thine arm ?  
I never felt Thee half so near.
- 7 What should appal me in a place  
That brings me hourly nearer Thee ?  
Where I may almost see Thy face :  
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.
- 8 They say the waves are dark and deep,  
That faith has perished in the river ;  
They speak of death with fear, and weep ;  
Shall my soul perish ? Never, never.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 9 I know that Thou wilt never leave  
The soul that trembles while it clings  
To Thee; I know Thou wilt achieve  
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.
- 10 And since I first was brought so near  
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,  
I think that it has grown more clear  
And shallow than it used to be.
- 11 I cannot see the golden gate  
Unfolding yet to welcome me;  
I cannot yet anticipate  
The joy of heaven's jubilee.
- 12 But I will calmly watch and pray,  
Until I hear my Saviour's voice  
Calling my happy soul away,  
To see His glory, and rejoice.

**330** **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
c. m. Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise :

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart  
And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

**31** **F**IERCE was the wild billow;  
Dark was the night;  
.4s. Oars laboured heavily;  
Foam glimmered white;  
Trembled the mariners,  
Peril was high;  
Then said the God of God:  
Peace, it is I.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,  
Lower thy crest:  
Wail of the stormy wind,  
Be thou at rest:  
Sorrow can never be,  
Darkness must fly,  
Where, saith the Light of light:  
Peace, it is I.
- 3 Jesus, Deliverer,  
Come Thou to me:  
Soothe Thou my voyaging  
Over life's sea:  
Thou, when the storm of death  
Roars, sweeping by,  
Whisper, O Truth of truth:  
Peace, it is I.

**332** **F**OR mercies, countless as the sands.  
Which daily I receive  
c. m. From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?

- 2 Alas, from such a heart as mine  
What can I bring Him forth?  
My best is stained and dyed with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all He has bestowed,  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask Him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve Him as I ought,  
No works have I to boast;  
Yet would I glory in the thought  
That I should owe Him most.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**33** **F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue ;

**m.** Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

**2** The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,  
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thine acceptable will.

**3** Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see ;  
And labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.

**4** Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray ;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day :

**5** For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

**34** **G**IVE to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope, and be undismayed ;

**m.** God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;  
God shall lift up thy head.

**2** Through waves and clouds and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

**3** Still heavy is thy heart ?  
Still sink thy spirits down ?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.

**4** What though thou rulest not ?  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command ;  
So shalt thou wondering own, His way  
How wise, how strong His hand.
- 6 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;  
Our hearts are known to Thee :  
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee.
- 8 Let us, in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

- 335** **G**O not far from me, O my Strength,  
Whom all my times obey ;  
8s. 6s. Take from me anything Thou wilt,  
But go not Thou away ;  
And let the storm that does Thy work  
Deal with me as it may.
- 2 Thy love has many a lighted path,  
No outward eye can trace,  
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,  
With darkness on its face,  
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm  
As in a secret place.
- 3 O Comforter of God's redeemed,  
Whom the world does not see,  
What hand should pluck me from the flow  
That casts my soul on Thee ?  
Who would not suffer pain like mine,  
To be consoled like me ?
- 4 When I am feeble as a child,  
And flesh and heart give way,  
Then on Thy everlasting strength  
With passive trust I stay ;  
And the rough wind becomes a song,  
The darkness shines like day.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 There is no death for me to fear,  
For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;  
There is no curse in this my pain,  
For He was crucified ;  
And it is fellowship with Him  
That keeps me near His side.
- 6 My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength ;  
My heart is strong to bear ;  
I will be joyful in Thy love,  
And peaceful in Thy care ;  
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,  
According to His prayer.

**336** **G**O to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;

7s. Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour :  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned ;  
O the wormwood and the gall,  
O the pangs His soul sustained !  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete :  
It is finished, hear the cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid His breathless clay ;  
All is solitude and gloom :  
Who hath taken him away ?  
Christ is risen : He meets our eyes ;  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**337** **G**OD of my life, to Thee I call;  
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;  
L. M. When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;  
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,  
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

**338** **G**OD of that glorious gift of grace  
By which Thy people seek Thy face  
L. M. When in Thy presence we appear,  
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

- 2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,  
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,  
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,  
To be received and reared for heaven.
- 3 Lent to us for a season, we  
Lend him [her] for ever, Lord, to Thee;  
Assured that, if to Thee he [she] live,  
We gain in what we seem to give.
- 4 Make him [her] and keep him [her] Thine  
own child,  
Meek follower of the Undeiled;  
Possessor here of grace and love,  
Inheritor of heaven above.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

39 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;  
I myself would gracious be,  
And with words that help and heal  
Would Thy life in mine reveal,  
And with actions, bold and meek,  
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;  
I myself would truthful be,  
And with wisdom, kind and clear,  
Let Thy life in mine appear,  
And with actions brotherly  
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me ;  
I myself would tender be,  
Shut my heart up, like a flower,  
At temptation's darksome hour ;  
Open it when shines the sun,  
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;  
I myself would mighty be,  
Mighty so as to prevail,  
Where unaided man must fail,  
Ever, by a mighty hope,  
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;  
I myself would holy be,  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose and cherish all things good,  
And, whatever I can be,  
Give to Him, who gave me Thee.

40 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :  
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee *wandering*, set thee right,  
*Turned thy darkness into light.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yea, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
O for grace to love Thee more.

- 341** **H**ARP and voice, Thy praises telling  
Rise, O Lord, Thy throne around,  
8s. 7s. Yet Thou lovest every dwelling  
Where, on earth, Thy praises sound.  
He in whom heaven's glory centres,  
He from whom its gladness springs,  
Every tent of Jacob enters,  
And a blessing with Him brings.
- 2 In Thy praise our voices falter,  
Weak the prayers our hearts uplift,  
But we lay them on the altar  
That can hallow every gift.  
Fragrant from the golden censer  
May our prayer and praise ascend;  
Prayer to find a gracious answer.  
Praise, with angels' songs to blend.
- 3 Give us, Lord, in our devotion,  
Lips that burn with altar fire,  
Hearts that glow with that emotion  
Which Thy Spirit doth inspire:  
Souls, that are in words outpouring  
Longings which Thy grace hath given  
Hope rejoicing, faith adoring,  
Love aspiring unto heaven.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**12** **H**EART, be still :  
In the darkness of thy woe,  
,7, Bow thee silently and low ;

3. Comes to thee whate'er God will :  
Be thou still.

2 Be thou still :  
Vainly all thy words are spoken ;  
Till the Word of God hath broken  
Life's dark mysteries, good or ill,  
Be thou still.

3 Lord my God :  
By Thy grace, O may I be,  
All submission, silently,  
To the chastenings of Thy rod ;  
Lord my God.

4 Shepherd, King :  
From Thy fulness, grant to me  
Quiet, fearless faith in Thee,  
Till from night the day shall spring ;  
Shepherd, King.

**13** **H**EAVENLY Father, to whose eye  
Future things unfolded lie,  
1. Through the desert where I stray,  
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,  
Where fierce trials would assail ;  
Leave me not, in darkened hour,  
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Save me from his treacherous wiles ;  
Arm me against pleasure's smiles ;  
Give me, for my spirit's health,  
Neither poverty nor wealth.

4 Help Thy servant to maintain  
A profession free from stain ;  
That my sole reproach may be,  
Following Christ and fearing Thee.

5 Lord, uphold me day by day ;  
Shed a light upon my way,  
Guide me through perplexing snares ;  
*Care for me in all my cares.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 6 All I ask for is, enough ;  
Only, when the way is rough,  
Let Thy rod and staff impart  
Strength and courage to my heart.
- 7 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree  
Trials long and sharp for me,  
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,  
Father, glorify Thy name.
- 8 Let me neither faint nor fear,  
Feeling still that Thou art near,  
In the course my Saviour trod,  
Tending still to Thee, my God.

*Before.*

- 344** **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to  
face  
10s. Here faith can touch and handle things  
unseen :  
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy  
grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of  
heaven ;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song,  
This is the heavenly table spread for me ;  
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong  
The brief bright hour of fellowship with  
Thee.

*After.*

- 4 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;  
The feast, though not the love, is past and  
gone :  
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art  
here ;  
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon :  
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed ;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might  
alone.
- 6 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing  
blood ;  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace ;  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord  
my God.
- 7 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;  
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and  
love.

**45** **H**OW are Thy servants blest, O Lord,  
How sure is their defence :

**L.M.** Eternal wisdom is their guide ;  
Their help, Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by Thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,  
Thy mercy sets them free ;  
While in the confidence of prayer  
Their souls take hold on Thee.
- 4 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know Thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to Thy will ;  
The sea that roared at Thy command,  
At Thy command is still.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 6 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past  
And humbly hope for more.
- 7 My life, while Thou preservest life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, when death shall be my lot  
Shall join my soul to Thee.

- 346**      **H**OW welcome was the call,  
                 And sweet the festal lay,  
s. m.      When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall  
                 To bless the marriage-day.
- 2      And happy was the bride,  
         And glad the bridegroom's heart,  
         For He who tarried at their side  
         Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3      His gracious power divine  
         The water vessels knew ;  
         And plenteous was the mystic wine  
         The wondering servants drew.
- 4      O Lord of life and love,  
         Come Thou again to-day ;  
         And bring a blessing from above  
         That ne'er shall pass away.
- 5      O bless, as erst of old,  
         The bridegroom and the bride ;  
         Bless with the holier stream that flows  
         Forth from Thy pierced side.

- 347**      **I** HAVE a home above,  
                 From sin and sorrow free ;  
D. S. M.      A mansion which eternal love  
                 Designed and formed for me.  
                 My Father's gracious hand  
                 Has built this blest abode ;  
                 From everlasting it was planned,  
                 My dwelling-place with God.

## *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 My Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure ;  
He passed through death's dark raging flood,  
To make my rest secure.  
The Comforter is come,  
The Earnest has been given ;  
He leads me onward to the home  
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 3 Bright angels guard my way ;  
His ministers of power,  
Encamping round me night and day,  
Preserve in danger's hour.  
Loved ones are gone before,  
Whose pilgrim days are done ;  
I soon shall greet them on that shore,  
Where partings are unknown.
- 4 But more than all I long  
His glories to behold,  
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng  
With ecstasy untold.  
That bright, yet tender smile,  
My sweetest welcome there,  
Shall cheer me through the little while,  
I tarry for Him here.
- 5 Thy love, Thou precious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be,  
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word  
That bids me rise to Thee.  
And then, through endless days,  
Where all Thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains I'll praise  
The grace that made me Thine.

348 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to  
God,  
11s. I knew not my danger, and felt not my  
load ;  
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ  
on the tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu\* was nothing to me.

\* *The Lord our righteousness.*

## *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,  
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple  
page;  
But e'en when they pictured the blood-  
sprinkled tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.
- 3 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that  
roll,  
I wept when the waters went over His soul;  
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to  
the tree  
Jehovah Tsidkenu: 'twas nothing to me.
- 4 When free grace awoke me, by light from  
on high,  
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to  
die;  
No refuge, no safety in self could I see;  
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.
- 5 My terrors all vanished before the sweet  
name;  
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I  
came  
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and  
free;  
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.
- 6 Even treading the valley, the shadow of  
death,  
This watchword shall rally my faltering  
breath;  
For while from life's fever my God sets me  
free,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu, my death-song shall be.
- 7 Jehovah Tsidkenu, my treasure and boast,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu, I ne'er can be lost;  
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by  
field,  
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate, and  
shield.
- ▲

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 349** **I** THINK of Thee, my God, by night  
And talk of Thee by day,  
C. M. Thy love, my treasure and delight,  
Thy truth, my strength and stay.
- 2 The day is dark, the night is long,  
Unblest with thoughts of Thee ;  
And dull to me the sweetest song,  
Unless its theme Thou be.
- 3 Like pleasant thoughts of those we love  
Which are of self a part,  
Which neither day nor night remove  
Out of the living heart.
- 4 So all day long, and all the night,  
Lord, let Thy presence be  
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,  
Myself absorbed in Thee.

- 350** **I** WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold ;  
D. S. M. I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep ;  
The Father sought His child ;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love ;  
They saved the wandering one.
- 3 They spoke in tender love,  
They raised my drooping head ;  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul they fed.  
They washed my filth away.  
They made me clean and fair ;  
They brought me to my home in peace,  
The long-sought wanderer.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul ;  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole ;  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep ;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 5 I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled ;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam ;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

**351** I WOULD commune with Thee, my G  
E'en to Thy seat I come :

c.m. I leave my joys, I leave my sins,  
And seek in Thee my home.

- 2 I stand upon the mount of God,  
With sunlight in my soul ;  
I hear the storms in vales beneath,  
I hear the thunders roll :
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,  
Beneath these glorious skies ;  
And to the height on which I stand,  
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- 4 O this is life ; O this is joy,  
My God, to find Thee so ;  
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,  
And all Thy love to know.

**352** I'M but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home ;

6,4,6,4, Earth is a desert drear,  
6,6,6,4. Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand,  
Round me on every hand ;  
Heaven is my Fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon shall be overpast;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home,

3 There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home;  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best;  
And there I too shall rest,  
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,  
Heaven is my home;  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home.  
And I shall surely stand  
There, at my Lord's right hand;  
Heaven is my Fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

**53** I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,  
My heart doth sing for joy;  
:m. And sing I must, for Christ I have;  
A precious Christ have I.

2 Christ Jesus is the Lord of lords,  
He is the King of kings;  
He is the Sun of righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.

3 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,  
My medicine and my health;  
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,  
My glory, and my wealth.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 Christ is my Saviour and my friend,  
My brother and my love,  
My head, my hope, my counsellor,  
My advocate above.
- 5 Christ Jesus is the heaven of heaven:  
My Christ, what shall I call?  
Christ is the first, Christ is the last,  
And Christ is all in all.

**354**

6s. 5s.

- I**N the hour of trial,  
Jesus, pray for me,  
Lest, by base denial,  
I depart from Thee:  
When Thou seest me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor, for fear or favour,  
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures,  
Would this vain world charm,  
Or, its sordid treasures  
Spread, to work me harm;  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crowned Calvary.
- 3 If, with sore affliction  
Thou in love chastise,  
Pour Thy benediction  
On the sacrifice;  
Then, upon Thine altar,  
Freely offered up,  
Though the flesh may falter,  
Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When, in dust and ashes,  
To the grave I sink,  
While heaven's glory flashes  
O'er the shelving brink;  
On Thy truth relying,  
Through that mortal strife,  
Lord, receive me, dying,  
To eternal life.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 55** **I**T came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
c.m. From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold :  
Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King :  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled ;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world :  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow ;  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

- 356** **I**T is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
s.m. And, midst the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship*

- 3 It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chains, to breathe the  
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise on strong, exulting wing,  
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life,  
Thy chosen cannot die ;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife  
To reign with Thee on high.

**357** JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee  
I. M. Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise  
Whose glories shine through endless

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, of that Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame  
That I no more revere His name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away ;  
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then, nor is the boasting vain,  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain :  
And O may this my portion be,  
That Saviour not ashamed of me.

**358** JESUS, how much Thy name untold  
To every opened ear ;  
c. m. The pardoned sinner's memory hold  
None other half so dear.

- 2 Jesus, it speaks a life of love,  
And sorrows meekly borne ;  
It tells of sympathy above,  
Whatever makes us mourn.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 It speaks of righteousness complete,  
Of holiness to God ;  
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet  
As His atoning blood.
- 4 Jesus, the One who knew no sin,  
Made sin to make us just,  
Worthy art Thou our love to win,  
And worthy all our trust.
- 5 Thy name encircles every grace  
That God as man could show ;  
There only can the Spirit trace  
A perfect life below.
- 6 The mention of Thy name shall bow  
Our hearts to worship Thee ;  
The chiefest of ten thousand, Thou ;  
The chief of sinners, we.

- 59** **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee ;
- 7s. Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, and hoped, and known ;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too ;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;  
Thou art not, like man, untrue :  
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
  - 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure ;  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain ;  
In Thy service, pain is pleasure ;  
With Thy favour, loss is gain.  
I have called Thee, Abba, Father ;  
I have stayed my heart on Thee :  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather  
All *must* work for good to me.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do or bear:  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
What a Father's smile is thine;  
What a Saviour died to win thee:  
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 6 Haste then on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

**360** JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He that I placed my hopes upon;  
L. M. His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till Him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The way that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all the paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not;  
My grief, my burden, long have been  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say:  
Come hither, soul, for I'm the Way.

*ymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 Lo, glad I come ; and Thou, dear Lamb,  
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am ;  
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,  
Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live.
- 6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
And say, Behold the way to God.

- I** JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
- 2 Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do,  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.
- 3 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill.
- 4 I want a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly.
- 5 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.
- 6 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great name :
- 7 A jealous, just concern  
For Thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn,  
And glorify Thy grace.
- 8 I rest upon Thy Word ;  
The promise is for me ;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee.

**362** JESUS, the holy One,  
Thou art for me ;  
6,4,6,4. Long ere the world begun,  
6,6,6,4. Thou wast for me.


Long before Adam's fall  
Bound me in sin's dark thrall,  
Maker and Lord of all,  
Thou wast for me.

2 God of eternity,  
Thou art for me ;  
Fountain of majesty,  
Thou art for me.  
Thou who hast boundless power,  
Living for evermore ;  
Thou, whom heaven's hosts adore,  
Thou art for me.

3 Jesus, obedient One,  
Thou wast for me ;  
Righteous One, faithful One,  
Thou wast for me.  
Beauty of holiness,  
Fulness of truth and grace,  
Shone in Thy perfect ways,  
Here, Lord, for me.

4 Jesus, devoted One,  
Thou wast for me ;  
Sin-bearer, smitten One,  
Thou wast for me.  
Shedding Thy precious blood,  
Sinking in death's dark flood,  
Bearing the wrath of God,  
Thou wast for me.

5 Jesus, triumphant One,  
Thou art for me ;  
Mighty One, risen One,  
Thou art for me.  
Spoiled are the powers of hell,  
Vanquished the terrible,  
Thou hast done all things well,  
Thou art for me.



*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

6 Jesus, exalted One,  
                    Thou art for me ;  
Now on Thy heavenly throne,  
                    Thou art for me.  
Soon in those mansions bright,  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
This shall be my delight,  
                    Thou art for me.

13 **J**ESUS, Thou our pure delight,  
            Gracious Jesus ;  
1a. Most beloved, though veiled from sight,  
            Holy Jesus ;  
O may we Thy name adore,  
            Blessèd Jesus :  
Heaven and earth adore Thee.

2 Endless thanks to Thee are due,  
            Gracious Jesus ;  
For Thy grace is ever new,  
            Holy Jesus ;  
For the wonders of Thy love,  
            Blessèd Jesus,  
Heaven and earth adore Thee.

3 Whatsoe'er we need Thou art,  
            Gracious Jesus ;  
Thou all blessings dost impart,  
            Holy Jesus ;  
Saints and angels ever sing  
            Thee, O Jesus ;  
Heaven and earth adore Thee.

4 Solace in all weariness,  
            Gracious Jesus :  
We Thy truth and mercy bless,  
            Holy Jesus ;  
O may we in glory praise  
            Thee, O Jesus ;  
Ever Thee adoring.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**364**

6s. 5s.

**L**AY Thy hand upon me  
When I fall asleep,  
Through the silent hours,  
Close beside me keep ;  
Then the prince of darkness,  
Ruler of the air,  
Will not dare to touch me,  
If Thy hand is there.

2 Lay Thy hand upon me,  
Tenderly restrain  
All too eager longings,  
Every impulse vain ;  
Calm my spirit's chafing,  
Restless with long care ;  
Murmurs melt in silence,  
When Thy hand is there.

3 Lay Thy hand upon me  
When I rashly stray  
Into paths forbidden,  
Choosing my own way :  
Ah ! how much correction,  
Lord, I have to bear ;  
Yet must take it meekly,  
For Thy hand is there.

4 Lead me now and always,  
Even to the last ;  
Till the way is ended,  
And the darkness past :  
Till I reach the glory  
I was born to share ;  
This its crown and centre,  
That my Lord is there.

**365**

8s.

**L**EAVE God to order all thy way  
And hope in Him, whate'er be  
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days  
Thy all-sufficient strength and grace  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Builds on the rock that nought can shake

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 What can these anxious cares avail,  
These never-ceasing moans and sighs ?  
What can it help us to bewail  
Each painful moment as it flies ?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The heavier for our bitterness.
- 3 Only thy restless heart keep still,  
And wait in cheerful hope ; content  
To take whate'er His gracious will,  
His all-discerning love hath sent :  
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
To Him who chose us for His own.
- 4 He knows when joyful hours are best,  
He sends them as He sees it meet ;  
When thou hast borne the fiery test,  
And art made free from all deceit,  
He comes to thee all unaware,  
And makes thee own His loving care.
- 5 Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,  
Think God hath cast thee off, unheard,  
And that the man, whose prosperous life  
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred :  
Time passes, and much change doth bring.  
And sets a bound to everything.
- 6 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,  
But do thine own part faithfully,  
Trust His rich promises of grace,  
So shall they be fulfilled in thee :  
God never yet forsook at need,  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

**36** **L**ET me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal rest ;  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and for ever blest.

- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;  
Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;  
Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove;  
There neither death nor life will part  
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

**367** **L**IGHT of light, enlighten me,  
Now anew the day is dawning;  
7,8,7,8, Sun of grace, the shadows flee,  
7,7. Brighten thou my Sabbath morning,  
With Thy joyous sunshine blest;  
Happy is my day of rest.

- 2 Kindle Thou the sacrifice  
That upon my lips is lying;  
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,  
That, from every error flying,  
No strange fire may in me glow  
That Thine altar does not know.
- 3 Let me with my heart to-day,  
Holy, holy, holy, singing,  
Rapt awhile from earth away,  
All my soul to Thee upspringing,  
Have a foretaste inly given,  
How they worship Thee in heaven.
- 4 Hence all care, all vanity,  
For the day to God is holy;  
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,  
Deign to fill this temple lowly;  
Nought to-day my soul shall move,  
Simply resting in Thy love.

**368** **L**IGHT of the world, O shine on us,  
Thy little flock below;  
8,6,8,8, Shine on this path we daily tread,  
8,6. Shine on each poor, defenceless head,  
Shine through the shadows dark and drear  
That hover round us now.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 Light of the world, O shine on us,  
Thy little pilgrim band ;  
Shine on the way once trod before  
By Thine own feet, in sorrow sore,  
That leads us onward to the shore  
Of Zion's Sabbath-land.
- 3 Light of the world, be visible,  
In every cloud be seen ;  
In every taste of soul-distress,  
In every step of weariness,  
Shine backward o'er this wilderness  
That stretches out between.
- 4 Light of the world, be merciful,  
And lead us safely on ;  
On through the rough and bleak highway,  
Where perils wait in dread array,  
To snare each pilgrim-soul away,  
When he is once alone.
- 5 Light of the world, O shine on us,  
As through this vale we flee ;  
That, in the city fair and bright,  
That lies beyond, beyond our sight,  
We each, in robes of bridal white,  
May stand at last with Thee.

**69** LORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering, full and free ;

178. Showers, the thirsty land refreshing ;

Let some droppings fall on me,  
Even me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be ;  
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me,  
Even me.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,  
Let me love and cling to Thee ;  
I am longing for Thy favour,  
When Thou comest, call for me,  
Even me.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.—*

- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,  
Speak the word of power to me,  
Even me.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
O forgive and rescue me,  
Even me.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify them all in me,  
Even me.
- 7 Pass me not; this lost one bringing,  
Satan's slave Thy child shall be;  
All my heart to Thee is springing,  
Blessing others, O bless me,  
Even me.

**370** **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
c. m. To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?
- 3 Would I long bear my heavy load,  
And keep my sorrows long?  
Would I long sin against my God,  
And His dear mercy wrong?
- 4 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
He that unto God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me  
meet  
Thy blessed face to see ;  
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be ?
- 6 Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 7 My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But it's enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

**71** **L**ORD Jesus, are we one with Thee ?  
O height, O depth of love !

*A.M.* Thou one with us on Calvary,  
We one with Thee above.

- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake  
Thou didst from heaven come down,  
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,  
In all our misery one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
Confessed and borne by Thee ;  
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,  
To set Thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,  
Still one with us Thou art ;  
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,  
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own  
This wondrous mystery,  
That Thou with us art truly one,  
And we are one with Thee.
- 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,  
When, seated on Thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,  
That *Thou with us art one.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**372** **L**ORD Jesus, hide Thy people  
From this world's strife and din;  
7s. 6s. From all the woes that rise and swell,  
O shut Thy loved ones in.

2 Thou art the ark of safety,  
The spirit's calm retreat;  
In Thy pavilion there is rest,  
Rest for the wayworn feet.

3 Thou art the light, the gladness,  
The source of deep repose;  
The hidden food, the home of peace,  
The shelter from all foes.

4 Thou art the soul's full portion,  
The resting-place of faith,  
The anchor fixed within the veil,  
The antidote of death.


5 All might is Thine, my Saviour,  
All glory crowns Thy brow,  
All perfect is Thy love to me;  
Refresh my spirit now.

6 Complete in Thee, Thy people  
May raise the song of praise,  
Thyself the theme, Thyself the same  
Through everlasting days.

**373** **L**ORD, let my heart still turn to Thee,  
In all my hours of waking thought,  
L. M. Nor let me ever wish to be,  
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.

2 In every hour of pain or woe,  
When nought on earth my heart can cheer,  
When sighs will burst, and tears will flow,  
Lord, hush the sigh and dry the tear.

3 In every dream of earthly bliss,  
Do Thou, my Saviour, present be;  
Nor let me think of happiness  
On earth, without the thought of Thee.



*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

4 And when before the throne I kneel,  
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer;  
And let each hope of heaven I feel,  
Burn with the thought to meet Thee  
there.

5 Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee,  
In every hour of waking thought;  
Nor let me ever wish to be,  
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.

374 MY God, a God of pardon is,  
His bosom gives me ease;  
c. m. I do not, cannot, please my God,  
Yet mercy doth Him please.

2 My sins aloud for vengeance call;  
But, lo, a fountain springs, [cries,  
From Christ's pierced side, which louder  
And speaketh better things.

3 My sins have reached up to the heavens,  
But mercy's height exceeds;  
God's mercy is above the heavens,  
Above my sinful deeds.

4 My sins are many, like the stars,  
Or sands upon the shore;  
But yet the mercies of my God,  
Are infinitely more.

5 My sins in bigness do arise,  
Like mountains great and tall,  
But mercy, like a mighty sea,  
Covers these mountains all.

6 Rage earth and hell; come life, come death,  
Yet still my song shall be,  
God was, and is, and will be good,  
*And merciful to me.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**375** MY God, and is Thy table spread ?  
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow !  
L. M. Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 O let Thy table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests :  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

3 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,  
And bid our drooping graces live ;  
And more, that energy afford,  
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

**376** MY God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
C. M. How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored.

3 O how I fear Thee, living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art ;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother, half so mild,  
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,  
With me Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 17** **M**Y God I love Thee, not because  
I hope for heaven thereby;  
m. Nor because they who love Thee not,  
Must die eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Saviour, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,  
And manifold disgrace:
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
Yea, death itself; and all for me  
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,  
O ever-loving Lord.
- 6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,  
And in Thy praise will sing:  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.
- 18** **M**Y God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright;  
4s. So full of splendour and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.
- 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy  
Is touched with pain ;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours,  
That thorns remain ;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.
- 4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
Yet all with wings ;  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things.
- 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store ;  
We have enough, yet not too much,  
To long for more ;  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.
- 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest ;  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast.

**379** MY God, my only help and hope,  
My strong and sure defence ;  
C. M. For all my safety and my peace,  
I bless Thy providence.

- 2 I do not bless my labouring hand,  
My labouring head, or chance ;  
Thy providence, most gracious God,  
Is mine inheritance.
- 3 The daily favours of my God,  
I cannot sing at large ;  
Yet let me make this holy boast,  
I am the Almighty's charge.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 Lord, in the day, Thou art about  
The paths wherein I tread ;  
And in the night, when I lie down,  
Thou art about my bed.
- 5 'Tis Thou dost crown my hopes and plans  
With good success each day,  
This crown, together with myself,  
At Thy blest feet I lay.
- 6 O let my house a temple be,  
That I and mine may sing  
Hosanna to Thy majesty,  
And praise our heavenly King.

**80** **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,  
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am His.

**31** **M**Y heart is resting, O my God,  
I will give thanks and sing ;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill ;  
For the waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.

- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise ;  
I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
And close at hand it lies.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

And a new song is in my mouth  
To long-loved music set ;  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known ;  
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast  
For what is most my own.  
I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see ;  
But the hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.

4 Sometimes I long for promised bliss,  
But it will not come too late ;  
And the songs of patient spirits rise  
From the place wherein I wait ;  
While in the faith that makes no haste,  
My soul has time to see  
A kneeling host of Thy redeemed,  
In fellowship with me.

5 My heart is resting, O my God,  
My heart is in Thy care ;  
I hear the voice of joy and health  
Resounding every where ;  
Thou art my portion, saith my soul,  
Ten thousand voices say ;  
And the music of their glad Amen  
Will never die away.

**382** MY hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness

8s. I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name :  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 In every rough and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil ;  
Nor earth, nor hell my soul can move.  
I rest upon unchanging love :  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the sinking flood ;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay :  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

**383** MY Jesus, as Thou wilt ;  
O may Thy will be mine ;

- 6s. Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign.  
Through sorrow, or through joy,  
Conduct me as Thine own,  
And help me still to say :  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt ;  
If needy here and poor,  
Give me Thy people's bread,  
Their portion rich and sure.  
The manna of Thy Word,  
Let my soul feed upon ;  
And if all else should fail,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt ;  
If among thorns I go,  
Still sometimes, here and there,  
Let a few roses blow.  
But Thou on earth along  
The thorny path hast gone,  
Then lead me after Thee :  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt ;  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear.  
Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

All shall be well for me,  
Each changing, future scene  
I gladly trust with Thee;  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death :  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

**384** **M**Y rest is in heaven ; my rest  
Then why should I mu-  
11s. trials are near ?

Be hushed, my dark spirit, the  
can come,  
But shortens thy journey, and h  
home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my  
And building my hopes in a regio  
I look for a city which hands have  
I pant for a country by sin unde

3 The thorn and the thistle aroun  
grow ;  
I would not lie down upon roses

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress  
oppose ;  
They only make heaven more sweet at the  
close :  
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may  
befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for it all.
- 6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy's  
land ;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be  
long ;  
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer  
it with song.

**85** MY times are in Thy hand,  
My God, I wish them there ;  
L.M. My life, my friends, my soul, I leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

- 2 My times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand ;  
Why should I doubt or fear ?  
A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus, the crucified ;  
The hand my cruel sins had pierced,  
Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus, my Advocate ;  
Nor shall Thine hand be stretched in vain,  
For me to supplicate.
- 6 My times are in Thy hand,  
I'll always trust in Thee ;  
And after death, at Thy right hand  
I shall for ever be.

*Hymns for Family and Private Wor*

**386**

6,4,6,4,  
6,6,4.

**N**EARER, my God, to Thee  
Nearer to Thee ;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

5 And when on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

**387**

L. M.

**N**EW every morning is the lo  
Our wakening and uprising  
Through sleep and darkness safel  
Restored to life, and power, and i

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.
- 6 Seek we no more; content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;  
The secret this of rest below.
- 7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

188 **N**O condemnation; O my soul,  
'Tis God that speaks the word;  
C. M. Perfect in comeliness art thou,  
In Christ, thy glorious Lord.

- 2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks,  
In God the Father's ear;  
His church, the jewels on His heart  
Jesus will ever bear.
- 3 No condemnation; precious word,  
Consider it, my soul;  
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,  
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes  
On Christ, the spotless Lamb;  
So *shall we love Thy gracious will,*  
*And glorify Thy name.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**389**

6,4,6,4,  
6,6,4.

**N**O, not despairingly,  
Come I to Thee ;  
No, not distrustingly  
Bend I the knee :  
Sin hath gone over me,  
Yet is this still my plea,  
Jesus hath died.

2 Ah, mine iniquity  
Crimson hath been ;  
Infinite, infinite,  
Sin upon sin ;  
Sin of not loving Thee,  
Sin of not trusting Thee,  
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess to Thee  
Sadly my sin ;  
All I am tell I Thee,  
All I have been :  
Purge Thou my sin away,  
Wash Thou my soul this day,  
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou,  
Forgiving all ;  
Loving and kind art Thou  
When poor ones call ;  
Lord, let the cleansing blood,  
Blood of the Lamb of God,  
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light  
This soul within ;  
Thus shall I walk with Thee  
The loved, unseen ;  
Leaning on Thee, my God,  
Guided along the road,  
Nothing between.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 90** NOT what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul ;  
S. M. Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.  
Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God ;  
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,  
Can bear my awful load.
- 2 Thy work alone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin ;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.  
Thy love to me, O God,  
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,  
Can rid me of this dark unrest,  
And set my spirit free.
- 3 I bless the Christ of God ;  
I rest on love divine ;  
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,  
I call this Saviour mine.  
His cross dispels each doubt ;  
I bury in His tomb  
Each thought of unbelief and fear,  
Each lingering shade of gloom.
- 4 I praise the God of grace ;  
I trust His truth and might ;  
He calls me His, I call Him mine,  
My God, my joy, my light.  
In Him is only good,  
In me is only ill ;  
My ill but draws His goodness forth,  
And me He loveth still.
- 5 'Tis He who saveth me,  
And freely pardon gives ;  
I love because He loveth me,  
I live because He lives.  
My life with Him is hid,  
My death has passed away ;  
My clouds have melted into light,  
My midnight into day.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**391**      **N**OW all the woods are sleeping,  
                 And night and stillness creepin  
7,7,8.      O'er city, man, and beast;  
7,7,8.      But thou, my heart, awake thee,  
                 To prayer awhile betake thee,  
                 And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

2      Now thought and labour ceases,  
                 For night the tired releases,  
                 And bids sweet rest begin ;  
                 My heart, there comes a morrow  
                 Shall set Thee free from sorrow,  
                 And all the dreary toil of sin.

3      My Jesus, stay Thou by me,  
                 And let no foe come nigh me,  
                 Safe sheltered by Thy wing ;  
                 Yet would the foe alarm me,  
                 O never let him harm me,  
                 But let Thine angels round me sing.

4      My loved ones, rest securely ;  
                 From every peril, surely  
                 Our God will guard your head ;  
                 And happy slumbers send you,  
                 And bid His hosts attend you,  
                 And, golden-armed, watch o'er your be

**392**      **N**OW have I found the ground where  
                 Sure my soul's anchor may rema  
8s.      The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
                 Before the world's foundation slain ;  
                 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
                 When heaven and earth are fled away.

2      Father, Thine everlasting grace  
                 Our scanty thought surpasses far ;  
                 Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;  
                 Thy arms of love still open are,  
                 Returning sinners to receive,  
                 That mercy they may taste, and live.

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*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,  
My sins are swallowed up in Thee :  
Covered is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains in me :  
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength, and health, and friends  
be gone,  
Though joys be withered all and dead,  
Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
On this my steadfast soul relies ;  
Father, Thy mercy never dies.
- 5 Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away :  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.

393 **N**OW that the sun is gleaming bright,  
Implore we, bending low,  
c.m. That He, the uncreated Light,  
May guide us as we go,

- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,  
Nor thoughts that idly rove,  
But simple truth be on our tongue,  
And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And while the hours in order flow,  
O Christ, securely fence  
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,  
The gate of every sense.
- 4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,  
Our daily toil may tend ;  
That we begin it at Thy Word,  
And in Thy favour end.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**394** **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
c. m. A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus, and His Word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still;  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

**395** **O** GOD, who metest in Thine hand  
The waters of the mighty sea,  
l. m. And barrest ocean with the sand,  
By Thy perpetual decree;

- 2 What time the floods lift up their voice,  
And break in anger on the shore,  
When deep to deep calls with the noise  
Of waterspouts and billows' roar;
- 3 When they who to the sea go down,  
And in the waters ply their toil,  
Are lifted on the surge's crown,  
And plunged where seething eddies boil

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

4 Rule then, O Lord, the ocean's wrath,  
And bind the tempest with Thy will ;  
Tread, as of old, the water's path,  
And speak Thy bidding, Peace, be still.

5 And when there shall be sea no more,  
Save that of mingled flame and glass,  
Where goes no galley sped by oar,  
Where gallant ships no longer pass ;

6 When dawns the resurrection morn,  
Upon that shore, O Jesu, stand,  
And give Thy pilgrims, faint and worn,  
Their welcome to the happy land.

**16** O GRACIOUS Jesu, hear our humble  
crying ;

11, Haste to our help, in all Thy grace replying

5. To us, who, laden with our sins, implore  
Thee,

Falling before Thee.

2 O Thou, whose mercy to our prayer de-  
scendeth,

And to the contrite consolation sendeth,  
Thy comfort give ; accept our supplication,  
Lord, our salvation.

3 'Our need Thou knowest ; Lord, descend,  
supplying

Their wants, who live on Thy sure Word  
relying ;

Lord Jesus, spare us ; to our hearts be given  
Thy peace from heaven.

**17** O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God :

m. Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows

To Him who merits all my love :

Let cheerful anthems fill His house,

While to that sacred shrine I move.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 'Tis done ; the great transaction's done  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest :  
With ashes, who would grudge to part  
When called on angels' bread to feast
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow  
That vow renewed shall daily hear :  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

**398** O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,  
The faint, the weak, on Thee may  
8,8,8,6. Help me, throughout life's varying scene  
By faith to cling to Thee.

- 2 Blest with communion so divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,  
When, as the branches to the vine,  
My soul may cling to Thee ?
- 3 Without a murmur I dismiss  
My former dreams of earthly bliss :  
My joy, my consolation this,  
Each hour to cling to Thee.
- 4 What though the world deceitful prove  
And earthly friends and joys remove ;  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to Thee.
- 5 Though faith and hope may long be tried  
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee !
- 6 They fear not life's rough storms to b  
Since Thou art near, and strong to succour  
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark way  
Because they cling to Thee.
- 7 Blest is my lot whate'er befall :  
What can disturb me, who appal,  
While, as my strength, my rock, my  
Saviour, I cling to Thee ?

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**99** **O** JESUS Christ, the holy One,  
I long to be with Thee ;

.m. O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,  
Come and abide with me.

2 Now, while the symbols of Thy love  
Before Thy saints are set,  
And Thou, descending from above,  
Their yearning hearts hast met ;

3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power  
This lonely heart of mine ;  
And feed me, in this solemn hour,  
With Thine own bread and wine.

4 My meat indeed, my drink indeed,  
Art Thou, my gracious Lord ;  
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed  
On this, Thy precious word ;

5 Till, nourished, strengthened, satisfied,  
My glad and thankful heart  
Forgets the things Thou hast denied,  
In those Thou dost impart.

**100** **O** JESUS, Friend unfailing,  
How dear art Thou to me !

6s. Are cares or fears assailing,  
I find my strength in Thee :  
Why should my feet grow weary  
Of this my pilgrim way ?  
Rough though the path, and dreary,  
It ends in perfect day.

2 Naught, naught I count as treasure,  
Compared, O Christ, with Thee ;  
Thy sorrow without measure,  
Earned peace and joy for me :  
I love to own, Lord Jesus,  
Thy claims o'er me and mine ;  
Bought with Thy blood most precious,  
Whose can I be but Thine ?

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship*

- 3 What fills my soul with gladness?  
'Tis Thine abounding grace;  
Where can I look in sadness,  
But, Jesus, on Thy face?  
My all is Thy providing;  
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;  
In Thee, my refuge, hiding,  
No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 4 Why should I droop in sorrow?  
Thou'rt ever by my side;  
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?  
What ill can e'er betide?  
If I my cross have taken,  
'Tis but to follow Thee;  
If scorned, despised, forsaken,  
Naught severs Thee from me.
- 5 O worldly pomp and glory,  
Your charms are spread in vain;  
I've heard a sweeter story;  
I've found a truer gain:  
Where Christ a place prepareth,  
There is my loved abode;  
There shall I gaze on Jesus,  
There shall I dwell with God.
- 6 For every tribulation,  
For every sore distress,  
In Christ I've full salvation,  
Sure help and quiet rest:  
No fear of foes prevailing,  
I triumph, Lord, in Thee;  
O Jesus, Friend unfailing,  
How dear art Thou to me!

**401** O JESUS, Lord of light and grace  
L. M. Thou brightness of Thy Father  
Thou fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of

- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shower down Thy radiance from above  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

## *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.
- 4 O hallowed be the approaching day;  
Let meekness be our morning ray;  
Our faith like noontide splendour glow;  
Our souls the twilight never know.
- 5 O Christ, with each returning morn,  
Thine image to our hearts is borne:  
O may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

- 2 **O** LAMB of God, once wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Thy sacred head, surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown.  
How pale Thou wast with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn;  
How did that visage languish,  
Which once was bright as morn.
- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour;  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, sinners' Friend,  
For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me Thine for ever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.
- 4 And when I am departing,  
Then part not Thou from me;  
When mortal pangs are darting,  
Come, Lord, and set me free:

*Hymns for Family and Private Word*

And when my heart must languish  
Amidst the final throe,  
Release me from mine anguish  
By Thine own pain and woe.

- 5 Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show Thy cross to me ;  
And, for my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move ;  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.

**403**

6s. 5s.

**O** LET him whose sorrow  
No relief can find,  
Trust in God, and borrow  
Ease for heart and mind.

- 2 Where the mourner, weeping,  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God His watch is keeping,  
Though none else be near.
- 3 God will never leave thee ;  
All thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee  
Sees thy cares and woes.
- 4 If in grief thou languish,  
He will dry the tear,  
Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succour near.
- 5 All thy woe and sadness  
In this world below,  
Balance not the gladness  
Thou in heaven shalt know,
- 6 When thy gracious Saviour,  
In the realms above,  
Crowns thee with His favour,  
Fills thee with His love.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 1** **O** LORD, another day is flown ;  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before Thy throne  
To bless Thy fostering hand.
- 2** O let Thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease ;  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting peace.
- 3** Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,  
A flock by Jesus led,  
The Sun of righteousness shall shine  
In glory on our head.
- 4** And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,  
And Thou wilt bless our way,  
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
The dawn of lasting day.

- 5** **O** LORD, be with us when we sail  
Upon the lonely deep,  
1. Our guard when on the silent deck  
The midnight watch we keep.
- 2** We need not fear, though all around,  
Mid rising winds, we hear  
The multitude of waters surge,  
For Thou, O God, art near.
- 3** The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,  
That pass from land to land,  
All, all are Thine, are held within  
The hollow of Thine hand.
- 4** Across this troubled tide of life,  
Thyself our pilot be,  
Until we reach that better land,  
The land that knows no sea.

- 6** **O** LORD, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on Thee,  
, If we from self could rest;  
, And feel at heart that One above  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship*

- 2 How far from this our daily life,  
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden, wild alarms :  
O could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thy almighty arms.
- 3 Could we but kneel, and cast our loa  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer,  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.
- 4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of  
Such lessons learn from birds and flic  
Make them from self to cease,  
Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before Him lying still,  
E'en in affliction, peace.

**407** O LORD, I look to Thee,  
To Thee lift up my heart ;  
s. m. In heaven I would Thy glory see,  
Now, therefore, grace impart.

- 2 Grace, to prevent my sin,  
My passions to subdue,  
My heart to change, my soul to win,  
My spirit to renew.
- 3 Grace, every hour to bend  
My stubborn will to Thine,  
Till I in heart and mind ascend  
To where the angels shine.
- 4 Grace, that I ever may  
Walk humbly with my God,  
And choose the self-renouncing way  
The lowly Jesus trod.
- 5 Grace, to each stroke to bow,  
Gladly each cross to bear,  
That, suffering with the Saviour now,  
I soon His joy may share.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 6 Grace, to be kind to all,  
All to forbear in love ;  
Gently to deal with those that fall,  
Like Him who reigns above.
- 7 Grace, even to my foes  
In tenderness to speak,  
And, though they wrong me and oppose,  
To be like Jesus, meek.
- 8 Grace, onward still to go,  
Forward each day to press,  
Till Thou the blood-bought prize bestow,  
Christ's crown of righteousness.
- 9 Lord, give me this rich grace ;  
O give Thyself to me,  
That I may dwell before Thy face,  
And all Thy glory see.

**L08** O LORD, I would delight in Thee,  
And on Thy care depend ;  
C.M. To Thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my only Friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same ;  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in Thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in Thee ;  
I must have all things, and abound,  
While God is God to me.
- 4 O that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the veil ;  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail.
- 5 He that has made my heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide :  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?  
What can I want beside ?

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;  
I triumph and adore;  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please Thee more.

**409** O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art;  
When shall I find my willing heart  
8,8,6, All taken up by Thee?  
8,8,6. I thirst, and pant, and faint to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell,  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart:  
For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.

- 4 O that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet;  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

**410** O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled?  
Nor longer might Thy grace endure  
L. M. To heal the sick and raise the dead,  
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor?

- 2 Come, Jesus, come, return again;  
With brighter beam Thy servants bless  
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,  
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 Come, Jesus, come, and, as of yore  
The prophet went to clear Thy way,  
A harbinger Thy feet before,  
A dawning to Thy brighter day :
- 4 So now may grace, with heavenly shower,  
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;  
Sow in our souls the seed of power,  
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

**11** **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
L. M. Search, prove my heart ; it pants for Thee ,  
O burst these bands, and set it free.

- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross ;  
Nail my affections to the cross ;  
Hallow each thought ; let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way ;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee :  
O let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be my way,  
My strength proportion to my day ;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

**12** **O** THOU, who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
M. Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the *mean altar* of my heart.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,  
Unquenched, undimmed in darkest d  
And, trembling, to its source return,  
In humble prayer and fervent praise
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for T.  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up Thy gift in me :
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat ;  
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,  
And make my sacrifice complete.

**413** **O** THOU whose sacred feet have trod  
The thorny path of woe,  
c. m. Forbid that I should slight the rod,  
Or faint beneath the blow.

- 2 My spirit to its chastening stroke  
I meekly would resign,  
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke  
That tells me I am Thine.
- 3 Give me the spirit of Thy trust,  
To suffer as a son,  
To say, though lying in the dust,  
My Father's will be done.
- 4 I know that trial works for ends  
Too high for sense to trace,  
That oft in dark attire He sends  
Some embassy of grace.
- 5 May none depart till I have gained  
The blessing which it bears,  
And learn, though late, I entertained  
An angel unawares.
- 6 So shall I bless the hour that sent  
The mercy of the rod ;  
And build an altar by the tent  
Where I have met with God.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**14** **O**BJECT of my first desire  
Jesus, crucified for me,

7a. All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in Thee :  
Thee to please, and Thee to know,  
Constitute our bliss below ;  
Thee to see, and Thee to love,  
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,  
If Thy presence Thou deny ;  
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die :  
Source and Giver of repose,  
Singly from Thy smile it flows ,  
Peace and happiness are Thine ;  
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

8 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,  
Every object teems with joy ;  
Here, O may I walk with Thee,  
Then into Thy presence die :  
Let me but Thyself possess,  
Total sum of happiness ;  
Real bliss I then shall prove,  
Heaven below and heaven above.

**115** **O**NE more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me :

P. M. But heaven is nearer,  
And Christ is dearer,  
Than yesterday, to me ;  
His love and light  
Fill all my soul to-night.

2 One more day's work for Jesus ;  
How glorious is my King :  
'Tis joy, not duty,  
To speak His beauty ;  
My soul mounts on the wing,  
At the mere thought  
*How Christ my life hath bought.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 One more day's work for Jesus :  
Yes, and a weary day :  
But heaven shines clearer,  
And rest comes nearer,  
At each step of the way :  
And Christ is all :  
Before His face I fall.
- 4 O blessèd work for Jesus,  
O rest at Jesus' feet :  
There toil seems pleasure,  
My wants are treasure,  
And pain for Him looks sweet :  
Lord, if I may,  
I'll serve another day.

**416** ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er :

6s. I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea ;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer wearing the crown.
- 4 But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the dim and unknown stream  
That leads at last to the light.
- 5 Father, perfect my trust ;  
Strengthen the might of my faith ;  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death :
- 6 Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink ;  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think,
-

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 17** **O**UR day of praise is done ;  
The evening shadows fall ;  
**m.** But pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all.
- 2 Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here ;  
Too soon of praise we tire ;  
But, O the strains, how full and clear,  
Of that eternal choir !
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,  
If Thou attune the heart,  
We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our daily life a psalm  
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end ;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.
- 18** **O**UR [These] children, Lord, in faith  
and prayer,  
**m.** We now present to Thee ;  
Let them Thy covenant mercies share,  
And Thy salvation see.
- 2 Such helpless babes Thou didst embrace,  
While dwelling here below ;  
To us and ours, O God of grace,  
The same compassion show.
- 3 In early days, their hearts secure  
From worldly snares, we pray,  
And may they to the end endure  
In every *righteous* way.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**419** **P**ART in peace : Christ's life was pea  
Let us live our life in Him :

7s. Part in peace : Christ's death was peace

Let us die our death in Him.

Part in peace : Christ promise gave  
Of a life beyond the grave,  
Where all mortal partings cease ;  
Brethren, sisters, part in peace.

**420** **P**ASS away, earthly joy,  
Jesus is mine :

6,4,6,4, Break, every mortal tie,

6,6,6,4. Jesus is mine :

Dark is the wilderness ;  
Distant the resting place ;  
Jesus alone can bless :

Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,

Jesus is mine :

Here would I ever stay,

Jesus is mine :

Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away :

Jesus is mine.

3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,

Jesus is mine :

Mine is a dawning bright,

Jesus is mine :

All that my soul has tried,  
Left but a dismal void,  
Jesus has satisfied :

Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality,

Jesus is mine :

Welcome, eternity,

Jesus is mine :

Welcome, ye scenes of rest,  
Welcome, ye mansions blest,  
Welcome, a Saviour's breast :  
Jesus is mine.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**21** **P**EACE be to this habitation,  
Peace to all that dwell herein ;  
. 7s. Peace, the earnest of salvation,  
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;  
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,  
Peace, to worldly minds unknown  
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,  
Peace that comes from God alone.

2 Prince of peace, be ever near us,  
Fix in all our hearts Thy home ;  
With Thy gracious presence cheer us,  
Let Thy sacred kingdom come :  
Raise to heaven our expectation ;  
Give our waiting souls to prove  
Glorious and complete salvation,  
In the realms of bliss above.

3 Praise the God of all creation,  
Praise the Father's boundless love ;  
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,  
Priest and King enthroned above ;  
Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
Him by whom our spirits live ;  
Undivided adoration  
To the one Jehovah give.

**22** **P**RAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the  
King of creation ;  
, 14, O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health  
, 7, 8. and salvation ;  
All ye who hear,  
Now to His temple draw near,  
Join me in glad adoration.

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so  
wondrously reigneth,  
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so  
gently sustaineth ;  
Hast thou not seen,  
How thy desires have been  
Granted in what He ordaineth ?

## *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy  
work and defend thee ;  
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily  
attend thee ;  
Ponder anew,  
What the Almighty can do,  
If with His love He befriend thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me  
adore Him ;  
All that hath life and breath, come now  
with praises before Him ;  
Let the Amen  
Sound from His people again,  
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

**423** PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered, or unexpressed ;

C. M. The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, Behold, he prays.
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
While, with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 7 Nor prayer is made by man alone :  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

**24** **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild,  
7s. Upright, simple, free from art ;  
Make me as a weaned child,  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;  
Why should I the burden bear ?

- 3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone ;  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

**R**EST of the weary, joy of the sad ;  
Hope of the dreary, light of the glad ;  
Home of the stranger, strength to the end ;  
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 Pillow where, lying, love rests its head;  
Peace of the dying, life of the dead;  
Path of the lowly, prize at the end;  
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.
- 3 When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry,  
Crown of the humble, cross of the high;  
When my steps wander, over me bend,  
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.
- 4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise  
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;  
All my endeavour, world without end,  
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

**426** SAFELY, through another week,  
God has brought us on our way;  
7s. Let us now a blessing seek  
On the approaching Sabbath-day:  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 Mercies, multiplied each hour  
Through the week, our praise demand;  
Guarded by almighty power,  
Fed and guided by His hand:  
Though ungrateful we have been,  
Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show Thy reconciled face;  
Shine away our sin and shame;  
From our worldly care set free,  
May we rest this night with Thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
May we feel Thy presence near;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
When we in Thy house appear:  
And may all our Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of the joy above.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**7** SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we  
raise,  
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;  
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship  
cease,  
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of  
peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward  
way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the  
day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts  
from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy  
name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the  
coming night;  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children  
free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly  
life,  
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;  
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict  
cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

**3** SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal:  
Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou art He, who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be:

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

Should swift death this night o'ertake us  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn, in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

- 429**      **S**HOW me the way, O Lord,  
                 And make it plain;  
6.4,6,4,      I would obey Thy Word,  
10,10.      Speak yet again;  
I will not take one step until I know  
Which way it is that Thou wouldst have me
- 2      O Lord, I cannot see;  
         Vouchsafe me light:  
         The mist bewilders me,  
         Impedes my sight:  
Hold Thou my hand, and lead me by Thy side  
I dare not go alone, be Thou my guide.
- 3      I will be patient, Lord,  
         Trustful and still;  
         I will not doubt Thy Word;  
         My hopes fulfil:  
How can I perish, clinging to Thy side,  
My Comforter, my Saviour, and my Guide

- 430**      **S**ING we, brethren, faithful-hearted,  
                 Lift the solemn voice again  
8s. 7s.      O'er another year departed,  
         Of our threescore years and ten:  
We have cause for deepest sadness,  
In ourselves with sin defiled;  
We have cause for holiest gladness,  
In our Father reconciled.
- 2      In the dust we bend before Thee,  
         Lord of sinless hosts above,  
Yet in lowly joy adore Thee,  
         God of mercy, grace, and love:  
Let Thy favour and Thy blessing  
Crown the year we now begin;  
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,  
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin.

### *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 And when danger shall betide us,  
Be Thy warning whisper heard ;  
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us  
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word.  
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,  
Signs in heaven, and earth, and sea ;  
But when heaven and earth are failing,  
Saviour, we will trust in Thee.

**L** SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian, while he sings ;  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing in His wings :  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new ;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let the unknown to-morrow,  
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us, through ;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too :  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed,  
And He who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks, nor herds be there ;  
Yet God, the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.
- . . .

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**432** **S**OON and for ever, such promise our trust,  
Though ashes to ashes, and dust unto  
P. M. dust ;

Soon and for ever, our union shall be  
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in  
Thee :

When the sins and the sorrows of time  
shall be o'er ;

Its pangs and its partings remembered no  
more ;

Where life cannot fail, and where death  
cannot sever,

Christians with Christ shall be, soon and  
for ever.

2 Soon and for ever, the breaking of day  
Shall drive all the night-clouds of sorrow  
away :

Soon and for ever, we'll see as we're seen,  
And learn the deep meaning of things that  
have been :

When fightings without us, and fears from  
within,

Shall weary no more in the warfare of sin ;

Where fears, and where tears, and where  
death shall be never,

Christians with Christ shall be, soon and  
for ever.

3 Soon and for ever, the work shall be done,  
The warfare accomplished, the victory won :  
Soon and for ever, the soldier lays down  
His sword for a harp, and His cross for a  
crown :

Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in  
fear,

A glorious to-morrow is brightening and  
near ;

When, blessed reward of each faithful en-  
deavour,

Christians with Christ shall be, soon and  
for ever.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**33** SOVEREIGN grace, o'er sin abounding,  
Ransomed souls the tidings swell ;

7s. 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,  
4. Who its breadth or length can tell ?  
On its glories,  
Let my soul for ever dwell.

2 What from Christ the soul shall sever,  
Bound by everlasting bands ?  
Once in Him, in Him for ever ;  
Thus the eternal covenant stands :  
None shall pluck thee  
From the Strength-of-Israel's hands.

3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,  
Long ere time its race begun :  
To His name eternal praises ;  
O what wonders love hath done :  
One with Jesus,  
By eternal union one.

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,  
Love so great, so rich, so free ;  
Say, while lost in holy wonder,  
Why, O Lord, such love to me ?  
Hallelujah,  
Grace shall reign eternally.

**34** SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,  
7s. Ever gracious, ever wise,  
All my times are in Thy hand,  
All events at Thy command.

2 He that formed me in the womb,  
He shall guide me to the tomb ;  
All my times shall ever be  
Ordered by His wise decree ;

3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Times of penury and wealth ;  
Times of trial and of grief,  
Times of triumph and relief.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

4 Times the tempter's power to prove,  
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

5 O Thou gracious, wise, and just,  
In Thy hands my life I trust :  
Have I somewhat dearer still ?  
I resign it to Thy will.

6 Thee, at all times, will I bless ;  
Having Thee, I all possess ;  
How can I bereavèd be,  
Since I cannot part with Thee ?

**435** **S**TEALING from the world away,  
We are come to seek Thy face ;  
7s. Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,  
Grant us Thy reviving grace.

2 Sun of righteousness, dispel  
All our darkness, doubts, and fears ;  
May Thy light within us dwell,  
Till eternal day appears.

3 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,  
Lift our every thought above ;  
Hear the grateful songs we raise,  
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

**436** **S**TILL on the homeward journey,  
Across the desert plain,  
7s. 6s. Beside another landmark,  
We pilgrims meet again ;  
We meet in cloud and sunshine,  
Beneath a changeful sky,  
With calm and storm before us,  
As in the days gone by.

2 We meet with loving greetings,  
Fond wishes from the heart ;  
As brothers often parted,  
And soon again to part :

## *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

With tender recollections,  
With many a gentle tear,  
We meet; for some are wanting,  
All loved ones are not here.

- 3 Safe in the home of Jesus,  
With Him for ever blest,  
How glorious is their portion,  
How undisturbed their rest :  
How gladly will they greet us,  
When, all our journey past,  
We reach the better country,  
The Father's house, at last.
- 4 Thus, round the silent landmark,  
Here, on the desert plain,  
We pilgrims meet together,  
With loving hearts again :  
The storm may gather round us,  
But Christ has gone before;  
We follow in His footsteps,  
And doubt and fear no more.

**437** **S**TILL with Thee, O my God,  
I would desire to be,  
s.m. By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with Thee.

- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee, amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart ;  
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,  
Speak softly to my heart.
- 4 With Thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind ;  
The setting as the rising sun  
With Thee my heart would find.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 With Thee, when darkness brings  
The signal of repose,  
Calm, in the shadow of Thy wings,  
Mine eyelids I would close.
- 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with Thee.

**438** **S**UN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
L. M. O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

**439** **S**WEET is the work, my God, my Kin  
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and  
L. M. sing,  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His Word :  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine :  
How deep Thy counsels, how divine.
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired, or wished below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

**10** SWEET place, sweet place alone,  
The court of God most high,  
6,6, The heaven of heavens, the throne  
4,4. Of spotless majesty :

O happy place,  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

- 2 Jerusalem on high  
My song and city is,  
My home whene'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss :  
O happy place, etc.
- 3 No sun by day shines there,  
Nor moon by silent night ;  
O no, these needless are ;  
The Lamb's the city's light :  
O happy place, etc.
- 4 There dwells my Lord, my King,  
Judged here unfit to live ;  
There angels to Him sing,  
And lowly homage give :  
O happy place, etc.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 No tears from any eyes  
Drop in that holy choir ;  
But death itself there dies,  
And sighs themselves expire :  
O happy place, etc.
- 6 Ah me, ah me ! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay :  
No place like this on high ;  
Thither, Lord, guide my way :  
O happy place, etc.

**441** SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
8s. 7s. Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood :  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before His cross to lie ;  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming in His languid eye.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;  
Constant still, in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.
- 5 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go ;  
Prove His wounds each day more healing,  
And Himself more fully know.

**442** THANKS, thanks be to Thee for Thy pity,  
O my Redeemer, Jesus Christ,  
9,8,9,8, Thou who, without the holy city,  
8,8. Didst give for me Thy life unpriced ;  
Thy grief alone can comfort me,  
What were I, Jesus, without Thee ?

### *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

2 Now is my faith's strong anchor grounded ;  
Come life, come death, I wait Thy word ;  
With anguish vexed, with cares surrounded,  
My soul rejoices in the Lord :  
By Thee redeemed, I dread no more  
The great white throne, the grave's low door.

3 By faith, I clasp Thee, my salvation ;  
Thou only my Deliverer art :  
My strength in all life's agitation,  
The choice and portion of my heart :  
One sign from Thee, my griefs are done,  
And my eternal joys begun.

4 And when at last the solemn hour,  
Which endeth earthly things, shall come ;  
Well for me then ; Thy love and power  
Have ransomed me ; I'm going home :  
And from Thy lips my soul awaits  
A welcome through the golden gates.

**43** **T**HE day is past and over ;  
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee :  
I pray Thee, that offenceless  
The hours of dark may be.  
Lord Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,  
And save me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over ;  
I lift my heart to Thee ;  
And call on Thee, that sinless,  
The hours of gloom may be.  
Lord Jesus, make their darkness light,  
And save me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over ;  
I raise the hymn to Thee ;  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of fear may be.  
Lord Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,  
Or sleep in death shall I ;  
And he, my wakeful tempter,  
Triumphantly shall cry :  
He could not make their darkness light,  
Nor guard them through the hours of night.
- 5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,  
O God, for Thou dost know,  
How many are the perils  
Through which I have to go :  
Lover of men, O hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them all.

**444** **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
8s. His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noonday walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**45** **T**HE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
o. m. The crimson of the sunset sky ;  
How fast they fade away.  
O for the pearly gates of heaven,  
O for the golden floor ;  
O for the Sun of righteousness,  
That setteth nevermore.

- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint ;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint.  
O for a heart that never sins,  
O for a soul washed white ;  
O for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night.
- 8 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher ;  
But there, are perfectness and peace  
Beyond our best desire.  
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
O by Thy life laid down,  
O that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown.

**:46** **T**HE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
s. 6s. The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes :  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

- 2 The King there, in His beauty,  
Without a veil, is seen ;  
It were a well-spent journey,  
Though seven deaths lay between :  
The Lamb, with His fair army,  
Doth on mount Zion stand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 O Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love ;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above :  
There, to an ocean fulness,  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.
- 4 With mercy and with judgment,  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted with His love :  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.
- 5 O I am my Belovèd's,  
And my Beloved is mine,  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His house of wine :  
I stand upon His merit,  
I know no other stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.
- 6 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face ;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace ;  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His piercèd hand :  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

**447** **T**HE way is long and dreary,  
The path is bleak and bare,  
7s. 6s. Our feet are worn and weary,  
5. But we will not despair.  
More heavy was Thy burthen,  
More desolate Thy way ;  
O Lamb of God, who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Have mercy on us.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

2 The snows lie thick around us,  
In the dark and gloomy night ;  
And the tempest wails above us,  
And the stars have hid their light.  
But blacker was the darkness  
Round Calvary's cross that day ;  
O Lamb of God, who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Have mercy on us.

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,  
Heavy and hard to bear ;  
For we dread the bitter morrow,  
But we will not despair.  
Thou knowest all our anguish,  
And thou wilt bid it cease ;  
O Lamb of God, who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Give us Thy peace.

18 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all Thy works, and Thee alone ;  
Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,  
That Thy bright beams on me have shined ;  
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;  
I thank Thee whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race  
Nor suffer me again to stray ;  
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace  
Still to press forward in Thy way ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;  
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown  
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod ;  
What though my flesh and heart decay,  
Thee shall I love in endless day.

**449** **T**HERE is a book who runs may read  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

C. M.

- 2 The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show,  
How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run ;  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat,  
That crowns His holy hill,  
The saints, like stars, around His seat  
Perform their courses still.
- 6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,  
It steals in silence down,  
But where it lights, the favoured place  
By richest fruits is known.
- 7 One name above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues,  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.
- 8 The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display ;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
Thy Spirit's viewless way.
-

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 9 Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.

**50** **T**HERE is a safe and secret place,  
Beneath the wings divine,  
.m. Reserved for all the heirs of grace;  
O be that refuge mine.

- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,  
Uninjured and unawed;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.

- 3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,  
Of love and truth divine;  
O child of God, O glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine.

- 4 A hand, almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honoured life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all.

**51** **T**HERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
To bring in prayer to Thee;  
.m. There is no anxious care too slight  
To wake Thy sympathy.

- 2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,  
Wilt share each small distress;  
The love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.

- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe,  
But meets the ear divine;  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
The heart would overflow,  
But for that love which died for sin,  
That love which wept with woe.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**452** **T**HINE for ever : God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above ;

7s. Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever : Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife ;  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever : O how blest,  
They who find in Thee their rest ;  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever : Saviour, keep  
These, thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever : Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

**453** **T**HIS is the day of light ;  
Let there be light to-day :

s. m. O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest ;  
Our failing strength renew :  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace ;  
Thy peace our spirits fill :  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer ;  
Let earth to heaven draw near :  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,  
Come down to meet us here.

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*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 This is the first of days :  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death.

**14** **T**HOU art gone to the grave : but we  
will not deplore thee,

11s. Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb :

The Saviour hath passed through its portal  
before thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide  
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave : we no longer  
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by  
thy side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
enfold thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath  
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave : and, its man-  
sion forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered  
long ;

But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on  
thy waking,

And the sound which thou heardst was  
the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave : but we will  
not deplore thee,

Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guar-  
dian, and Guide :

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will  
restore thee ;

And death has no sting, for the Saviour  
has died.

**55** **T**HOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,  
In Thee I put my trust ;

.m. Encouraged by Thy holy Word,  
A feeble child of dust :

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- I have no argument beside,  
I urge no other plea ;  
And 'tis enough my Saviour died,  
My Saviour died for me.
- 2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
My hope within the veil :  
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,  
My spirit flies to Thee ;  
Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
My Saviour died for me.
- 3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,  
When mortal strength is vain,  
A heart with grief and anguish torn,  
A body racked with pain ;  
Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,  
Bid every murmur flee,  
But this, the witness in my breast,  
That Jesus died for me ?
- 4 And when Thine awful voice commands  
This body to decay ;  
And life, in its last lingering sands,  
Is ebbing fast away :  
Then, though it be in accents weak,  
And faint, and tremblingly,  
O give me strength in death to speak :  
My Saviour died for me.

**456** **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height  
Whose depth unfathomed, no man  
8s. knows ;

- I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in Thee,
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share  
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there ;  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
it hath found repose in Thee.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 O hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling lust survive ;  
In all things, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.
- 4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,  
To save me from low-thoughted care ,  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Through all its latent mazes there ;  
Make me Thy duteous child, that I,  
Ceaseless, may, Abba, Father, cry.
- 5 Each moment, draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say  
I am thy love, thy God, thy all :  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

**57** **T**HOU in whose name the two or three  
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,  
L. M. Fulfil to us Thine own blest word,  
And come into our midst, O Lord.

- 2 To-day our week, but now begun,  
Already half its course hath run ;  
To Thee are known its toils and cares,  
To Thee its trials and its snares.
- 3 Thou, by whose grace alone we live,  
Our oft-repeated sins forgive ;  
Be Thou our counsel, strength, and stay,  
Through all the perils of our way.
- 4 Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share,  
Give steadfast wills Thy cross to bear ;  
And when life's working days are past,  
Give rest with all Thy saints, at last.

**58** **T**HOU who didst on Calvary bleed,  
Thou who dost for sinners plead,  
7,7, Help me in my time of need,  
5. *Jesus, hear my cry.*

## *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 In my darkness and my grief,  
With my heart of unbelief,  
I, who am of sinners chief,  
Lift to Thee mine eye.
- 3 Foes without and fears within,  
With no plea Thy grace to win  
But that Thou canst save from sin,  
To Thy cross I fly.
- 4 Others, long in fetters bound,  
Their deliverance sought and found,  
Heard the voice of mercy sound;  
Surely so may I.
- 5 There on Thee I cast my care,  
There to Thee I raise my prayer,  
Jesus, save me from despair,  
Save me, or I die.
- 6 When the storms of trial lower,  
When I feel temptation's power,  
In the last and darkest hour,  
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

**459** **T**HOU who hast known the careworn  
breast,

L. M.

The weary need of sleep's deep balm,  
Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,  
And breathe around Thy perfect calm

- 2 Thy presence gives us child-like trust,  
Gladness and hope without alloy;  
The faith that triumphs o'er the dust,  
And gleamings of eternal joy.
  - 3 Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,  
Peace be to you, this evening hour:  
Then all the struggles of the day  
Vanish before Thy loving power.
  - 4 Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven;  
A little nearer every night;  
Christ to our earthly darkness given,  
Till in His glory there is light.
-

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**160** **T**HOUSANDS of thousands stand  
around,

C. M. Thy throne, O God, most high;  
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound  
Thy praise; but who am I?

- 2 Thy brightness unto them appears,  
Whilst I Thy footsteps trace;  
A sound of God comes to my ears,  
But they behold Thy face.
- 3 How great a Being, Lord, is Thine,  
Which doth all beings keep;  
Thy knowledge is the only line  
To sound so vast a deep.
- 4 Thy arm of might, most mighty King,  
Both rocks and hearts doth break;  
My God, Thou canst do everything,  
But what would show Thee weak.
- 5 Great is Thy truth, and shall prevail,  
To unbelievers' shame;  
Thy truth and years do never fail;  
Thou ever art the same.
- 6 Most pure and holy are Thine eyes,  
Most holy is Thy name;  
Thy saints, and laws, and penalties,  
Thy holiness proclaim.
- 7 Bright cherubim, sweet seraphim,  
Praise Him with all your might;  
Praise, praise Him, all ye hosts of heaven,  
Praise Him ye saints in light.
- 8 Praise, praise Him, all ye saved ones,  
From Whom salvation came;  
Praise Him that sits upon the throne,  
And praise the glorious Lamb.
- 9 O let me praise Thee while I live,  
And praise Thee when I die,  
And praise Thee when I rise again,  
And to eternity.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**461** **T**HREE in One, and One in Three,  
Ruler of the earth and sea,  
7,7,7 Hear us, while we lift to Thee  
5. Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights, with morning, shine ;  
Lift on us Thy light divine ;  
And let charity benign  
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights, when falls the even,  
Let it close on sin forgiven ;  
Fold us in the peace of heaven,  
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,  
Dimly here we worship Thee ;  
With the saints, hereafter, we  
Hope to bear the palm.

**462** **T**HROUGH the day Thy love hath  
spared us,  
8,7,8,7, Now we lay us down to rest ;  
7,7. Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest :  
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
In Thine arms may we repose :  
And, when life's sad day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

**463** **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be ;  
6s. Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best ;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my God;  
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine;  
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice  
In things, or great or small;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom and my all.

**:64** **T**IME'S sun is fast setting,  
Its twilight is nigh;

s. 5s. Its evening is falling  
In cloud o'er the sky;  
Its shadows are stretching  
In ominous gloom;  
Its midnight approaches,  
The midnight of doom:

Then haste, sinner, haste,  
There is mercy for thee,  
And wrath is preparing:  
Flee, lingerer, flee.

- 2 Rides forth the fierce tempest  
On the wing of the cloud;  
The moan of the night-blast  
Is fitful and loud;  
The mountains are heaving,  
The forests are bowed,  
The ocean is surging,  
Earth gathers its shroud:

*Then haste, sinner, haste*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 The vision is nearing,  
The Judge and the throne;  
The voice of the angel  
Proclaims, It is done;  
On the whirl of the tempest  
Its Ruler shall come,  
And the blaze of His glory  
Flash out from its gloom:  
Then haste, sinner, haste, et
- 4 With clouds He is coming:  
His people shall sing;  
With gladness they hail Him,  
Redeemer and King:  
The iron rod wielding,  
The rod of His ire,  
He cometh to kindle  
Earth's last fatal fire:  
Then haste, sinner, haste, e

**465** **T**O Thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
78. When within the veil I meet  
Christ, before the mercy-seat.

- 2 Thou through Him art reconciled,  
I through Him become Thy child;  
Abba, Father, give me grace,  
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.
- 3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord my righteousness.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While I hearken to Thy Law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till Thy Gospel bring to me,  
Life and immortality.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

6 While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

7 From Thine house, when I return,  
May my heart within me burn ;  
And at evening let me say:  
I have walked with God to-day.

**66** **T**O-DAY the Saviour calls  
The wanderers home ;  
4s. O ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls :  
O hear Him now ;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls :  
For refuge fly ;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day :  
Yield to His power ;  
O grieve Him not away ;  
'Tis mercy's hour.

**37** **W**AKE: the startling watch-cry pealeth,  
While slumber deep each eyelid  
m. Awake, Jerusalem, awake : [sealeth ;  
Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,  
And angel-notes are onward rolling ;  
They call on us our part to take.  
Come forth, ye virgins wise ;  
The Bridegroom comes, arise :  
Alleluia.  
Each lamp be bright  
With ready light,  
To grace the marriage-feast to-night.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 Zion hears the voice that singeth ;  
With sudden joy her glad heart springeth  
At once she wakes, she stands arrayed :  
Her light is come, her star ascending,  
Lo, girt with truth, with mercy blending,  
Her Bridegroom there, so long delayed.  
All hail, God's glorious Son ;  
All hail, our joy and crown :  
Alleluia.  
The joyful call  
We answer all,  
And follow to the marriage-hall.
- 3 Praise to Him who went before us,  
Let men and angels join in chorus ;  
Let harp and cymbal add their sound.  
Twelve the gates, a pearl each portal ;  
We haste to join the choir immortal,  
Within the holy city's bound.  
Ear ne'er heard aught like this,  
Nor heart conceived such bliss ;  
Alleluia.  
We raise the song,  
We swell the throng,  
To praise Thee, ages all along.

- 468** **W**EAR Y of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
8s. I hear, and bow me to the rod ;  
For Him, not without hope, I mourn :  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin ;  
Yet once again I seek Thy face,  
Open Thine arms and take me in ;  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore ;  
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more :  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at the approach of sin;  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within;  
That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend Thee more.

**469**      **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;

s. m.      Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2      The King Himself comes near,  
And feasts His saints to-day;  
Here we may seek, and see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3      One day of prayer and praise,  
His sacred courts within,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

- 4      My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this;  
And wait to hail the brighter day  
Of everlasting bliss.

**470**      **W**E close the weary eye,  
Saviour, ever near;

6s. 5s.      We lift our souls on high,  
Through the darkness drear:  
Be Thou our light, we cry,  
Saviour, ever dear.

- 2      We feel Thine arms around,  
Saviour, ever near;  
With Thee let us be found,  
And we shall not fear,  
Whatever ills abound;  
Saviour, ever dear.

- 3      Thine is the day and night,  
Saviour, ever near;  
Thine is the dark and light,  
Be our covert here;  
O shield us with Thy might,  
Saviour, ever dear.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 And when we come to die,  
Saviour, ever near,  
Receive our parting sigh;  
And in the hour of fear,  
Be to our spirit nigh,  
Saviour, ever dear.

*Original Version,*

**471** I CLOSE my heavy eye,  
Saviour, ever near;  
6s. 5s. I lift my soul on high,  
Through the darkness drear;  
Be Thou my light, I cry,  
Saviour, ever dear.

- 2 I feel Thine arms around,  
Saviour, ever near;  
With Thee let me be found,  
So shall I never fear,  
Whatever ills abound;  
Saviour, ever dear.

- 3 Thine is the day and night,  
Saviour, ever near;  
Thine is the dark and light;  
Be Thou my covert here;  
O shield me with Thy might,  
Saviour, ever dear.

- 4 And when I come to die,  
Saviour, ever near,  
Receive my parting sigh;  
And in the hour of fear,  
Be to my spirit nigh,  
Saviour, ever dear.

**472** WE praise Thy grace, O Saviour,  
That beareth with us long,  
7s. 6s. And ever out of weakness  
Thy servants maketh strong.

- 2 The bruised reed, O Jesus,  
Thou breakest not in twain;  
The smoking flax Thou fannest  
Into a flame again.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

3 From Thee, Lord, comes the courage  
Once more to front the host,  
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,  
In weakness shineth most.

4 O Lord, our human weakness  
With pitying eye behold;  
Uplift the fainting spirit,  
And make the coward bold.

5 Our hearts, so frail and feeble,  
With love like Thine, Lord, fill;  
That scorneth not the erring,  
But hopeth all things still.

6 O Saviour, glorious Victor  
O'er all the hosts of sin,  
In us Thy strength make perfect,  
In us the victory win.

13 **W**E saw Thee not when Thou didst  
come

1. To this poor world of sin and death,  
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home  
In that despised Nazareth:  
But we believe Thy footsteps trod  
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high  
Amid that wild and savage crew,  
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry:  
Forgive, they know not what they do:  
Yet we believe the deed was done  
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb,  
Where late Thy sacred body lay,  
Nor sat within that upper room,  
Nor met Thee in the open way:  
But we believe that angels said:  
Why seek the living with the dead?

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 We did not mark the chosen few,  
When Thou didst through the clouds  
ascend,  
First lift to heaven their wondering view,  
Then to the earth all prostrate bend :  
Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld that journey to the skies.
- 5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
And thence Thy waiting people bless,  
No ray of glory from the sky  
Doth shine upon our wilderness :  
But we believe Thy faithful Word,  
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

**474** **W**HAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
Around Thy steps below ;

C. M. What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe.

- 2 For ever, on Thy burdened heart,  
A weight of sorrow hung,  
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,  
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins, than all  
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye,  
In us, Thy brethren, see  
That gentleness and grace that springs  
From union, Lord, with Thee.

**475** **W**HAT sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine

I. M. I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world, to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour, O blest abode ;  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.
- 3 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat :  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have we no words ? ah ! think again ;  
Words flow apace when we complain,  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be :  
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.
- 7 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom these comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death  
It gently cleared my way ;  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face ;  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity, to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
But O eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.

**478** **W**HEN gathering clouds around I vie  
And days are dark and friends a  
few,

8s.

On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain :  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way :

## *Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do :  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe ;  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies :  
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me, for a little while :  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died :  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

**79** **W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
**m.** 'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,  
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of His love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
*Eternal joys my own.*

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that His blood  
My debt of sufferings paid.
- 5 Sweet on His righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end ;  
Sweet on His covenant of grace  
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust His firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,  
And know no will but His.
- 8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.
- 9 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from Thee ?

**480** **W**HEN the dark waves round us roll,  
And we look in vain for aid,  
7s. Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul :  
It is I ; be not afraid.

- 2 When we dimly trace Thy form,  
In mysterious clouds arrayed,  
Be the echo of the storm :  
It is I ; be not afraid.
- 3 When our brightest hopes depart,  
When our fairest visions fade,  
Whisper to the fainting heart :  
It is I ; be not afraid.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 4 When we weep beside the bier  
Where some well-loved form is laid,  
O may then the mourner hear,  
It is I; be not afraid.
- 5 When with wearing, hopeless pain  
Sinks the spirit, sore dismayed,  
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain:  
It is I; be not afraid.
- 6 When we feel the end is near,  
Passing into death's dark shade,  
May the voice be strong and clear:  
It is I; be not afraid.

**31** **W**HEN the spark of life is waning,  
Weep not for me;  
8,4. When the languid eye is straining,  
8,4. Weep not for me.  
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
Start not at its swift decreasing,  
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;  
Weep not for me.

- 2 When the pangs of death assail me,  
Weep not for me;  
Christ is mine, He cannot fail me,  
Weep not for me.  
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour,  
From His love my soul to sever,  
Jesus is my strength for ever;  
Weep not for me.

**82** **W**HEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
7s. When we stand with Christ in glory,  
Looking o'er life's finished story;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.

- 2 When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own;  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart;  
Then Lord shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 When the praise of heaven, I hear,  
Loud, as thunders to the ear;  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 4 Even on earth, as through a glass,  
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;  
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,  
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;  
Even on earth, Lord, make me know,  
Something of how much I owe.
- 5 Chosen, not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified;  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

**483** **W**HEN time seems short, and death is  
near,

8s. And I am pressed by doubt and fear,  
And sins, an overflowing tide,  
Assail my peace on every side,  
This thought my refuge still shall be,  
I know the Saviour died for me.

2 His name is Jesus, and He died,  
For guilty sinners, crucified:  
Content to die that He might win  
Their ransom from the death of sin:  
No sinner worse than I can be,  
Therefore I know He died for me.

3 If grace were bought, I could not buy;  
If grace were coined, no wealth have I:  
By grace alone I draw my breath,  
Held up from everlasting death;  
Yet since I know His grace is free,  
I know the Saviour died for me.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**184** **W**HEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
c. m. One only hand, a piercèd hand,  
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain,  
Over some foul, dark spot,  
One only stream, a stream of blood,  
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesu's blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief,  
His heart that's touched with all our joys,  
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,  
Unseal that cleansing tide ;  
We have no shelter from our sin,  
But in Thy wounded side.

**185** **W**HERE is our Master now ?  
Vainly our eyes,  
3,4,6,4, Seeking to follow Him,  
6,6,4. Turn to the skies :  
He is gone up on high,  
Yet to us still is nigh ;  
He leaves us not.

2 Still He is near to those  
Met in His name ;  
He with His children walks  
Through trial's flame ;  
Near when His loved ones call,  
Near when they lowly fall,  
Still He is near.

3 It shall be given us  
His crown to share ;  
So while on earth we live,  
His cross we bear :

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

Ours shall His glory be,  
Ours then His victory  
Valiantly won.

4 Where is the promise now  
That He will come?  
When will He lead His own  
To His bright home?  
True is His word and sure,  
His promise shall endure,  
He shall return.

5 Sadly the weary ones  
Wait for His word;  
Gladly the true in heart  
Watch for their Lord;  
Shall He come soon or late?  
Blessed are they that wait,  
Till He appear.

**486**

**W**HO is there like Thee,  
Jesus, unto me?  
5,5,8,8, None are like Thee, none above Thee,  
5,5. Thou art altogether lovely;  
None on earth have we,  
None in heaven like Thee.

2 Plant Thyself in me;  
I will learn of Thee  
To be holy, meek, and tender,  
Wrath, and pride, and self, surrender;  
Nothing shouldst Thou see  
But Thyself in me.

3 When at last I stand  
Upon death's cold strand,  
Be Thou there, O Christ, beside me,  
Through the gloomy waters guide me;  
Take me then to be,  
Ever, Lord, with Thee.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

**187** **W**HOM have I in heaven but Thee,  
That can Thy creature bless?

P. M. What were all the earth to me,  
If stranger to Thy peace?  
All is vanity but Christ;  
Pain, and darkness, and despair  
Rankle in a sinner's breast  
Till Thou art present there.

2 If my Lord His love reveal,  
No other bliss I want;  
He my every wound can heal,  
And silence each complaint:  
He that suffered in my stead,  
Must the great Physician be;  
I cannot be comforted  
Till comforted by Thee.

3 Yet, if so Thou seest fit,  
'Tis best for me to mourn;  
Still, my hold I cannot quit,  
Nor from my refuge turn;  
This, by grace, my song shall be,  
As I to Thy kingdom go:  
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?  
And whom but Thee below?

**488** **W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power?

88. Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field,  
Why must I either fly or yield,  
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

3 I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

4 Though sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my righteousness.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 5 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love  
My steadfast hope shall not remove,  
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 6 Against me earth and hell combine ;  
But on my side is power divine ;  
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

- 489** **W**HY those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesu  
Holds the helm, and guides the ship  
8s. 7s. Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
4. Sent to waft us through the deep,  
To the regions  
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on,  
Only by report is known,  
Yet we freely all abandon,  
Led by that report alone ;  
And with Jesus  
Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;  
Led by that, the storms defy ;  
Calm, amid tumultuous motion,  
Knowing that our Lord is nigh ;  
Waves obey Him,  
And the storms before Him fly.
- 4 O what pleasures there await us ;  
There the tempests cease to roar ;  
There it is that those who hate us  
Can molest our peace no more :  
Trouble ceases  
On that tranquil, happy shore,

- 490** **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take ;  
s.m. Loud to the praise of love divine,  
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

*Hymns for Family and Private Worship.*

- 3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The people of His choice  
He will not cast away ;  
Yet do not always here expect  
On Tabor's mount to stay.
- 5 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame ;  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon His name.
- 6 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control ;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.
- 7 Still on His plighted love  
At all events rely ;  
The very hidings of His face  
Shall train thee up to joy.
- 8 Wait till the shadows flee ;  
Wait thy appointed hour ;  
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul  
Reveals His love with power.
- 9 Tarry His leisure then,  
Although He seem to stay :  
A moment's intercourse with Him  
Thy grief will overpay.
- 10 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on Thee :  
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall Thy salvation see.

## DOXOLOGIES.

491



### I.

C. M. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

### II.

D.C.M. Now, blessèd be the Lord our God,  
The God of Israel ;  
For He alone doth wondrous works,  
In glory that excel :  
And blessèd be His glorious name  
To all eternity ;  
The whole earth, let His glory fill :  
Amen : so let it be.

### III.

S.M. WHOM all the heavenly host,  
And saints on earth adore ;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be glory evermore.

### IV.

L. M. PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

### V.

L. M. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore  
Be glory as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

## *Doxologies.*

### VI.

- 8s. IMMORTAL honour, endless fame,  
Attend the almighty Father's name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

### VII.

- 7s. PRAISE to God the Father give;  
Glory be to God the Son;  
Praise be to the Holy Ghost;  
Glory to the Three in One.

### VIII.

- 8s. 7s. PRAISE the God of all creation;  
Praise the Father's boundless love;  
Praise the Lamb our expiation,  
Priest and King enthroned above;  
Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
Him by whom our spirits live;  
Undivided adoration  
To the one Jehovah give.

### IX.

- 8s. 7s. WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,  
Lord, we offer to Thy name:  
Young and old their praise expressing,  
Join Thy goodness to proclaim.  
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
We would bow before Thy throne;  
As the angels serve before Thee,  
So on earth Thy will be done.

### X.

- 8,7,8,7, Now to Him, who loved us, gave us  
8,7. Every pledge that love could give,  
Freely shed His blood to save us,  
Gave His life that we might live:  
Be the kingdom, and dominion,  
*And the glory evermore.*

## *Doxologies.*

### **XI.**

8s. 7s.    GLORY be to God the Father,  
4.        Glory be to God the Son,  
          Glory be to God the Spirit,  
          Great Jehovah, Three in One;  
          Glory, glory,  
          While eternal ages run.

### **XII.**

5,5,5,5.    By angels in heaven  
6,5,6,5.    Of every degree,  
          And saints upon earth,  
          All praise be addrest  
          To God in Three persons,  
          One God ever blest;  
          As it has been, now is,  
          And ever shall be.

### **XIII.**

P. M.    GLORY, honour, praise, and power  
          Be unto the Lamb for ever;  
          Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;  
          Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

### **XIV.**

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son,  
          and to the Holy Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is now,  
          and ever shall be,  
World without end: Amen.

### **XV.**

PRAISE the Lord:  
          Whom the heavens adore,  
          We bow before.  
Praise the Lord:  
          To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
          Be glory now, and evermore.  
Praise the Lord.

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**PART III.**



**HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.**



**1** **A** CHILDREN'S temple here we build,  
And dedicate it, Lord, to Thee;  
**L.M.** In hope, that with Thy presence filled,  
These humble walls henceforth may be.

**2** When Christ, Thy holy Child, was born,  
He had not where to lay His head;  
Though King of kings, He did not scorn  
The meanness of a manger bed.

**3** He, who the throne of glory shares,  
Came down, that we, through sovereign love  
Might be God's children and God's heirs,  
Joint-heirs with Him in bliss above.

**4** And here, where simple souls are taught  
To know and do His Father's will,  
Or infants to His arms are brought,  
He welcomes all, and blesses still.

**5** Come, Holy Ghost, while we draw nigh,  
Such life and power to us afford,  
That each may, Abba, Father, cry,  
And young and old call Jesus, Lord.

**2** **A** LITTLE ship was on the sea,  
It was a pretty sight;  
**c.m.** It sailed along so pleasantly,  
And all was calm and bright.

**2** When lo, a storm began to rise,  
The wind grew loud and strong;  
It blew the clouds across the skies,  
It blew the waves along.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 3 And all but One were sore afraid  
Of sinking in the deep :  
His head was on a pillow laid,  
And He was fast asleep.
- 4 Master, we perish : Master, save !  
They cried : their Master heard ;  
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,  
And stilled them with a word.
- 5 He to the storm says, Peace, be still :  
The raging billows cease,  
The mighty winds obey His will,  
And all are hushed to peace.
- 6 O well we know it was the Lord,  
Our Saviour and our Friend ;  
Whose care of those who trust His word  
Will never, never end.

**3** **A** SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,  
In thought, and word, and deed :  
c.m. But Jesus sits at Thy right hand,  
For such to intercede.

- 2 And God can change this evil heart,  
Can give a holy mind ;  
And His own heavenly grace impart,  
Which those who seek shall find.
- 3 To heaven can reach the softest word,  
A child's repenting prayer ;  
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,  
And thoughts regarded there.
- 4 Then let me all my sins confess,  
And pardoning grace implore,  
That I may love my follies less,  
And love my Saviour more.

**4** **A** BOVE the clear blue sky,  
In heaven's bright abode,  
6s. 4s. The angel host on high  
Sing praises to their God.  
Hallelujah,  
They love to sing  
To God their King ;  
Hallelujah.

*Hymns for Children.*

2 But God from infant tongues  
On earth receiveth praise,  
We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise.  
Hallelujah,  
We too will sing  
To God our King,  
Hallelujah.

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth  
To us Thy babes impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.  
Hallelujah,  
Then shall we sing  
To God our King;  
Hallelujah.

4 O may Thy holy Word  
Spread all the world around:  
All then with one accord  
Shall lift the joyful sound,  
Hallelujah.  
All then shall sing  
To God their King,  
Hallelujah.

**5** **A**LL glory, land, and honour,  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
'a. 6s. To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's name comest,  
Thou King and blessed One.

3 The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.

4 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went;  
**Our** praise and prayer and anthems  
*Before Thee we present,*

*Hymns for Children.*

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To Thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

**6** **A**LL things are ready: Come,  
Come to the supper spread;  
s.m. Come rich and poor; come old and young;  
Come, and be richly fed.

2 All things are ready: Come,  
The door is open wide;  
O feast upon the love of God,  
For Christ His Son has died.

3 All things are ready: Come,  
To-morrow may not be;  
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits  
This hour to welcome thee.

**7** **A**LMIGHTY God, Thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night  
c. m. And our most secret actions lie  
All open to Thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ  
Against the judgment-day.

3 Lord, at Thy feet ashamed I lie;  
Upward I dare not look;  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from Thy book.

4 Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt;  
And let His blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt.

*Hymns for Children.*

**8** **A** MONG the deepest shades of night,  
Can there be one who sees my way?  
L. M. Yes; God is like a shining light,  
That turns the darkness into day.

- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,  
May I not sin without control?  
No; for a constant watch He keeps  
On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,  
Where human feet had never trod,  
Yet there I could not be alone:  
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven; He frowns to hell,  
He fills the air, the earth, the sea:  
I must within His presence dwell;  
I cannot from His anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee: He shows me where;  
To Jesus Christ He bids me fly;  
And while I seek for pardon there,  
There's only mercy in His eye.

**9** **A** ROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand,  
c. m. Children, whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one arrayed;  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?  
How came those children there,  
Singing glory, glory, glory?
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name,  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

**10** **A**S with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold ;  
7s. As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright :  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore :  
So may we with willing feet,  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

- 3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare ;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

- 4 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

- 5 In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light ;  
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
Thou its sun which goes not down ;  
There for ever may we sing  
Hallelujahs to our King.

## *Hymns for Children.*

### GRACES BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

#### I.

**11** **B**E present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored ;  
L. M. Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with Thee.

#### II.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
For life, and health, and every good ;  
May manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of life, sent down from heaven.

**12** **B**EAUTIFUL Zion, built above ;  
Beautiful city that I love ;  
7s. Beautiful gates of pearly white ;  
Beautiful temple, God its light :  
He who was slain on Calvary  
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light ;  
Beautiful angels clothed in white ;  
Beautiful strains that never tire ;  
Beautiful harps through all the choir :  
There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow ;  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show ;  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear ;  
Beautiful all who enter there :  
Thither I press with eager feet ;  
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King ;  
Beautiful songs the angels sing ;  
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease ;  
Beautiful home of perfect peace :  
There shall my eyes the Saviour see ;  
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 13** **B**LESSED Jesus, ere we part,  
Speak Thy blessing to each heart:  
7s. Blessed Jesus, Saviour blest,  
Breathe Thy peace through every breast.
- 2 When, this night, our eyelids close,  
Let us in Thine arms repose :  
Blessèd Jesus, Son of God,  
Wash us in Thy precious blood.
- 3 Blessèd Jesus, Saviour dear,  
Through the darkness be Thou near :  
Blessèd Jesus, Light divine,  
Let Thy presence round us shine.
- 4 By our couch Thy station keep,  
Guard from evil while we sleep :  
Blessèd Jesus, Saviour bright,  
Guide us safe to realms of light.

- 14** **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning,  
11s. 10s. Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid:  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:  
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 15** **B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill,  
How sweet the lily grows !  
c. m. How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod :  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay,  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
Were all alike divine ;
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

- 16** **C**HILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,  
Youthful days will soon be gone ;  
8s. 7s. Cares and sorrows lie before us,  
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
- 2 O may He who, meek and lowly,  
Trode Himself this vale of woe,  
Make us His, and make us holy.  
Guard and guide us while we go.
- 3 Hark, it is the Saviour calling,  
" Little children, follow Me ;"  
Jesus, keep our feet from falling ;  
Teach us all to follow Thee.
- 4 Soon we part : it may be never,  
Never here to meet again ;  
O to meet in heaven for ever,  
*O the crown of life to gain.*

*Hymns for Children.*

- 17** **C**HILDREN of Jerusalem  
Sang the praise of Jesus' name ;  
7s. Children too of later days  
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.  
Hark, while infant voices sing  
Loud hosannas to our King.
- 2 We are taught to love the Lord,  
We are taught to read His Word,  
We are taught the way to heaven ;  
Praise for all to God be given.  
Hark, while infant voices sing  
Loud hosannas to our King.
- 3 Parents, teachers, old and young,  
All unite to swell the song ;  
Higher, and yet higher rise,  
Till hosannas reach the skies.  
Hark, while infant voices sing  
Loud hosannas to our king.

- 18** **C**HRIST is merciful and mild,  
He was once a little child ;  
7s. He whom heavenly hosts adore  
Lived on earth among the poor.
- 2 Thus He laid His glory by,  
When for us He came to die ;  
How I wonder, when I see  
His unbounded love to me.
- 3 He the sick to health restored,  
To the poor He preached the Word ;  
Even children had a share  
Of His love and tender care.
- 4 Every bird can build its nest,  
Foxes have their place of rest ;  
He by whom the world was made  
Had not where to lay His head.
- 5 He who is the Lord most high  
Once was poorer far than I,  
That I might hereafter be  
Rich to all eternity.

*Hymns for Children.*

**19** **C**OME, children, join to sing,  
Hallelujah, Amen.  
P.M. Loud praise to Christ our King,  
Hallelujah, Amen.  
Let all with heart and voice,  
Before His throne rejoice ;  
Praise is His gracious choice,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Come, lift your hearts on high,  
Hallelujah, Amen.  
Let praises fill the sky,  
Hallelujah, Amen.  
He is our Guide and Friend ;  
To us He'll condescend ;  
His love shall never end,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

3 Praise yet the Lord again,  
Hallelujah, Amen.  
Life shall not end the strain,  
Hallelujah, Amen.  
On heaven's blissful shore  
His goodness we'll adore ;  
Singing for evermore,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

**20** **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,  
O hear an infant's prayer ;  
S.M. Stoop down and make my heart Thy home,  
And shed Thy blessing there.

2 Thy light, Thy love impart,  
And let it ever be  
A holy, humble, happy heart,  
A dwelling-place for Thee.

3 Let Thy rich grace increase,  
Through all my early days,  
The fruits of righteousness and peace,  
To Thine eternal praise.

*Hymns for Children.*

**21** **C**OME, let us join the hosts above,  
Now in our youngest days :  
C. M. Remember our Creator's love,  
And sing our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise  
The day of feeble things,  
Grateful the songs of children rise,  
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remembered thus,  
And honoured for His grace ;  
Out of the mouths of babes like us,  
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise and power,  
Honour and thanks be given ;  
Children and cherubim adore  
The Lord of earth and heaven.

**22** **C**OME, let us sing our Maker's praise,  
Whose goodness cheers our early days  
L. M. His name we ever ought to bless,  
The Father of the fatherless.

2 Poor, helpless orphans we were found,  
Left in a world where snares abound ;  
But He became, in our distress,  
The Father of the fatherless.

3 And O what blessings from above  
Prove His kind care and tender love ;  
What thanks to Him should we express,  
The Father of the fatherless.

4 Let us rejoice : above the skies  
We have a Friend who never dies ;  
To Him we may our prayer address,  
The Father of the fatherless.

5 Our Father, let Thy heavenly grace  
On every heart Thine image trace ;  
Then shall we never cease to bless  
The Father of the fatherless.

*Hymns for Children.*

**23** **C**OME to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now ;  
,6,6,6. Just now come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you just now ;  
Just now He will save you,  
He will save you just now.

3 O believe Him, O believe Him,  
O believe Him just now ;  
Just now O believe Him,  
O believe Him just now.

4 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.  
Amen, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

**24** **D**EAR Saviour, to Thy little lambs  
A lamb-like temper give,  
D.C.M. And daily, hourly grace bestow  
In joy and peace to live.  
It was Thine own command that we  
Should one another love,  
And ever give Thee thanks, as do  
Thine holy ones above.

2 Our hearts, by nature full of sin,  
Do Thou, O Lord, renew ;  
And take each naughty thought away,  
And all self-will subdue :  
Thine own meek, lowly mind impart,  
The spirit like a dove ;  
And daily may we learn of Thee,  
As Thou hast loved to love.

3 As Thou forgivest all our sin,  
So teach us to forgive ;  
As freely we receive from Thee,  
So may we freely give.  
O teach us to forbear like Thee,  
Not answering again,  
Remembering how our Saviour bore  
*The scoffs of wicked men.*

*Hymns for Children.*

- 4 When we are for our faults reprov'd  
May we the fault confess,  
And humbly seek Thy grace, that we  
May not again transgress :  
Make us affectionate and kind,  
Gentle, and meek, and good,  
Mindful how dearly we were bought  
With Thy most precious blood.

**25** **D**EATH has been here, and borne away  
A scholar from our side ;  
c. m. Just in the morning of her [his] day,  
As young as we, she [he] died.

- 2 Perhaps our time may be as short,  
Our days may fly as fast ;  
O Lord, impress the solemn thought  
That this may be our last.
- 3 We cannot tell who next may fall  
Beneath Thy chastening rod ;  
One must be first ; but let us all  
Prepare to meet our God.
- 4 May each attend with willing feet  
The means of knowledge here,  
And wait around Thy mercy-seat,  
With hope as well as fear.
- 5 All needful strength is Thine to give ;  
To Thee our souls apply  
For grace to teach us how to live,  
Or make us fit to die.
- 6 Lord, to Thy wisdom and Thy care  
May we resign our days,  
Content to live and serve Thee here,  
Or die, and sing Thy praise.

**26** **D**OWN in the pleasant pastures,  
Beside the waters still,  
7s. 6s. Behold the Shépherd leadeth  
His little flock at will ;  
Gently, O gently guiding,  
The way His sheep must go,  
Still onward to the fountain  
Where the living waters flow.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 The stranger's voice they heed not,  
When he seeks their ear to win ;  
And never can a robber  
To the sheepfold enter in :  
No hireling is the Shepherd,  
For He His watch will keep ;  
'Tis He alone who giveth  
His own life for His sheep.
- 3 And all His own He knoweth,  
He calleth them to come ;  
O'er distant hills they hear Him,  
And so He draws them home.  
Though the way be set with briars,  
Though the narrow path be steep,  
They know His word of warning,  
And the Shepherd knows His sheep.
- 4 And other sheep He owneth,  
Wandering from Him afar ;  
He, the Good Shepherd, knoweth  
Where all His loved ones are :  
The blessed day is dawning,  
That day by Him foretold,  
When they shall own one Shepherd,  
Safe sheltered in one fold.

**27** **D** READ Sovereign, let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise ;

c.m. Assist the offerings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,  
Thy hand was still my guard ;  
And still, to drive my wants away,  
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around ;  
But O how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found.
- 4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
To Thy dear cross I flee ;  
And to Thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renewed by Thee.

*Hymns for Children.*

**28** **E**VER would I fain be reading  
In the ancient, holy Book,  
8s.7s. Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,  
Truth in every word and look.

2 How, when children came, He blessed them  
Suffered no man to reprove ;  
Took them in His arms, and pressed them  
To His heart with words of love.

3 How, to all the sick and tearful,  
Help was ever gladly shown ;  
How He sought the poor and fearful,  
Called them brothers, and His own.

4 How no contrite soul e'er sought Him,  
And was bidden to depart ;  
How with gentle words He taught him,  
Took the death from out his heart.

5 Still I read the ancient story,  
And my joy is ever new ;  
How for us He left His glory,  
How He still is kind and true.

6 How the flock He gently leadeth  
Whom His Father gave Him here ;  
How His arms He widely spreadeth  
To His heart to draw us near.

7 Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,  
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,  
Melted by Thy love adore Thee,  
Blest in Thee mid joy or woe.

**29** **F**AIR waved the golden corn,  
In Canaan's pleasant land,  
s. m. When full of joy, some shining morn,  
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God, so good and great,  
Their cheerful thanks they pour ;  
Then carry to His temple gate,  
The choicest of their store.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 3 For thus the holy word,  
Spoken by Moses, ran :  
The first ripe ears are for the Lord,  
The rest He gives to man.
- 4 Like Israel, Lord, we give  
Our earliest fruits to Thee,  
And pray that, long as we shall live,  
We may Thy children be.
- 5 Thine is our youthful prime,  
And life and all its powers ;  
Be with us in our morning time,  
And bless our evening hours.
- 6 In wisdom let us grow,  
As years and strength are given,  
That we may serve Thy church below,  
And join Thy saints in heaven.

**30** **F**ATHER, let Thy benediction,  
Gently falling as the dew,

8s.7s. And Thy ever-gracious presence,

4. Bless us all our journey through :  
May we ever  
Keep the end of life in view.
- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom  
Which can only come from Thee ;  
In the morn of our existence  
Let us Thy salvation see :  
Changed in spirit,  
We shall then Thy children be.
- 3 When temptations shall assail us,  
When we falter by the way,  
Let Thine arm of strength defend us ;  
Saviour, hear us when we pray :  
Thou art mighty,  
Be Thou then our rock and stay.
- 4 Praise and blessing, power and glory,  
Will we render, Lord, to Thee ;  
For the news of Thy salvation  
Shall extend from sea to sea ;  
All the nations  
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

*Hymns for Children.*

**31** **G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
7s. Pity my simplicity;  
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;  
Dearest Lord, forbid it not:  
Give me, dearest Lord, a place  
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to thee,  
Thou shalt my example be:  
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,  
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as thou art,  
Give me Thy obedient heart;  
Thou art pitiful and kind,  
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil  
God my heavenly Father's will;  
Never His good Spirit grieve,  
Only to His glory live.

6 Thou didst live to God alone,  
Thou didst never seek Thine own,  
Thou Thyself didst never please;  
God was all Thy happiness.

7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In Thy gracious hands I am;  
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,  
Live Thyself within my heart.

8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
Serve Thee all my happy days;  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

**32** **G**IVE to our God immortal praise;  
Mercy and truth are all His ways  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 2 He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 3 He sent His Son with power to save  
From guilt and darkness and the grave :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world He guides our feet,  
And leads us to His heavenly seat ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

**33**

6s.5s.

**G**LORY be to Jesus,  
Who, in bitter pains,  
Poured for me the life-blood  
From His sacred veins.

- 2 Grace and life eternal  
In that blood I find,  
Blest be His compassion  
Infinitely kind.
- 3 Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies ;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.
- 4 Oft as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
Terror-struck departs.
- 5 Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel-hosts rejoicing  
Make their glad reply.
- 6 Lift we then our voices ;  
Swell the mighty flood ;  
Louder still and louder  
Praise the precious blood.

*Hymns for Children.*

**34** **G**LORY to God, the angel said,  
Good tidings, lo, I bring;  
c.m. In David's city lies a babe,  
And Jesus is the King.

2 Glory to God, and peace on earth,  
Goodwill to man is shown;  
Let heavenly joy at Jesus' birth  
Be through the nations known.

3 Glory to God, let man reply,  
For Christ the Lord is come;  
Behold Him in a manger lie,  
A stable for His home.

4 Glory to God for love so mild;  
How wonderful the plan:  
For Jesus once became a child  
To save rebellious man.

5 Glory to God, let all the earth  
Join in the heavenly song,  
And praise Him for the Saviour's birth,  
In every land and tongue.

**35** **G**LORY to the Father give,  
God in whom we move and live;  
7s. Children's prayers He deigns to hear,  
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King:  
Children raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;  
Be this day a Pentecost;  
Children's minds may He inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that, God is love,

*Hymns for Children.*

**36**

P. M.

**G**LORY to God,  
With joyful adoration,  
Sing praises, sing praises,  
His power proclaim;  
Praise we the Lord,  
The strength of our salvation,  
And worshipping before Him,  
Adore His name.

- 2 Praise Him for mercies,  
Blessings ever flowing;  
His love which redeemed us  
From death, make known :  
Praise Him in life,  
With holy rapture glowing ;  
Then worship Him with angels  
Before His throne.

**37**

7,6,7,6,  
8,8.

**G**LORY to Jesus ; glory,  
Let little children sing,  
Who know the blessed story  
Of the eternal King ;  
How He came down from heaven above  
To save the people of His love.

- 2 A little child He came,  
For children to atone :  
Sing praises to His name,  
Who did so love His own,  
As to redeem them with His blood,  
And make them holy, just and good.
- 3 Jesus, the Prince of peace,  
Gives pardon, joy, and life ;  
Bids sin and sorrow cease,  
And puts an end to strife :  
Glory to God, and peace on earth,  
As sang the angels at His birth.

**38**

8s.7s.

**G**OD almighty heareth ever,  
When His little children pray ;  
He is faint and weary never,  
And He turneth none away.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 More than we deserve, He sends us,  
More than we can ask, bestows ;  
Every moment He befriends us,  
And supports us in our woes.
- 3 Let us then, in Him confiding,  
Tell Him all we think and feel,  
Never one dark secret hiding,  
Seeking nothing to conceal.
- 4 Through His Son, our precious Saviour,  
God will pardon all our sin,  
Will forgive our past behaviour,  
Open heaven and take us in.

**39**

5s. 6s.

**G**OD intrusts to all  
Talents few or many ;  
None so young and small  
That they have not any.

- 2 Though the great and wise,  
Have a greater number,  
Yet my one I prize,  
And it must not slumber.
- 3 Little drops of rain  
Bring the springing flowers ;  
And I may attain  
Much by little powers.
- 4 Every little mite,  
Every little measure  
Helps to spread the light,  
Helps to swell the treasure.
- 5 God will surely ask,  
Ere I enter heaven,  
Have I done the task  
Which to me was given ?
- 6 God intrusts to all  
Talents few or many ;  
None so young and small  
That they have not any.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 1** **G**OD of glory, God of grace,  
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place,  
While our feeble voices sing  
Grateful praises to our King;  
While we meet at Thy command,  
Asking blessings from Thy hand.  
God of glory, God of grace,  
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place.
- 2** God our Maker, Thee we praise,  
Guardian of our helpless days;  
Thou hast made us by Thy power,  
Thou hast kept us to this hour;  
Thou hast given Thy Son to die,  
Sent Thy Spirit from on high.  
God of glory, God of grace,  
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place.
- 3** God the Saviour, Thee we bless,  
For Thy life of righteousness;  
For Thy cross and death of shame,  
Infant voices bless Thy name:  
Should our tongues no praises bring,  
Stones would find a voice to sing.  
God of glory, God of grace,  
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place.
- 4** God the Spirit, Thee we praise,  
For Thy sanctifying grace;  
For the new and tender heart  
Thou hast promised to impart:  
For the Word inspired by Thee,  
That reveals eternity.  
God of glory, God of grace,  
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place.
- 5** Great Eternal, Three in One,  
Hear, O hear us from Thy throne.  
We are children of a day,  
Like the flowers we pass away;  
Yet Thy power can bid us rise  
To adorn a paradise.  
God of glory, God of grace,  
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place.

*Hymns for Children.*

**41**

7s.

**G**OD of mercy, throned on high,  
Listen from Thy lofty seat;  
Hear, O hear our feeble cry;  
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

- 2 Young and erring travellers, we  
All our dangers do not know;  
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,  
Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesus, lover of the young,  
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;  
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,  
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.
- 4 When perplexed in danger's snare,  
Thou alone our Guide canst be;  
When opprest with woe and care,  
Whom have we to trust but Thee?
- 5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,  
Ask Thy counsel every day;  
Saints and angels will rejoice,  
If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour  
Hope and love on every soul:  
Hope, till time shall be no more;  
Love, while endless ages roll.

**42**

**G**RACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,  
Little ones are dear to Thee;  
8s. 7s. Gathered with Thine arms, and carried  
In Thy bosom, may they be  
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended;  
From all want and danger free.

- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them  
From Thy fold to go astray;  
By Thy look of love directed,  
May they walk the narrow way;  
Thus direct them, and protect them,  
Lest they fall an easy prey.

## *Hymns for Children.*

3 Let Thy holy Word instruct them ;  
Fill their minds with heavenly light ;  
Let Thy love and grace constrain them  
To approve whate'er is right,  
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
And to prove Thy burden light.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth Thy children sing ;  
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,  
May they their thank-offerings bring ;  
Then, with all the saints in glory,  
Join to praise the Shepherd-King.

**13** GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend ?

*.M.* I a poor child, and Thou so high,  
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

2 Art Thou my Father ? Canst Thou bear  
To hear my poor imperfect prayer ?  
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise  
That such a little one can raise ?

3 Art Thou my Father ? Let me be  
A meek obedient child to Thee ;  
And try in word, and deed, and thought,  
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father ? I'll depend  
Upon the care of such a Friend ;  
And only wish to do and be  
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

5 Art Thou my Father ? Then, at last,  
When all my days on earth are past,  
Send down and take me in Thy love,  
*To be Thy better child above.*

*Hymns for Children.*

**44**

L.M.

**H**APPY the children who are gone  
To live with Jesus Christ in pe  
Who stand around His glorious throne  
Clad in His spotless righteousness.

- 2 The Saviour, whom they loved below,  
Hath kindly wiped their tears away  
No sin, no sorrow there they know,  
But dwell in one eternal day.
- 3 There, to their golden harps they sing,  
While tens of thousands join their sc  
Hosannas to the immortal King,  
To whom eternal praise belongs.
- 4 O gracious Saviour, there may we  
Be brought with them in bliss to join  
The fulness of Thy love to see,  
And sing Thy mercies all divine.

**45**

6,5,6,5,  
6,6,6,5.

**H**ARK, round the God of love  
Angels are singing ;  
Saints at His feet above  
Their crowns are flinging.  
And may poor children dare  
Hope for acceptance there,  
Their simple praise and prayer  
To His throne bringing ?

- 2 Yes, through adoring throngs  
His pity sees us ;  
'Midst their seraphic songs  
Our offering pleases :  
And Thou who here didst prove  
To babes so full of love,  
Thou art the same above,  
Merciful Jesus.
- 3 Not a poor sparrow falls  
But Thou art near it ;  
When the young raven calls,  
Thou, Lord, dost hear it :

## *Hymns for Children.*

Flowers, worms, and insects share  
Hourly Thy guardian care :  
Wilt Thou bid us despair ?  
Lord, can we fear it ?

- 4 Lord, then Thy mercy send  
On all before Thee ;  
Children and children's friend,  
Bless, we implore Thee :  
Lead us from grace to grace,  
On through our earthly race,  
Till all before Thy face,  
Meet to adore Thee.

**16** **H**ARK, what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?  
18. 78. Lo, the angelic host rejoices,  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy ;  
Glory in the highest, glory ;  
Glory be to God most high.
- 3 Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found ;  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,  
Heaven and earth His glory sing ;  
O receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;  
Learn His name, and taste His joy,  
Till in heaven you sing before Him,  
Glory be to God most high.
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;  
Spread the brightness of His glory,  
Till it cover all the earth.

*Hymns for Children.*

**47** **H**E that is down needs fear no fall,  
He that is low, no pride ;  
c. m. He that is humble, ever shall  
Have God to be his guide.

2 I am content with what I have,  
Little be it or much ;  
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
Because Thou savest such.

3 Fulness to such a burden is  
That go on pilgrimage ;  
Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
Is best from age to age.

**48** **H**EAR my prayer, O heavenly Father  
Ere I lay me down to sleep ;  
8s. 7s. Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,  
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Heavy though my sins, Thy mercy  
Far outweighs them every one ;  
Down before Thy cross I cast them,  
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep me through this night of peril,  
Underneath its boundless shade ;  
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,  
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 None shall measure out Thy patience  
By the span of human thought ;  
None shall bound the tender mercies  
Which Thy holy Son hath bought.

5 Pardon all my past transgressions ;  
Give me strength for days to come ;  
Guide, and guard me with Thy blessing ;  
Till Thine angels bid me home.

**49** **H**ERE we suffer grief and pain ;  
Here we meet to part again ;  
7, 7, 6. In heaven we part no more.  
O that will be joyful,  
Joyful, joyful, joyful ;  
O that will be joyful,  
When we meet to part no more

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 All who love the Lord below,  
When they die to heaven will go,  
And sing with saints above.  
O that will be joyful, etc.
- 3 Little children will be there,  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,  
From every Sunday-school.  
O that will be joyful, etc.
- 4 Teachers too shall meet above,  
And our pastors, whom we love,  
Shall meet to part no more.  
O that will be joyful, etc.
- 5 O how happy we shall be,  
For our Saviour we shall see,  
Exalted on His throne.  
O that will be joyful, etc.
- 6 There we all shall sing with joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ the Lord.  
O that will be joyful, etc.

50

7s.

- H**OLY Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine, to tell me whence I came,  
Mine, to teach me what I am
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
  - 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death.
  - 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come.  
And the rebel sinner's doom,  
Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

*Hymns for Children.*

**51** **H**OLY children read and pray;  
Love God's holy Word and day;  
7s. Fly from sin, and ask His grace;  
Learn His will, and seek His face;  
They are humble, meek, and mild:  
Lord, make me a holy child.

2 Holy children love mankind;  
Are to all good ways inclined;  
Love their parents to obey;  
For their friends and teachers pray;  
Fear with sin to be defiled:  
Lord, make me a holy child.

3 Holy children, when they die,  
Soar to Christ above the sky;  
Take their seats around His throne,  
Make His praise for ever known:  
Happy children, O may I  
With them numbered be on high.

**52** **H**OSANNA be the children's song  
To Christ, the children's King;  
c. m. His praise, to whom their souls belong.  
Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,  
And spread from plain to plain;  
While, louder, sweeter, clearer still,  
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna, on the wings of light  
O'er earth and ocean fly;  
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,  
And heaven to earth reply.

4 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,  
Hosanna to our King;  
This is the children's jubilee,  
Let all the children sing.

**53** **H**OSANNA, raise the pealing hymn  
To David's Son and Lord;  
c. m. With cherubim and seraphim  
Exalt the incarnate Word.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 Hosanna, Lord ; our feeble tongue  
No lofty strains can raise :  
But Thou wilt not despise the young,  
Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna, Master ; lo, we bring  
Our offerings to Thy throne ;  
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing.  
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 4 Hosanna, once Thy gracious ear  
Approved a lisping throng ;  
Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
Our poor but grateful song.
- 5 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,  
Thy temple we behold,  
Hosannas through eternity  
We'll sing to harps of gold.

**1**

3s.

- H**OW dearly God must love us,  
And this poor world of ours,  
To spread blue skies above us,  
And deck the earth with flowers ;  
There's not a weed so lowly,  
Nor bird that cleaves the air,  
But tells, in accents holy,  
His kindness and His care.
- 2 He bids the sun to warm us,  
And light the path we tread ;  
At night, lest aught should harm us,  
He guards our welcome bed :  
He gives our needful clothing,  
And sends our daily food ;  
His love denies us nothing  
His wisdom deemeth good.
- 3 The Bible, too, He sends us,  
That tells how Jesus came,  
Whose Word can save and cleanse us  
From guilt and sin and shame.  
O may God's mercies move us  
To serve Him with our powers,  
For, O how He must love us,  
And this poor world of ours.

*Hymns for Children.*

**55**

C. M.

**H**OW glorious is our heavenly King,  
Who reigns above the sky;  
How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful majesty?

2 How great His power is, none can tell,  
Nor think how large His grace;  
Not men below, nor saints that dwell  
On high, before His face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord,  
Can search His secret will;  
But they perform His heavenly word,  
And sing His praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first offerings bring;  
The eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
And angels shall rejoice,  
To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
Sound from a feeble voice.

**56**

11s.

**H**OW loving is Jesus, who came from the  
sky,

In tenderest pity for sinners to die:  
Wicked men nailed His hands and His feet  
to the tree,  
And all this He suffered for you and for me.

2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart,  
To all who receive Him by faith in their  
heart:  
No evil befalls them, their home is above,  
And Jesus throws round them the arms of  
His love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe,  
And out of His fulness what grace they receive:  
When weak He supports them, when erring  
He guides,  
And everything needful He kindly provides.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 4 O give then to Jesus your earliest days,  
They only are blessed who walk in His ways ;  
In life and in death He will still be your  
Friend,  
For whom Jesus loves, He will love to the  
end.

**57** **H**OW solemn, silent, and how still  
The stars all range above ;  
L. M. They joy in their great Master's will,  
And all their ways are love.

- 2 They teach us, ranged in order bright,  
How God's great host on high,  
The angels, walk in love and light  
Beyond the starry sky.

- 3 O that God's children here below  
Might thus His laws fulfil,  
And each, where God has placed him, know  
And do His holy will.

**58** **I** AM Jesu's little lamb,  
Ever glad at heart I am ;  
7,8,8, Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,  
7,7. All things fair and good He shows me,  
Even calls me by my name ;  
Every day He is the same.

- 2 Safely in and out I go,  
Jesus loves and keeps me so ,  
When I hunger, Jesus feeds me ;  
When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me  
Where the waters softly flow,  
Where the sweetest pastures grow.

- 3 Should I not be always glad ?  
None whom Jesus loves are sad ;  
And when this short life is ended,  
Those whom the Good Shepherd tended  
Will be taken to the skies,  
There to dwell in Paradise.

*Hymns for Children.*

**59** **I** HAVE a Father in the promised land;  
My Father calls me; I must go,  
P.M. To meet Him in the promised land.  
I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land:  
My Father calls me; I must go,  
To meet Him in the promised land.

2 I have a Saviour in the promised land;  
My Saviour calls me; I must go,  
To meet Him in the promised land.  
I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land:  
My Saviour calls me; I must go,  
To meet Him in the promised land.

3 I have a crown in the promised land;  
When Jesus calls me, I must go,  
To wear it in the promised land.  
I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land:  
When Jesus calls me, I must go,  
To wear it in the promised land.

4 I hope to meet you in the promised land;  
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,  
We'll praise Him in the promised land.  
We'll away, we'll away, to the promised  
land:  
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,  
We'll praise Him in the promised land.

**60** **I** LOVE to hear the story,  
Which angel-voices tell,  
7s. 6s. How once the King of glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.  
I am both weak and sinful,  
But this I surely know,  
The Lord came down to save me,  
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be.

*Hymns for Children.*

And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so.

- 3 To sing His love and mercy,  
My sweetest songs I'll raise,  
And though I cannot see Him,  
I know He hears my praise;  
For He has kindly promised,  
That even I may go  
To sing among His angels,  
Because He loves me so.

**1** **I** LOVE to think, though I am young,  
My Saviour was a child;  
M. That Jesus walked this earth along,  
With feet all undefiled.

- 2 He kept His Father's word of truth,  
As I am taught to do;  
And while He walked the paths of youth,  
He walked in wisdom too.

- 3 I love to think that He who spake,  
And made the blind to see,  
And called the sleeping dead to wake,  
Was once a child like me;

- 4 That He who wore the thorny crown,  
And tasted death's despair,  
Had a kind mother like my own,  
And knew her love and care.

- 5 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child,  
A child may come to Thee;  
And O in all Thy mercy mild,  
Dear Saviour, come to me.

**2** **I** SING the almighty power of God,  
M. That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at His command,  
And all the stars obey.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food ;  
He formed the creatures with His word,  
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn mine eye ;  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes Thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from Thy throne.
- 6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to Thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.
- 7 His hand is my perpetual guard ;  
He guides me with His eye ;  
How should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

**63** I THINK, when I read that sweet story c  
old,

11s.8s. When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children, as lambs to His  
fold,  
I should like to have been with them then  
I wish that His hands had been placed on my  
head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me  
And that I might have seen His kind look  
when He said :  
Let the little ones come unto Me.

- 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go  
And ask for a share in His love ;  
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare  
For all that are washed and forgiven :  
And many dear children are gathering there  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

*Hymns for Children.*

3 But thousands and thousands, who wander  
and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home ;  
I should like them to know there is room for  
them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best ;  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

4  
8,6. **I** WANT to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek,  
For no one marked an angry word  
That ever heard Him speak.  
I want to be like Jesus,  
So frequently in prayer ;  
Alone upon the mountain-top  
He met His Father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus :  
I never, never find  
That He, though persecuted, was  
To any one unkind.  
I want to be like Jesus,  
Engaged in doing good,  
So that of me it may be said :  
She hath done what she could.

3 I want to be like Jesus,  
Who sweetly said to all,  
Let little children come to Me :  
I would obey the call.  
But O I'm not like Jesus,  
As any one may see ;  
Then, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,  
And make me like to Thee.

5  
1. **I** WAS wandering and weary  
When my Saviour came unto me ;  
For the ways of sin grew dreary,  
And the world had ceased to woo me

### *Hymns for Children.*

And I thought I heard Him say,  
As He came along His way,  
O silly souls, come near Me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me :  
I am the Shepherd true.

- 2 At first I would not hearken,  
And put off till the morrow ;  
But life began to darken,  
And I was sick with sorrow ;  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
As He came along His way, etc.
- 3 He took me on His shoulder,  
And tenderly He kissed me ;  
He bade my love be bolder,  
And said how He had missed me ;  
And I'm sure I heard Him say,  
As He went along His way, etc.
- 4 I thought His love would weaken,  
As more and more He knew me ;  
But it burneth like a beacon,  
And its light and heat go through me ;  
And I ever hear Him say,  
As He goes along His way, etc.
- 5 Let us do then, dearest brothers,  
What will best and longest please us,  
Follow not the ways of others,  
But trust ourselves to Jesus ;  
We shall ever hear Him say,  
As He goes along His way, etc.

**66**

7s.6s.

**I** WOULD be like an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand ;  
There, right before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'd wake the sweetest music,  
And praise Him day and night.

## *Hymns for Children.*

2 I never would be weary,  
Nor ever shed a tear,  
Nor ever know a sorrow,  
Nor ever feel a fear ;  
But blessèd, meek, and holy,  
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
And with ten thousand angels,  
Praise Him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,  
But Jesus will forgive,  
For many little children  
Have gone to heaven to live.  
Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
And lay me down to die,  
O send a shining angel  
To bear me to the sky.

**37** I WOULD not live alway, live alway  
below ;

.1s. O no, I'll not linger when bidden to go :  
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its  
cheer.

2 I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way ;  
Where, seeking for rest, we but hover around,  
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is  
found.

3 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.

4 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the  
tomb,  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom ;  
*There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise,  
To hail Him, in triumph descending the skies.*

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 5 Who, who would live alway? Away from his  
God,  
Away from yon heavens, that blissful abode  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
- 6 Where the saints of all ages in harmony  
meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
greet;  
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,  
And the love of the Lord is the bliss of the  
soul.
- 7 That heavenly music; hark, sweet in the air,  
The notes of the harpers how clear ringing  
there;  
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold,  
The King, all arrayed in His beauty, behold.
- 8 O give me, O give me the wings of a dove,  
To adore Him, be near Him, enwrapt with  
His love;  
I but wait for the summons, I list for the  
word:  
Alleluia, Amen, evermore with the Lord.

68

6s.5s.

I'M a little pilgrim,\*  
And a stranger here;  
Though this world is pleasant  
Sin is always near.

2 Mine's a better country,  
Where there is no sin;  
Where the tones of sorrow  
Never enter in.

3 But a little pilgrim  
Must have garments clean,  
If he'd wear the white robes,  
And with Christ be seen.

\* From *The Child's Own Hymn Book*, by permission.

*Hymns for Children.*

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me ;  
Teach me to obey ;  
Holy Spirit, guide me  
On my heavenly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim,  
And a stranger here,  
But my home in heaven  
Cometh ever near.

9 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;  
11, Do not detain me, for I am going  
10. Where the living waters are ever flowing :  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the glory is ever shining ;  
O my longing heart, my longing heart is  
there :  
Here sinners wander, forlorn and weary,  
And in this country 'tis often dreary :  
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 In the city to which I journey,  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light ;  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any sin there, nor any dying :  
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

1 JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,  
Once became a child like me ;  
7s. O that, in my whole behaviour,  
He my pattern still might be.

2 All my nature is unholy,  
Pride and passion dwell within ;  
But the Lord was meek and lowly,  
Pure and spotless, free from sin.

3 While I'm often vainly trying  
Some new pleasure to possess,  
He was always self-denying,  
*Patient in His worst distress.*

*Hymns for Children.*

- 4 Let me never be forgetful  
Of his precepts any more ;  
Idle, passionate, and fretful,  
As I've often been before.
- 5 Lord, though now Thou art in glor.  
We have Thine example still ;  
I can read Thy sacred story,  
And obey Thy holy will.
- 6 Help me by that rule to measure  
Every word and every thought,  
Thinking it my greatest pleasure  
There to learn what Thou hast t

**71** JESUS, high in glory,  
Lend a listening ear ;  
6s. 5s. When we bow before Thee,  
Children's praises hear.

- 2 Though Thou art so holy,  
Heaven's almighty King,  
Thou wilt stoop to listen,  
When Thy praise we sing.
- 3 We are little children,  
Weak and apt to stray ;  
Saviour, guide and keep us  
In the heavenly way.
- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning ;  
Watch us day by day ;  
Help us now to love Thee ;  
Take our sins away.
- 5 Then, when Jesus calls us  
To our heavenly home,  
We would gladly answer,  
Saviour, Lord, we come.

**72** JESUS, holy, undefiled,  
7s. Listen to a little child,  
Thou hast sent the glorious light  
Chasing far the silent night.

### *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine  
O'er this glorious world of Thine,  
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow  
On each tender flower below.
- 3 Now the little birds arise,  
Chirping gaily in the skies ;  
Thee their tiny voices praise  
In the early songs they raise.
- 4 Thou, by whom the birds are fed,  
Give to me my daily bread ;  
And Thy Holy Spirit give,  
Without whom I cannot live.
- 5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,  
As becomes a little child ;  
All day long, in every way,  
Teach me what to do and say.
- 6 Help me never to forget,  
That in Thy great book is set  
All that children think and say,  
For the awful Judgment-Day.
- 7 Let me never say a word  
That will make Thee angry, Lord ;  
Help me so to live in love  
As Thine angels do above.
- 8 Make me, Lord, in work and play,  
Thine more truly every day.  
And when Thou at last shalt come,  
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

**73**      **J**ESUS is our Shepherd,  
6s. 5s.      Wiping every tear,  
Folded in His bosom,  
What have we to fear ?  
Only let us follow  
Whither He doth lead,  
To the thirsty desert,  
Or the dewy mead.

*Hymns for Children.*

2 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
Well we know His voice :  
How its gentlest whisper  
Makes our heart rejoice ;  
Even when He chideth,  
Tender is its tone ;  
None but He shall guide us,  
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
For the sheep He bled ;  
Every lamb is sprinkled  
With the blood He shed ;  
Then on each He setteth  
His own secret sign,  
They that have my Spirit,  
These, saith He, are Mine.

4 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
Guarded by His arm,  
Though the wolves may raven,  
None can do us harm :  
When we tread death's valley,  
Dark with fearful gloom,  
We will fear no evil,  
Victors o'er the tomb.

**74** JESUS loves me ; this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so ;  
7s. Little ones to Him belong,  
They are weak, but He is strong.  
Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Je  
loves me,  
Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible t  
me so.

2 Jesus loves me ; He who died  
Heaven's gate to open wide ,  
He will wash away my sin,  
Let His little child come in.  
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

*Hymns for Children.*

3 Jesus loves me ; loves me still,  
Though I'm very weak and ill ;  
From His shining throne on high,  
Comes to watch me where I lie.  
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

4 Jesus loves me ; He will stay  
Close beside me all the way :  
If I love Him, when I die  
He will take me home on high.  
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

**75** JESUS, meek and gentle,  
Son of God, most high,  
s. 5s. Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love ;  
Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

**76** JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;  
s. 7s. Through the darkness be Thou near me,  
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,  
*Listen to my evening prayer.*

*Hymns for Children.*

- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven,  
Bless the friends I love so well ;  
Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

**77**

P. M.

**J**ESUS, we love to meet,  
On this Thy holy day.  
We worship round Thy seat,  
On this Thy holy day.  
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,  
To Thee our prayers ascend ;  
O'er our young spirits bend,  
On this Thy holy day.

- 2 We dare not trifle now,  
On this Thy holy day.  
In silent awe we bow,  
On this Thy holy day.  
Check every wandering thought,  
And let us all be taught  
To serve Thee as we ought,  
On this Thy holy day.

- 3 We listen to Thy Word,  
On this Thy holy day.  
Bless all that we have heard,  
On this Thy holy day.  
Go with us when we part,  
And to each youthful heart  
Thy saving grace impart,  
On this Thy holy day.

**78**

L. M.

**J**ESUS, who lived above the sky,  
Came down to be a man and die ;  
And in the Bible we may see  
How very good He used to be.

- 2 He went about, He was so kind,  
To cure poor people who were blind ;  
And many who were sick and lame,  
He pitied them, and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, He told them, too,  
The things that God would have them do ;  
And was so gentle and so mild,  
He would have listened to a child.

## *Hymns for Children.*

4 But such a cruel death He died :  
He was hung up and crucified ;  
And those kind hands that did such good,  
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

5 And so He died ; and this is why  
He came to be a man and die ;  
The Bible says He came from heaven,  
That we might have our sins forgiven.

6 He knew how wicked man had been,  
And knew that God must punish sin ;  
So, out of pity, Jesus said  
He'd bear the punishment instead.

**9** JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,  
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;

s. Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.  
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,  
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;  
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before,  
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,  
Singing to cheer us while passing along :  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.  
Songs of sweet music there ravish the ear :  
Harps on the blessed, your strains we shall hear,  
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome :  
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low ;  
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow ;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,  
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone :  
*Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,*  
*Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.*

## *Hymns for Children.*

### *Original Version.*

**80** **J**OYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,  
Bound for the land of bright spirits  
10s. above;

Angelic choristers sing as I come,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home:  
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,  
Home to that land of delight will I go;  
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished, have passed on  
before,  
Waiting, they watch me approaching that  
shore;  
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling  
gloom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home:  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear;  
Rings with the harmony heaven's high  
dome:  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low;  
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;  
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home:  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;  
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;  
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

**81** **L**AMB of God, who came from heaven,  
7s. Came to shed Thy precious blood,  
That our sins might be forgiven,  
And our souls brought near to God:  
Lamb of God, who died for me,  
Help my soul to trust in Thee.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 2 Thou art pure and undefiled,  
    Meek and lowly, free from sin ;  
I am but a sinful child,  
    Angry tempers dwell within :  
Lamb of God, who died for me,  
    Give me grace to learn of Thee.
- 3 I would follow Thee alone,  
    And Thou bidd'st me, day by day,  
Strive to do as Thou hast done,  
    And my Father's law obey :  
Lamb of God, who died for me,  
    Teach me how to follow Thee.
- 4 Thou art reigning now above,  
    There, where sins and sorrows cease ;  
Guide me by Thy watchful love,  
    Till I reach that land of peace :  
Lamb of God, who died for me,  
    Let me rest in heaven with Thee.

**32**      **L**ET children proclaim  
            Their Saviour and King ;  
3,5,5,      To Jesu's great name,  
3,6,5.      Hosannas we sing :  
            Our best adoration  
            To Jesus we give,  
            Who purchased salvation  
            For us to receive.

- 2 The meek Lamb of God  
    From heaven came down,  
    To ransom with blood,  
    And make us His own :  
And Him without ceasing  
    We all shall proclaim,  
And ever be blessing  
    Our Jesu's great name.

- 3 To Him will we give  
    Our earliest days,  
And thankfully live  
    To publish His praise :

## *Hymns for Children.*

Our lives shall confess Him  
Who came from above ;  
Our tongues ever bless Him,  
And tell of His love.

**83**

7s.

**L**ET us sing with one accord,  
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord ;  
He is worthy whom we praise,  
Hearts and voices let us raise.

2 He hath made us by His power,  
He hath kept us to this hour,  
He redeems us from the grave,  
He who died now lives to save.

3 What He bids us, let us do ;  
Where He leads us, let us go ;  
As He loves us, let us love  
All below, and all above.

4 Angels praise Him, so will we,  
Sinful children though we be ;  
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,  
Jesus helps the weak and poor.

5 Dear to Him is childhood's prayer ;  
Children's hearts to Him are dear ;  
Hearts and voices let us raise,  
He is worthy whom we praise.

**84**

6s. 5s.

**L**IKE mist on the mountain,  
Like ships on the sea,  
So swiftly the years of  
Our pilgrimage flee ;  
In the grave of our fathers  
How soon we shall lie :  
Dear children, to-day,  
To a Saviour fly.

2 How sweet are the flowrets  
In April and May ;  
But often the frost makes  
Them wither away ;  
Like flowers you may fade :  
Are you ready to die ?  
While yet there is room,  
To a S.

*Hymns for Children.*

3 When Samuel was young,  
He first knew the Lord,  
He slept in His smile  
And rejoiced in His Word;  
So most of God's children  
Are early brought nigh:  
O seek Him in youth,  
To a Saviour fly.

4 Do you ask me for pleasure?  
Then lean on His breast,  
For there the sin-laden  
And weary find rest;  
In the valley of death  
You will, triumphing, cry:  
If this be called dying,  
'Tis pleasant to die.

**85** **L**ITTLE children, praise the Saviour,  
8s.7s. He regards them from above,  
Praise Him for His great salvation;  
4. Praise Him for His precious love:  
Sweet Hosannas  
To the name of Jesus sing.

2 When He left His home in glory,  
When He lived with mortals here,  
Little children sang His praises,  
And it pleased His gracious ear.  
Sweet Hosannas  
To the name of Jesus sing.

3 Little children, praise the Saviour;  
Praise Him, our undying Friend;  
Praise Him till in heaven we meet Him,  
There to praise Him without end.  
Sweet Hosannas  
To the name of Jesus sing.

**86**  
8s. 5s.

**L**ITTLE drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the beauteous land.

### *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.
- 3 So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the paths of virtue,  
Into sin to stray.
- 4 Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.
- 5 Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

- 87** **L**ITTLE travellers Zionward,  
Each one entering into rest,  
7s. In the kingdom of your Lord,  
In the mansions of the blest :  
There to welcome, Jesus waits,  
Gives the crowns His followers wi  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travellers in.
- 2 Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reached that heavenly sea  
They had ever kept in view ?  
" I from Greenland's frozen land ; "  
" I from India's sultry plain ; "  
" I from Afric's barren sand ; "  
" I from islands of the main . "
  - 3 All their earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
Here together met at last  
At the portal of the sky :  
Each the welcome, Come, awaits,  
Conquerors over death and sin ;  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travellers in.

*Hymns for Children.*

3 **L**ORD, a little band and lowly,  
a. 78. We are come to sing to Thee,  
Thou art great, and high, and holy,  
O how solemn we should be.

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,  
And of heaven where He is gone;  
And let nothing ever please us  
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory  
Always sees what children do,  
And is writing now the story  
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven,  
Make us fear whatever is wrong;  
Lead us on our way to heaven,  
There to sing a nobler song.

39 **L**ORD, look upon a little child,  
.. M. By nature sinful, rude, and wild;  
O put Thy gracious hands on me,  
And make me all I ought to be.

2 Make me Thy child, a child of God,  
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;  
And my whole heart, from sin set free,  
A little vessel full of thee;

3 A star of early dawn, and bright,  
Shining within Thy sacred light;  
A beam of grace to all around,  
A little spot of hallowed ground.

4 Dear Jesus take me to Thy breast,  
And bless me, that I may be blest;  
Both when I wake and when I sleep,  
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

40 **L**ORD of power, Lord of might,  
God and Father of us all:

78. Lord of day, and Lord of night,  
Listen to our solemn call;  
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise  
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

### *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 Light and love and life are Thine,  
Great Creator of all good ;  
Fill our souls with light divine ;  
Give us with our daily food  
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,  
Blessings rich for evermore.
- 3 Graft within our heart of hearts  
Love undying for Thy name ;  
Bid us, ere the day departs,  
Spread afar our Maker's fame :  
Young and old together bless,  
Clothe our souls with righteousness.
- 4 Full of years, and full of peace,  
May our life on earth be blest ;  
When our trials here shall cease,  
And at last we sink to rest,  
Fountain of eternal love,  
Call us to our home above.

**91** **L**ORD, teach a little child to pray ;  
Thy grace betimes impart ;  
C. M. And grant Thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my youthful heart.

- 2 A sinful creature I was born,  
And from my birth have strayed :  
I must be wretched and forlorn,  
Without Thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain :  
Can fit my soul with Him to live,  
And in His kingdom reign.
- 4 To Him let little children come,  
For He has said they may ;  
His bosom then shall be their home,  
Their tears He'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek His face,  
Shall surely taste His love ;  
Jesus will guide them by His grace,  
To dwell with Him above.

## *Hymns for Children.*

2 **L**ORD, that I may learn of Thee,  
Give me true simplicity;  
Make me poor, and keep me low,  
Seeking only Thee to know.

2 All that feeds my busy pride,  
Cast it evermore aside;  
Bid my will to Thine submit;  
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

3 Make me like a little child,  
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled;  
Seeing only in Thy light,  
Walking only in Thy might:

4 Leaning on Thy loving breast,  
Where a weary soul may rest;  
Feeling well the peace of God  
Flowing from Thy precious blood.

5 In this posture let me live,  
And hosannas daily give;  
In this temper let me die,  
And hosannas ever cry.

3 **L**ORD, this day Thy children meet  
In Thy courts with willing feet:  
Unto Thee this day they raise  
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest  
With Thy worship shall be blest;  
In our pleasure and our glee,  
Lord, we would remember Thee.

3 All our pleasures here below,  
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:  
But, if earth has joys like this,  
What shall be our heavenly bliss!

4 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine  
With all lowly grace, like Thine:  
Then, through all eternity,  
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

*Hymns for Children.*

**94** **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless The  
May an infant lisp Thy name?

8s. 7s. Lord of men as well as angels,

4. Thou art every creature's theme.

Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days,  
Sounded through the wide creation  
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

3 For Thy providence, that governs  
Through Thine empire's wide domain,  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;  
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

4 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,  
Dark through brightness all along :  
Thought is poor, and poor expression ;  
Who dare sing that awful song ?

Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

5 From the highest throne of glory,  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
All to ransom guilty captives :  
Flow my praise, for ever flow.

Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

6 Go, return, immortal Saviour,  
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne  
Thence return, and reign for ever,  
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 5 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise,  
1. Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the earth we tread,  
So far the riches of His grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins ;  
And His forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But Thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

- 3 **N**ONE is like God who reigns above,  
So great, so pure, so high ;  
None is like God, whose name is love,  
And who is always nigh.
- 2 In all the earth there is no spot  
Excluded from His care ;  
We cannot go where God is not,  
For He is everywhere.
- 3 He sees us when we are alone,  
Though no one else can see ;  
And all our thoughts to Him are known,  
Wherever we may be.
- 4 He is our best and kindest friend,  
And guards us night and day ;  
To all our wants He will attend,  
And answer when we pray.
- 5 O if we love Him as we ought,  
And on His grace rely,  
We shall be joyful at the thought  
That God is always nigh.

*Hymns for Children.*

**97**

7s. 6s.

- N**OW be the Gospel banner  
In every land unfurled ;  
And be the shout, Hosanna,  
Re-echoed through the world :  
Till every isle and nation,  
Till every tribe and tongue,  
Receive the great salvation,  
And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though the embattled legions  
Of earth and hell combine ?  
His arm, throughout their regions,  
Shall soon resplendent shine :  
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,  
Immanuel, Prince of peace,  
Thy triumph shall be glorious,  
Thine empire still increase.
- 3 Yea, Thou shalt reign for ever,  
O Jesus, King of kings ;  
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favour,  
Each ransomed captive sings :  
The isles for Thee are waiting,  
The deserts learn Thy praise,  
The hills and valleys greeting,  
The song, responsive, raise.

**98**

6,4,6,4,

6,6,6,4.

- N**OW I have found a friend,  
Jesus is mine ;  
His love shall never end,  
Jesus is mine.  
Though earthly joys decrease,  
Though earthly friendships cease,  
Now I have lasting peace,  
Jesus is mine.
- 2 Though I grow poor and old,  
Jesus is mine ;  
Though I grow faint and cold,  
Jesus is mine.  
He shall my wants supply,  
His precious blood is nigh,  
Nought can my hope destroy,  
Jesus is mine.

### *Hymns for Children.*

- 3 When death is sent to me,  
Jesus is mine;  
Welcome eternity,  
Jesus is mine.  
He my redemption is,  
Wisdom and righteousness,  
Life, light, and holiness,  
Jesus is mine.
- 4 When earth shall pass away,  
Jesus is mine;  
In the great judgment day,  
Jesus is mine.  
O what a glorious thing,  
Then to behold my King,  
On tuneful harp to sing,  
Jesus is mine.
- 5 Father, Thy name I bless,  
Jesus is mine;  
Thine was the sovereign grace,  
Praise shall be Thine.  
Spirit of holiness,  
Sealing the Father's grace,  
Thou mad'st my soul embrace,  
Jesus as mine.

**99** **N**OW, in my early days,  
Teach me Thy will to know.

S.M. O God, Thy sanctifying grace  
Betimes on me bestow.

- 2 My heart, to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine;  
Unite it to Thyself alone,  
And make me wholly Thine.
- 3 O let Thy Word of grace  
My warmest thoughts employ;  
Be this, through all my future days,  
My treasure and my joy.
- 4 To what Thy laws impart  
Be my whole soul inclined;  
O let them dwell within my heart,  
And sanctify my mind.

*Hymns for Children.*

**100** **N**OW that my journey's just begun,  
My course so little trod,  
c. m. I'll stay, before I further run,  
And give myself to God.

2 What sorrows may my steps attend  
I cannot now foretell;  
But if the Lord will be my friend,  
I know that all is well.

3 If all my earthly friends should die  
And leave me mourning here;  
Since God regards the orphan's cry,  
O what have I to fear?

4 If I am rich, He'll guard my heart  
Temptation to withstand;  
And make me willing to impart  
The bounties of His hand.

5 If I am poor, He can supply,  
Who has my table spread;  
Who feeds the ravens when they cry  
And fills His poor with bread.

6 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill  
For me may be in store,  
Make me submissive to Thy will,  
And I would ask no more.

7 Attend me through my youthful years  
Whatever be my lot;  
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey  
O Lord, forsake me not.

**101** **N**OW the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
6s. 5s. Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Birds, and beasts, and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 8 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose ;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee ;  
Guard the sailors, tossing  
On the deep blue sea.
- 5 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain ;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sin restrain.
- 6 Through the long night-watches,  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise,  
Pure and fresh and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

- 102** **O** COME to the merciful Saviour who  
calls you, [forgets ;  
12s. 11s. O come to the Lord who forgives and  
Though dark be the fortune on earth that  
befalls you,  
There's a bright home above where the  
sun never sets.
- 2 O come then to Jesus, whose arms are ex-  
tended  
To fold His dear children in closest em-  
brace ; [ended,  
O come, for your exile will shortly be  
And Jesus will show you His beautiful  
face.
- 3 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy  
grows brighter [love ;  
The longer you look at the depth of His  
And fear not, 'tis Jesus, and life's cares  
grow lighter,  
As you think of the home and the glory  
above.

100

7s. 6s.

O for the tearless eyes;  
O for the glorious brightness  
Of the unclouded skies.

2 O for the no more weeping,  
Within the land of love;  
The endless joy of keeping  
The bridal feast above.

3 O for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour face to face,  
The joy of ever being  
In that sweet meeting-place.

4 Jesus, Thou King of glory.  
I soon shall dwell with  
And sing the wondrous story  
Of all Thy love to me.

104 O HAD I, my Saviour  
dove,

11s. How soon would I soar  
above;  
How soon would I flee

## *Hymns for Children.*

3 Ah, there the wild tempest for ever shall  
cease;

No billows shall ruffle that haven of peace:  
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,  
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the  
heart.

4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;  
Rise, bright sun of glory, no more to decline;  
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;  
O what will it be when the fulness appears!

15 O HAPPY is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice;

1. And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than East or West unfold;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy days;  
Riches, with splendid honours joined,  
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young, with innocence,  
In pleasure's paths to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,  
So her rewards increase;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

16 O HAPPY land, O happy land,  
Where saints and angels dwell;

1. We long to join that glorious band,  
And all their anthems swell.

But every voice in yonder throng  
On earth has breathed a prayer;  
No lips untaught may join that song,  
*Or learn the music there.*

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 The saints in light, the saints in light,  
What joy to them is given ;  
Their robes are pure, the crowns are bright,  
Their peaceful home is heaven.  
Their robes were cleansed from every stain  
In bleeding, dying love ;  
On earth they served, so now they reign  
As kings and priests above.
- 3 Thou heavenly Friend, Thou heavenly Friend  
O hear us when we pray ;  
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,  
And take our sins away.  
Be all our fresh, our youthful days,  
To Thy blest service given ;  
Then we shall meet to sing Thy praise,  
A ransomed band in heaven.

107

6s. 5s.

- O HEAVEN, sweet heaven,  
The home of the blest,  
Where hearts, once in trouble,  
Are ever at rest ;  
Where eyes that could see not,  
Rejoice in the light,  
And beggars, made princes,  
Are walking in white.
- 2 O heaven, sweet heaven,  
Where purity reigns,  
Where error disturbs not,  
And sin never stains ;  
Where holiness robes in  
Its garments so fair,  
The great multitude  
That is worshipping there.
- 3 O heaven, sweet heaven,  
Where music ne'er dies,  
But rich, pealing anthems  
Of glory arise ;  
Where saints with one feeling  
Of rapture are stirred,  
And loud Hallelujahs  
For ever are heard.

## *Hymns for Children.*

4 O heaven, sweet heaven,  
Where friends never part,  
But cords of true friendship  
Bind firmly the heart ;  
Where farewell shall never  
More fall on the ear,  
Nor eyes that have sorrowed  
Be dimmed with a tear.

5 O heaven, sweet heaven,  
The mansion of love,  
Where Christ in His beauty  
Shines forth from above,  
The Lamb, with His sceptre,  
To charm and control ;  
And love is the sea  
That encircles the whole.

18 **O** JOYOUS is the music  
Of the missionary song,  
m. When it seems to come from every heart,  
And sounds from every tongue ;  
When happy, Christian little ones  
All sing with one accord,  
Of the time when realms of darkness  
Shall be kingdoms of the Lord.

2 But sweeter music far than all  
Which Jesus loves to hear,  
Are children's voices, when they breathe  
A missionary prayer ;  
When they bring the heart petition  
To the great Redeemer's throne,  
That He will choose the heathen out,  
And take them for His own.

3 This is the music Jesus taught  
When He was here below ;  
This is the music Jesus loves  
To hear in glory now :  
And many a one from distant lands  
Will reach His heavenly home,  
In answer to the children's prayer :  
O Lord, Thy kingdom come.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 4 Then, missionary children,  
Let this music never cease ;  
Work on, work on in earnest,  
For the Lord, the Prince of peace ;  
There is praying work, and paying work  
For every heart and hand,  
Till the missionary chorus  
Shall go forth through all the land.

**109**

6s.

**O**NCE more before we part,  
Bless the Redeemer's name ;  
Join every tongue and heart,  
To adore and praise the Lamb.

2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,  
That blessing still impart ;  
We met in Jesu's name,  
In Jesu's name we part.

8 If here we meet no more,  
May we, in realms above,  
With all the saints adore  
Redeeming grace and love.

**110**

8,4,8,4,

8,8,8,4.

**O**NE there is above all others,  
O how He loves !

His is love beyond a brother's,

O how He loves !

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,  
O how He loves !

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,

O how He loves !

Think, O think how much we owe Him,

O how He loves !

With His precious blood He bought us,  
In the wilderness He sought us,  
To His fold He safely brought us,  
O how He loves !

## *Hymns for Children.*

3 We have found a friend in Jesus,  
    O how He loves !  
'Tis His great delight to bless us,  
    O how He loves !  
How our hearts delight to hear Him  
Bid us dwell in safety near Him,  
Why should we distrust or fear Him ?  
    O how He loves !

4 Through His name we are forgiven,  
    O how He loves !  
Backward shall our foes be driven,  
    O how He loves !  
Best of blessings He'll provide us,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,  
Safe to glory He will guide us,  
    O how He loves !

**111** **O**NWARD, upward, homeward :  
    Hastily I flee

6s.5s. From this world of sorrow,  
    With my Lord to be.

Onward to the glory, upward to the prize ;  
Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

2 Onward, upward, homeward :  
    Here I find no rest,  
Treading o'er the desert  
    Which my Saviour pressed.  
    Onward to the glory, etc.

3 Onward, upward, homeward :  
    I shall soon be there ;  
Soon its joys and pleasures  
    I, through grace, shall share.  
    Onward to the glory, etc.

4 Onward, upward, homeward :  
    Come along with me,  
*Ye who love the Saviour ;*  
    *Bear me company.*  
    Onward to the glory, etc

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 5 Onward, upward, homeward :  
Press with vigour on ;  
Yet a little while,  
And the race is won.  
Onward to the glory, etc.

**112** O THAT the Lord would guide my way  
To keep His statutes still ;  
c. m. O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do His will.

- 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart ;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 4 Make me to walk in Thy commands ;  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

**113** O WHAT can little hands do,  
To please the King of heaven ?

7,7,8,8, The little hands some work may try

7. To help the poor in misery :  
Such grace to mine be given.
- 2 O what can little lips do,  
To please the King of heaven ?  
The little lips can praise and pray,  
And gentle words of kindness say :  
Such grace to mine be given.
- 3 O what can little eyes do,  
To please the King of heaven ?  
The little eyes can upward look,  
And learn to read God's holy Book :  
Such grace to mine be given.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 4 O what can little hearts do,  
To please the King of heaven ?  
Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,  
Can love and trust their Saviour, Friend :  
Such grace to mine be given.
- 5 Though small is all that we can do,  
To please the King of heaven ;  
When hearts, and hands, and lips unite  
To serve the Saviour with delight,  
They are most precious in His sight :  
Such grace to mine be given.

**114** O WHAT has Jesus done for me ?\*

He pitied me, my Saviour ;  
8s. 7s. My sins were great, His love was free ;  
He died for me, my Saviour ;  
Exalted by the Father's side,  
He pleads for me, my Saviour ;  
A heavenly mansion He'll provide  
For all who love the Saviour.  
Jesus, dear Jesus,  
Thy name is sweet, my Saviour ;  
When shall I see Thee face to face,  
My wondrous, blessèd Saviour ?

- 2 To my weak steps He doth give heed,  
He watcheth me, my Saviour ;  
He helpeth me in every need,  
He loveth me, my Saviour ;  
He heareth, and doth answer send,  
To my poor prayer, my Saviour ;  
And He will keep unto the end  
The child that trusts his Saviour.  
Jesus, dear Jesus, etc.

**115** POOR and needy though I be,  
God almighty cares for me ;  
7s. Gives me clothing, shelter, food,  
Gives me all I have of good.

- 2 He will hear me when I pray ;  
He is with me night and day,  
When I sleep and when I wake,  
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

\* From *The Child's Own Hymn Book*, by permission.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 3 He who reigns above the sky  
Once became as poor as I ;  
He whose blood for me was shed  
Had not where to lay His head.
- 4 Though I labour here awhile,  
He will bless me with His smile,  
And when this short life is past  
I shall rest with Him at last.
- 5 Then to Him I'll tune my song,  
Happy as the day is long ;  
This my joy for ever be,  
God almighty cares for me.

- 116** PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days  
7s. Bounteous Source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field ;  
For the stores the gardens yield ;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain ;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
  - 3 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land,  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich, o'erflowing stores :
  - 4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow.  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 117** SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,  
Listen while we sing ;  
6s. 5s. Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King.  
All we have to offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.  
Saviour, blessed Saviour,  
Listen while we sing ;  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration,  
Bending low the knee.  
Thou for our redemption,  
Cam'st on earth to die ;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.  
Saviour, blessed Saviour, etc.
- 3 Great, and ever greater,  
Are Thy mercies here,  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there ;  
Where no pain or sorrow,  
Toil or care, is known ;  
Where the angel legions  
Circle round Thy throne.  
Saviour, blessed Saviour, etc.
- 4 Clearer still, and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sin forgiven ;  
Every day that passeth,  
Every hour that flies,  
Tells of love unfading,  
Love that never dies.  
Saviour, blessed Saviour, etc.
- 5 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God ;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hurry on,  
Backward never looking,  
Till the prize is won.  
Saviour, blessed Saviour, etc.
- 6 Brighter still, and brighter,  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done ;

*Hymns for Children.*

Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessèd Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.  
Saviour, blessèd Saviour, et

- 118** SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,  
8s. 7s. Much we need Thy tender care ;  
4. In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use Thy fold prepare ;  
Blessèd Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us. Thine we are.
- 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,  
Be the guardian of our way ;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray ;  
Blessèd Jesus,  
Hear the children when they pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be ;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free ;  
Blessèd Jesus,  
Let us early turn to Thee.
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favour,  
Early let us do Thy will ;  
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,  
With Thy grace our bosoms fill ;  
Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

- 119** SOW in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand ;  
s. m. To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,  
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows, stock ;  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 3    Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
      The late or early sown ;  
      Grace keeps the precious germs alive,  
      When and wherever strown.
- 4    And duly shall appear,  
      In verdure, beauty, strength,  
      The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
      And the full corn at length.
- 5    Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
      Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
      Shall foster and mature the grain  
      For garnerers in the sky.
- 6    Thence, when the glorious end,  
      The day of God is come,  
      The angel-reapers shall descend,  
      And heaven cry, Harvest-home.

- 120**    **S**TAND up, stand up for Jesus,  
      Ye soldiers of the cross ;  
7s. 6s.    Lift high His royal banner,  
      It must not suffer loss.  
      From victory unto victory  
      His army shall He lead.  
      Till every foe is vanquished,  
      And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2    Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
      Stand in His strength alone ;  
      The arm of flesh will fail you,  
      Ye dare not trust your own.  
      Put on the Gospel armour,  
      Each piece put on with prayer ;  
      Where duty calls, or danger,  
      Be never wanting there.
- 3    Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
      Each soldier to his post ;  
      Close up the broken column,  
      And shout through all the host.  
      Make good the loss so heavy,  
      In those that still remain ;  
      And prove to all around you  
      That death itself is gain.

### *Hymns for Children.*

- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long ;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
To Him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be ;  
He, with the King of glory,  
Shall reign eternally.

**121** SWEET the lesson Jesus taught,  
When to Him fond parents brought  
7,7,7,5. Babes for whom they blessing sought,  
Little ones, like me.

- 2 Jesus did not answer nay,  
Bid them come another day ;  
Jesus did not turn away  
Little ones, like me.
- 3 No, my Saviour's hand was laid  
Softly on each infant head ;  
Jesus, when He blessed them, said,  
Let them come to Me.
- 4 Babes may still His blessing share ;  
Lambs are His peculiar care ;  
He will in His bosom bear  
Little ones, like me.
- 5 Saviour, on my infant head  
Let Thy gracious hand be laid,  
While I do as Thou hast said,  
Coming unto Thee.

**122** THE daylight fades,  
The evening shades  
4,4,6. Are gathering round my head ;  
4,4,6. Father above,  
I praise that love  
Which smooths and guards my bed.

*Hymns for Children.*

2 While Thou art near,  
I need not fear  
The gloom of midnight hour ;  
Blest Jesus, still  
From every ill  
Defend me with Thy power.

3 Pardon my sin,  
And enter in,  
And sanctify my heart ;  
Spirit divine,  
O make me Thine,  
And ne'er from me depart.

**23** THE Lord is rich and merciful,  
The Lord is very kind ;  
.M. O come to Him, come now to Him,  
With a believing mind.  
His comforts they shall strengthen Thee,  
Like flowing waters cool ;  
And He shall for thy spirit be  
A fountain ever full.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,  
Our God is very high ;  
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,  
And have security.  
He shall be to thee like the sea,  
And thou shalt surely feel  
His wind that bloweth healthily,  
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,  
As all the ages tell ;  
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,  
Then with thee it is well.  
And with His light thou shalt be blest,  
Therein to work and live ;  
And He shall be to thee a rest  
When evening hours arrive.

*Hymns for Children.*

124

4,4,6,  
4,4,6.

- THE morning bright,  
With rosy light,  
Has waked me from my sleep;  
Father, I own  
Thy love alone  
Thy little one doth keep.
- 2 All through the day,  
I humbly pray,  
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;  
My sins forgive,  
And let me live,  
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.
- 3 O make Thy rest  
Within my breast,  
Great Spirit of all grace;  
Make me like Thee,  
Then shall I be  
Prepared to see Thy face.

125

D. C. M.

- THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain :  
His blood-red banner streams afar;  
Who follows in His train ?  
Who best can drink the cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.  
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong :  
Who follows in his train ?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.  
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train ?

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 4 A noble army ; men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain ;  
O God, to us may grace be given,  
To follow in their train.

26 **T**HE world looks very beautiful,  
And full of joy to me ;  
7,6, The sun shines out in glory  
7,3. On everything I see :  
I know I shall be happy,  
While in the world I stay,  
For I will follow Jesus,  
All the way.

- 2 I'm but a little pilgrim,  
My journey's just begun ;  
They say I shall meet sorrow  
Before my journey's done :  
The world is full of sorrow  
And suffering, they say,  
But I will follow Jesus,  
All the way.

- 3 Then, like a little pilgrim,  
Whatever I may meet,  
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,  
To lay at Jesus' feet :  
He'll comfort me in trouble,  
He'll wipe my tears away,  
With joy I'll follow Jesus,  
All the way.

- 4 Then trials cannot vex me,  
And pain I need not fear ;  
For when I'm close by Jesus,  
Grief cannot come too near :  
Not even death can harm me,  
When death I meet one day ;  
To heaven I'll follow Jesus,  
All the way.

*Hymns for Children.*

**127** **T**HERE came a little Child to earth  
Long ago ;  
P. M. And the angels of God proclaimed His birth,  
High and low.

2 Out in the night so calm and still,  
Their song was heard ;  
For they knew that the Child on Bethle-  
Was Christ the Lord. [hem's hill

3 Far away in a goodly land,  
Fair and bright,  
Children with crowns of glory stand,  
Robed in white.

4 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair,  
A child was born ;  
And that they might His crown of glory share,  
Wore a crown of thorn.

5 And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,  
Came forth to die,  
That the children of earth might in glory  
With Him on high. [reign

6 And for evermore, in their robes so fair  
And undefiled,  
Those ransomed children His praise declare  
Who was once a Child.

**128** **T**HERE is a better world they say,  
O so bright.

8,3,8,3, Where sin and woe are done away,  
8,8,8,6. O so bright.

And music fills the balmy air,  
And angels bright and pure are there  
And harps of gold and mansions fair,  
O so bright, O so bright.

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,  
Happy land.

No tear-drops glisten in the eye,  
Happy land.

They drink the gushing streams of grace,  
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,  
Whose brightness fills the holy place,  
Happy land, happy land.

## *Hymns for Children.*

3 And wicked things and beasts of prey  
Come not there;  
And ruthless death, and fierce decay  
Come not there;  
There all are holy, all are good;  
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood  
And guilty sinners unrenewed,  
Come not there, come not there.

4 Though we are sinners every one,  
Jesus died.  
And though our crown of peace is gone,  
Jesus died.  
May we be cleansed from every stain,  
May we be crowned with peace again,  
And in that land of pleasure reign,  
Jesus died, Jesus died.

5 Then, parents, brothers, sisters, come,  
Come away.  
We long to reach our Father's home,  
Come away.  
O come, the time is fleeting past,  
And life, and all on earth fades fast:  
Our turn will surely come at last,  
Come away, Come away.

9 **T**HERE is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
,4. Where saints in glory stand,  
,4. Bright, bright as day.  
O how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour-King;  
Loud let His praises ring,  
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
O we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
Blest, blest for aye.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 3 Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye ;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
On then to glory run,  
Be a crown and kingdom won ;  
And bright above the sun  
Reign, reign for aye.

- 130** **T**HERE is a name I love to hear,  
I love to speak its worth ;  
c. m. It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free ;  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile  
Beaming upon His child ;  
It cheers me through this little while,  
Through desert, waste and wild.
- 4 It tells of One whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe ;  
Who, in my sorrow bears a part  
That none can bear below.
- 5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,  
It dries each rising tear ;  
It tells me, in a still small voice,  
To trust and never fear.
- 6 Jesus, the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear ;  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.
- 7 This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road ;  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.
- 8 And there, with all the blood-bought thron  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesu's love to me.

*Hymns for Children.*

**31** **T**HERE is a path that leads to God,  
All others lead astray ;

**J. M.** Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,  
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,  
And dangers must be passed ;  
But those who boldly walk therein  
Will get to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road, where thousands go,  
Lies near, and opens fair ;  
And many turn aside, I know,  
To walk with sinners there.

4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,  
Or wander from Thy way,  
Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
And I shall never stray.

5 Then I may go without alarm,  
And trust His word of old :  
The lambs He'll gather with His arm,  
And lead them to the fold.

6 Thus I may safely venture through,  
Beneath my Shepherd's care ;  
And keep the gate of heaven in view  
Till I shall enter there.

**32** **T**HERE is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night ;

**C. M.** There is an ear that never shuts,  
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,  
When human strength gives way  
There is a love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;  
That arm upholds the sky ;  
That ear is filled with angel songs ;  
That love is throned on high.

### *Hymns for Children.*

- 4 But there's a power which man can wield,  
When mortal aid is vain,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high  
Through Jesus to the throne,  
And moves the hand which moves the world  
To bring salvation down.

- 133** **T**H**ERE** is life for a look at the cruci-  
fied One ;  
11s. 8s. There is life at this moment for thee ;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be  
saved ;  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
- 2 It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,  
But the blood, that atones for the soul :  
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at  
Thy weight of iniquities roll. [once
- 3 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou  
seen ?  
His cry of distress hast thou heard ?  
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He en-  
dured,  
Should pardon to thee be deferred ?
- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has  
declared,  
There remaineth no more to be done ;  
That once, in the end of the world He  
appeared,  
And completed the work He begun.
- 5 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives :  
And know, with assurance, thou never canst  
die,  
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.
- 6 There is life for a look at the crucified One ;  
There is life at this moment for thee ;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be  
And know thyself spotless as He. [saved,

*Hymns for Children.*

**134** **T**HERE is no love like the love of Jesus,  
Never to fade or fall,  
10s. 6s. Till into the fold of the peace of God  
He has gathered us all.

2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,  
Filled with a tender lore ;  
Not a throb nor throe our hearts can know,  
But He suffered before.

3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,  
Piercing far away ;  
Never out of sight of its tender light  
Can the wanderer stray.

4 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,  
Ah, how sweet its chime ;  
Like the musical ring of some rushingspring,  
In the summer time.

5 O might we listen that voice of Jesus,  
O might we never roam,  
Till our souls should rest, in peace, on His  
breast,  
In the heavenly home.

**135** **T**HERE'S a beautiful land where the  
rains never beat,  
P. M. And the east winds never blow ; [heat,  
And they feel not the glow of the summer  
Nor the chill of the winter snow.

'Tis heaven, sweet heaven, that  
beautiful land :

There is nothing on earth  
Of true beauty or worth ;  
Let us go to the beautiful land.

2 There is many a child in that beautiful land ;  
We have brothers and sisters there :  
And they dwell with the angels, a happy  
band,  
Their glory and joy to share.  
'Tis heaven, sweet heaven, etc.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 3 And Jesus lives in that beautiful land,  
And He says to the children, Come:  
And sometimes He takes them from  
band,  
To dwell in that beautiful home.  
'Tis heaven, sweet heaven,
- 4 And if Jesus shall help me by His gra  
There I, too, in light shall stand,  
And join in the songs of glorious praise  
In the fields of the beautiful land.  
'Tis heaven, sweet heaven,

## **136** **T**HERE'S a Friend for little child: Above the bright blue sky,

7s. 6s. A Friend who never changes,  
Whose love will never die.  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
The precious name He bears.

- 2 There's a Rest for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessèd Saviour  
And, Abba Father, cry;  
A rest from every trouble,  
From sin and danger free;  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.
- 3 There's a Home for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.
- 4 There's a Crown for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by-and-by;

## *Hymns for Children.*

A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On all who love the Saviour,  
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a Song for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky ;  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And a palm of victory :  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone ;  
• O come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.

**137** **T**HIS is not my place of resting,  
Mine's a city yet to come ;  
3s. 7s. Onward to it I am hasting,  
On to my eternal home.  
In the city of the holy,  
In the land of the blessed  
Where the Saviour reigns in glory,  
There is rest for me.  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for me.

2 In it all is light and glory,  
O'er it shines a nightless day ;  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse has passed away.  
In the city, etc.

3 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us  
By the streams of life along ;  
On the richest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.  
In the city, etc.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain ;  
Never more be sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again.  
In the city, etc.

*Hymns for Children.*

**138** **T**HOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy  
kingly crown

10, 8, 10, When Thou camest to earth for me ;

8, 8, 8. But in Bethlehem's home was there room  
For Thy holy nativity ; [no room

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,  
Proclaiming Thy royal degree ;

But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth  
And in great humility ;

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had  
their nest

In the shade of the cedar-tree ;

But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son  
In the deserts of Galilee ; [of God

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word  
That should set Thy people free ;

But with mocking scorn, and with crown of  
thorn,

They bore Thee to Calvary ;

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee

5 When heaven's arches shall ring and the  
choir shall sing

At Thy coming to victory,

Let Thy voice call me home, saying : Ye  
there is room,

There is room at my side for thee.

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee

**139** **T**HOU Guardian of our youthful days,  
To Thee our prayers ascend ;

C. M. To Thee we'll tune our songs of praise,  
Jesus, the children's Friend.

### *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 From Thee our daily mercies flow,  
Our life and health descend ;  
O save our souls from sin and woe,  
Jesus, the children's Friend.
- 3 Teach us to prize Thy holy Word,  
And to its truths attend ;  
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,  
And love the children's Friend.
- 4 O may we taste of Jesus' love,  
To Him our souls commend ;  
For Jesus left the realms above  
To be the children's Friend.
- 5 Let all our hopes be fixed on high,  
And when our lives shall end,  
Then may we live above the sky  
With Thee, the children's Friend.

**140** **T**HOU that once, on mother's knee,  
Wast a little one, like me,

7s.

- When I wake or go to bed  
Lay Thy hands about my head ;  
Let me feel Thee very near,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.
- 2 Be beside me in the light,  
Close by me through all the night ;  
Make me gentle, kind, and true,  
Do what mother bids me do ;  
Help and cheer me when I fret,  
And forgive when I forget.
  - 3 Once wast Thou in cradle laid,  
Baby bright in manger-shade,  
With the oxen and the cows,  
And the lambs outside the house :  
Now Thou art above the sky ;  
Canst Thou hear a baby cry ?
  - 4 Thou art nearer when we pray,  
Since Thou art so far away ;  
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,  
Thou that once, on mother's knee,  
Wast a little one, like me.

*Hymns for Children.*

**141** **T**IME by moments steals away,  
First the hour and then the day;  
7s. Small the daily loss appears,  
Yet it soon amounts to years.  
Thus another year is flown ;  
Now it is no more our own,  
Though it brought or promised good,  
Than the years before the flood.

2 But, may none of us forget,  
It has left us much in debt ;  
Favours from the Lord received,  
Sins that have His Spirit grieved,  
Marked by an unerring hand,  
In His book recorded, stand :  
Who can tell the vast amount  
Placed to each of our account ?

3 Happy the believing soul :  
Christ for us has paid the whole  
While we own the debt is large,  
We may plead a full discharge.  
Spared to see another year  
Let Thy blessing meet us here ;  
Let our prayer Thy mercy move  
Make this year a time of love.

**142** **T**O GOD who reigns above the sky,  
Our Father and our Friend,  
c. m. To Him let all our vows be paid,  
And all our prayers ascend !

2 'Tis He who claims our youthful hearts,  
He loves to hear us pray ;  
By night we'll think upon His love,  
And praise Him every day.

3 When we offend against our God,  
We'll ask His pardoning love ;  
'Twas for our sins the Saviour died,  
And pleads for us above.

4 With all the love a father feels  
He pities and forgives ;  
And though our earthly parents die,  
Our heavenly Father lives.

*Hymns for Children.*

**43** **T**O Him who for our sins was slain,  
To Him for all His dying pain,  
8,6. Sing we Hallelujah.

2 To Him who rose that we might rise,  
And reign with Him beyond the skies,  
Sing we Hallelujah.

3 To Him who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all we need,  
Sing we Hallelujah.

4 To Him who doth prepare on high  
Our home in immortality,  
Sing we Hallelujah.

5 To Him be glory evermore;  
Ye heavenly hosts your Lord adore,  
Sing ye Hallelujah.

**44** **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,  
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;  
. M. And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away:  
O make Thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingèd hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by Thy almighty power  
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care:  
O be it still pursued;  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young golden beams should die  
In sudden, endless night.

*Hymns for Children.*

**145** 'TWAS God that made the ocean,  
And laid its sandy bed ;  
7s.6s. He gave the stars their motion,  
And built the mountain's head ;  
He made the rolling thunder,  
The lightning's forkèd flame ;  
His works are full of wonder,  
All glorious is His name.

- 2 And must it not surprise us  
That One so high and great  
Should see and not despise us,  
Poor sinners, at His feet ?  
Yet day by day He gives us  
Our raiment and our food ;  
In sickness He relieves us,  
And is in all things good.
- 3 But things that are far greater  
His mighty hand hath done :  
And sent us blessings sweeter  
Through Christ His only Son ;  
Who, when He saw us dying  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
On wings of mercy flying,  
Came down with life and light.

- 4 He gives His Word to teach us  
Our danger and our wants ;  
And kindly doth beseech us  
To take the life He grants.  
His Holy Spirit frees us  
From Satan's deadly powers ;  
Leads us by faith to Jesus,  
And makes His glory ours.

**146** WE come, Lord, to Thy feet,  
On this Thy holy day :  
s. m. O come to us, while here we meet,  
To learn and praise and pray.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 2 Our many sins forgive,  
The Holy Spirit send,  
And teach us to begin to live  
The life that knows no end.
- 3 Lord, fill our hearts with love,  
Our teachers' labours own,  
That we and they may meet above  
To sing before Thy throne.

**147** **W**AS there ever kindest shepherd,  
Half so gentle, half so sweet  
8s. 7s. As the Saviour who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet?

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good ;  
There is mercy with the Saviour,  
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed ;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.
- 4 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind ;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 5 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

**148** **W**E know there's a bright and glorious  
home,  
P.M. Away in the heavens high,  
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus  
dwell ;  
But will you be there, and I ?  
Will you be there, and I ?

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 2 In robes of white, o'er the streets of gold,  
Beneath a cloudless sky,  
They walk in the light of their Father's  
smile;  
But will you be there, and I?  
Will you be there, and I?
- 3 From every kingdom of earth they come,  
To join the triumphal cry,  
Of, Worthy the Lamb that once was slain;  
But will you be there, and I?  
Will you be there, and I?
- 4 If we seek the loving Saviour now,  
And follow Him faithfully,  
When He gathers His children in that  
bright home,  
Then you will be there, and I:  
Yes, you will be there, and I.

**149** **W**<sup>E</sup> plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
7s. 6s. But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand;  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the  
Lord,  
For all His love.

- 2 He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.  
All good gifts around us, etc.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food :  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.  
All good gifts around us, etc.

**150** **W**E praise Thee, we bless Thee, O  
Father in heaven,  
11s. For the Saviour Thou hast to Thy little  
ones given ;  
We thank Thee, we bless Thee, O merciful  
God,  
For the gift of Thine only Son, Jesus our  
Lord.

- 2 O Thou who didst send the Child Jesus to  
earth,  
Give us, O our Father, a heavenly birth,  
Give us Thy good Spirit, our hearts to  
renew,  
And make us Thy followers, faithful and  
true.

**151** **W**E speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair ;  
8s. And oft are its glories confest ;  
But what must it be to be there ?

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold :  
But what must it be to be there ?

- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation and care,  
From trials without and within :  
But what must it be to be there ?

*Hymns for Children.*

- 4 We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the first-born above ;  
But what must it be to be there ?
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe  
Still for heaven my spirit prepare ;  
And shortly I also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there.

**152** **W**E won't give up the Bible,  
God's holy book of truth ;  
7s. 6s. The blessèd staff of hoary age,  
The guide of early youth ;  
The sun that sheds a glorious light  
O'er every dreary road ;  
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,  
And calls us home to God.

- 2 We won't give up the Bible  
For pleasure or for pain ;  
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not  
For all that we might gain.  
Though man should try to take our pri-  
By guile or cruel might,  
We'd suffer all that man could do ;  
And God defend the right.

- 3 We won't give up the Bible,  
But spread it far and wide,  
Until its saving voice be heard  
Beyond the rolling tide ;  
Till all shall know its gracious power,  
And with one voice and heart,  
Resolve, that from God's sacred Word  
We'll never, never part.

**153** **W**HEN, His salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
7s. 6s. The children all stood singing  
Hosanna to His name ;  
Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
But as He rode along  
He let them still attend Him,  
And smiled to hear their song.

## *Hymns for Children.*

2 And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still,  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
We'll flock around His banner  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And cry aloud, Hosanna  
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their Hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No, while our hearts are tender,  
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

**54** **W**HEN I look up to yonder sky,  
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high.  
L. M. I think of One I cannot see,  
But One who sees and cares for me.

2 His name is God: He gave me birth;  
And everything that breathes on earth,  
And every tree and flower that grows,  
To the same hand its being owes.

3 And He my daily food provides,  
And all that I can want besides;  
And when I close my sleeping eye,  
I rest in peace, for He is nigh.

4 Then shall I not for ever love  
This gracious God who reigns above?  
For very good indeed is He,  
To love a little child like me.

**55** **W**HEN Jesus left His Father's home  
He chose an humble birth;  
L. M. Like us, unhonoured and unknown,  
He came to dwell on earth.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 2 Like Him, may we be found below  
In wisdom's path of peace ;  
Like Him in grace and knowledge grow  
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were His words and kind His look  
When mothers round Him pressed,  
Their infants in His arms He took  
And on His bosom blessed.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,  
Beneath His watchful eye,  
Thus in the circle of His arms  
May we for ever lie.
- 5 When Jesus into Salem rode  
The children sang aloud,  
For joy they plucked the palms, and strewed  
Their garments on the ground.
- 6 Hosanna our glad voices raise,  
Hosanna to our King,  
Should we forget our Saviour's praise  
The stones themselves would sing.

**156** **W**HEN, marshalled on the nightly  
plain,  
L. M. The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone of all the train  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

- 2 Hark, hark, to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem ;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks :  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode :  
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,  
When suddenly a star arose :  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

*Hymns for Children.*

- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever, and for evermore,  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

**57** **W**HEN mothers of Salem  
Their children brought to Jesus,  
P. M. The stern disciples drove them back,  
And bade them depart;  
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,  
And sweetly smiled and kindly said,  
Suffer little children to come unto Me.

- 2 For I will receive them,  
And fold them in My bosom:  
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,  
O drive them not away;  
For if their hearts to Me they give,  
They shall with Me in glory live:  
Suffer little children to come unto Me.

- 3 How kind was our Saviour,  
To bid those children welcome;  
But there are many thousands  
Who have never heard His name;  
The Bible they have never read,  
They know not that the Saviour said,  
Suffer little children to come unto Me.

- 4 O soon may the heathen,  
Of every tribe and nation,  
Fulfil Thy blessèd Word,  
And cast their idols all away;  
O shine upon them from above,  
And show Thyself a God of love,  
Teach the little children to come unto  
Thee.

*Hymns for Children.*

**158** **W**HILE shepherds watched their flock  
by night,

*c. m.*

All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

- 2 Fear not, said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind:  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born of David's line  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace;  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease.

**159** **W**ORDS are things of little cost,  
Quickly spoken, quickly lost:

*7s.*

- We forget them, but they stand  
Witnesses at God's right hand,  
And their testimony bear  
For us, or against us, there.
- 2 O how often ours have been  
Idle words and words of sin,  
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,  
Or deceit, our faults to hide,  
Envious tales, or strife unkind,  
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

## *Hymns for Children.*

- 3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,  
Strength to watch and grace to pray;  
May our lips, from sin kept free,  
Love to speak and sing of Thee,  
Till in heaven we learn to raise  
Hymns of everlasting praise.

**10** **Y**ES, God is good : in earth and sky,  
From ocean depths and spreading  
wood,

M.

- Ten thousand voices seem to cry,  
God made us all, and God is good.
- 2 The sun that keeps His trackless way,  
And downward pours His golden flood,  
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,  
In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,  
Their song with every spring renewed ;  
And balmy air, and falling rain,  
Each softly whisper, God is good.
- 4 Yes, God is good, all nature says,  
By God's own hand with speech endued ;  
And man, in louder notes of praise,  
Should sing for joy that God is good.
- 5 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,  
But chiefly for our heavenly food ;  
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening Word,  
These prompt our song that God is good.

**161** **Y**OUNG children once to Jesus came,  
His blessing to entreat ;  
c. m. And I may humbly do the same  
Before His mercy-seat.

- 2 For when their feeble hands were spread,  
And bent each infant knee,  
Forbid them not, the Saviour said ;  
And so He says to me.
- 3 Though now He is not here below,  
But on His heavenly hill,  
To Him may little children go,  
And seek a blessing still.

### *Hymns for Children.*

- 4 Well pleased those little ones to see,  
The dear Redeemer smiled ;  
O then He will not frown on me,  
A poor unworthy child.
- 5 If babes, so many years ago,  
His tender pity drew,  
He will not surely let me go  
Without a blessing too.
- 6 Then while, this favour to implore,  
My youthful hands are spread,  
Do Thou Thy sacred blessing pour,  
Dear Jesus, on my head.

## NOTES.

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NOT.

In the original the last four lines are employed as a refrain throughout, with slight variations fitted to each stanza.

There are eight stanzas in the original, of which the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th are omitted. The sixth stanza of the text was added by Dr. John Rippon in 1787, and is now generally received. Verse 2, line 1, reads in the original, "your God;" and verse 5 reads,

"Let every tribe and every tongue  
That bound creation's call,  
Now shout in universal song,  
The crownèd Lord of all."

Verse 1, line 3, sometimes runs, "Him serve with mirth;" as in the Scottish Metrical Psalms; and verse 2, line 1 (as in the later editions of Sternhold and Hopkins),

"The Lord, ye know, is God indeed."

There are in the original (which bears the title, "On the Public Fast, February 6th, 1766,") seven stanzas, of which the 3rd, 4th, and 5th are omitted.

Verse 1, line 1 begins in the original, "See, gracious God;"

Verse 2, line 1 reads,

"Tremendous judgments from Thy hand;"

Verse 4, line 1,

"Then, should insulting foes invade."

In the original manuscript, furnished to Dr. Rogers by the author's son,

Verse 1, line 3 reads :

"Oh, may it grow in humble hearts;"

Verse 2, line 3 :

"But give it root in praying souls;"

Verse 3, lines 3 and 4 :

"But may it, in converted minds,  
Produce the fruits of joy;"

Verse 5 :

"Great God come down, and on Thy Word,  
Thy mighty power bestow,  
That all who hear the joyful sound  
Thy saving grace may know."

The alterations in the text are now generally adopted, and are found in *Cotterill's Selection of Psalms and Hymns* (1819), and in *Montgomery's Christian Psalmist* (3rd edition, 1828).

## *Notes on the Hymns*

### HYMN.

7. The 5th stanza of the original is omitted.
8. The 6th stanza of the original is omitted.
9. The 3rd and 4th stanzas of the original are omitted.
10. The 1st, 2nd, and last stanzas of the 42nd Psalm in Tate and Brady's *New Version*.
11. Founded on two hymns by Watts, the one beginning,  
     " So did the Hebrew prophet raise ;"  
     and the other,  
     " Not to condemn the sons of men ;"  
     and cast into its present form by the Rev. W. Cameron, for the *Scottish Paraphrases*, of which it is the 41st. The 6th stanza of the Paraphrase is omitted.
12. As the hymn was originally written it had eight stanzas: the 4th, which is commonly omitted, is inserted here:  
     " And some are pressed with worldly care ;  
         And some are tried with sinful doubt ;  
     And some such grievous passions tear,  
         That only Thou canst cast them out."
13. There are fourteen stanzas in the original. The version in the text is that of Madan's *Collection* (7th ed., 1771), which has been universally adopted. The 3rd stanza (in Madan) is omitted, and the 5th stanza is an addition by a later hand, and generally adopted.
14. The original, by Watts, has six stanzas, commencing :  
     " Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice."  
     C. Wesley omitted the 1st and 4th, and altered the first two lines of the 2nd from  
         " Nations, attend before His throne,  
         With solemn fear, with sacred joy."  
     Verse 4, line 3 of Wesley's version reads, " shall stand."
15. Revised by Michael Bruce from a hymn which appeared in the *Scottish Paraphrases* of 1745-51. The revision, which was published by Logan in his *Poems* (1781), had but six stanzas, and reads,  
     Verse 1, line 3 :  
         " Above the mountains and the hills ;"  
     Verse 3, line 1, " On Zion hill ;" line 3, " in Zion towers ;"  
     Verse 5, line 3 :  
         " To ploughshares soon they beat their swords."  
     The 4th stanza is an addition which appeared in the *Paraphrases* as finally adopted (1781).
16. There are seven stanzas in the original, which begins :  
     " Now may fervent prayer arise."  
     The hymn in the text begins with the 2nd stanza, and omits the 1st, 4th, and 5th.
17. Altered, with the author's consent, from a hymn in seventeen stanzas by Keble, and now universally used in its altered form.
18. The original, by Watts, has five stanzas, of which the 3rd is omitted. The 3rd stanza of the text, which is given as altered by Cameron for the *Scottish Paraphrases*, reads thus in the original :  
     " There's an inheritance divine  
         Reserv'd against that day,  
     'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
         And cannot waste away."

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

### HYMN.

19. The 4th and 5th stanzas of the original are omitted.  
20. The 4th stanza of the original is omitted.  
22. Of the six stanzas of the original, the 2nd and 3rd are omitted.

Verse 1, line 2 reads in the original :

"Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;"

Verse 3, lines 3 and 4 :

"Wrought for all Thy Church! and we  
Worship in their company!"

Verse 4 :

"We, Thy little flock adore,  
Thee, the Lord, for evermore!  
Ever with us, show Thy love,  
Till we join with those above!"

23. Dr. Neale's translation of this well-known hymn, by Bernard of Clugny, begins :

"The world is very evil."

Verse 2, line 5 in the translation reads, "But He;"

Verse 3, lines 1 and 2 :

"Behold when morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay;"

line 5 :

"Yes, God, my King;"

line 7 :

"We then shall see for ever."

The deviations have acquired the sanction of general usage.

24. There are in the original twelve stanzas, of which the 3rd and 4th and the last four are omitted.

Verse 3, line 2 in the original reads, "Jesu's;"

Verse 5, line 3 :

"Jesus Christ, your Father's Son."

25. A cento arranged from C. Wesley's "Father, Son, and Spirit, hear," a hymn in four parts—six double stanzas and fourteen single.

26. A variation of Heber's hymn, "God is gone up with a merry noise."

27. Of the nine stanzas in the original, which begins,

"Blessed city, heavenly Salem,"

the first four are omitted, as well as the 6th and 9th. The 5th stanza is the first of the text.

28. The 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 10th of the eleven stanzas in the original, which reads,

Verse 3, line 3 :

"Dying once He all doth save."

30. The original, in seven stanzas, has been generally altered, and reads,

Verse 1, lines 1, 2, 3 :

"Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
My sinful maladies remove ;

Be Thou my light, be Thou my guide ;"

Verse 2, line 1, "to all display;" line 2, "That I may know ;"

line 3, "within mine heart;" line 4, "That I from;" the singular person being used throughout the hymn.

Verse 3 is composed of two lines from the 4th and two from the 5th verse ; verse 4, of two lines from the 3rd and two from the 4th.

## *Notes on the Hymns*

### HYMN.

- In verse 4, lines 3 and 4, the original reads :  
 "Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
 Where pleasure in perfection is."
39. Of the nine stanzas of the original, the 2nd, 5th, 7th, and 8th are omitted.  
 The original reads, verse 2, line 3, "flames."
33. The original reads, verse 2, line 2, "trifling toys;" line 3, "our souls can neither fly nor go."  
 Verse 4, lines 1, 2 :  
 "Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie  
 At this poor dying rate."
34. Of the five stanzas of the original, the last two are omitted.
35. Of the five stanzas of the original, the 3rd, the latter half of the 4th, and the 5th are omitted.  
 Verse 2, line 7, the original reads, "have crossed;" line 8, "are crossing."
36. Altered by Logan from Morrison for the *Scottish Paraphrases*.  
 Of the six stanzas of the original, the 5th and 6th are omitted.
37. There are fourteen stanzas in the original.
39. Of six stanzas, the 2nd and 3rd are omitted. The original reads, verse 1, line 2, "mine heart;" verse 2, line 4, "interposed with."
41. The 4th stanza is omitted.
42. Of seven stanzas, the 4th and 5th are omitted. The original reads verse 2, line 1, "Ho, ye needy."
44. Of ten stanzas, the 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 7th are omitted, and the 6th stanza of the original is placed immediately before the last. The original reads, verse 1, line 1, "we;" line 2, "our;"  
 Verse 2, line 3, "But favourites of the."
45. The 5th stanza is omitted. The original reads,  
 Verse 3, line 4 :  
 "With killing and with quickening grace;"  
 Verse 4, lines 3 and 4 :  
 "Whom Thou hast joined let none divide,  
 None dare to curse whom Thou hast blessed."
46. This translation was not originally divided into stanzas, and the exact order of the lines is not preserved. In verse 4, line 6, the original reads, "Eternal Paraclete."
47. There are six eight-line stanzas in the original. Verse 3, line 3, the original reads, "Rich wounds;" verse 4, line 4, "absorbed in prayer;" verse 6, line 3, "Thy praise shall never, never fail."
48. The 4th, 5th, and 7th stanzas are omitted. The original reads, verse 3, line 2, "through earth and sea;" line 4, "By His looks."
49. There are eighteen stanzas in the translation, which reads,  
 Verse 1, line 2 :  
 "See once more the cross returning;"  
 Verse 12, lines 5 and 6 :  
 "Lord, who didst our souls redeem,  
 Grant a blessed requiem."  
 There is another reading of verse 1, line 2, sometimes adopted,

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

HYMN.

*Teste David cum Sibylla,*  
"See fulfilled the prophets' warning."

51. Of the seven stanzas of this hymn, which begins,  
"O Lord, our languid souls inspire,"  
the 1st, 5th, and 7th are omitted.
53. The text is printed as the author desires it, with this exception, that, in verse 3, line 1, "O sacred Spirit" does not displace the more usual form. Mr. Whiting has adopted the 3rd and 4th lines of the 4th stanza as they stand in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, but prefers the rest of the hymn as he wrote it.
54. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th stanzas are omitted. The text is from Rogers' *Lyra Britannica*; but in verse 2, line 4, Sir Roundell Palmer reads "evening shade."
55. The 2nd stanza is omitted.
56. Of eleven stanzas, the 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, and 11th are omitted.
57. Of five stanzas, the 2nd and 4th are omitted.
59. Of twelve stanzas, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, and 10th are omitted.
60. Altered from Doddridge for the Scottish Paraphrases by Cameron and the Committee.  
Verse 2 in the original reads:  
"We triumph in that Shepherd's name,  
Still watchful for our good;  
Who brought the eternal covenant down,  
And seal'd it with His blood;"  
Verse 3, line 1:  
"So may Thy Spirit seal my soul;"  
line 2, "mould it;" line 3, "That my fond heart;" line 4, "Keep Thy cov'nant;"  
Verse 4:  
"Still may we gain superior strength,  
And press with vigour on,  
Till full perfection crown our hopes,  
And fix us near Thy throne."
61. The second stanza is omitted.
62. There are twenty-two stanzas in the original.
63. Of the eight stanzas of this hymn (which first appeared in the *Lyra Eucharistica*), the 3rd, 6th, 7th, and 8th are omitted.
64. This hymn is taken from the same translation as 23. The verses are not consecutive. The original reads, verse 3, line 7: "Thy saints;" verse 4, line 5, "The Cross is all." In the fifth verse, which has been added by the Compilers of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, in line 7, "Jesus, with," has been substituted for "Who art with."
65. The second stanza is one of two kindly furnished by Mr. Downton, and which he says he would include if he were now writing the hymn; they were omitted by Mr. Russell, in whose book it originally appeared (1851). The other stanza is:  
"Dark the future! let Thy light  
Guide us, bright and morning star;  
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight,  
Arm us, Saviour, for the war."

## *Notes on the Hymns*

### **HYMN.**

- In verse 4, line 1, the original reads, "Whosoe'er," but the alteration in the text is universal.
66. Altered, chiefly by W. J. Hall [*Mitre Hymn-Book*, 1886] from a hymn by Doddridge, beginning:  
     "Jesus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace!"  
 In Hall's version, verse 1, line 1, reads, "Fount of all good;" line 3, "offer, Lord, to Thee;" Verse 3, line 1, "And in their accents,"\* and the two lines here first in this verse are there last.
67. The original reads, verse 3, line 1, "influence, Lord, was Thine."
69. The 6th stanza is omitted.
71. The original reads, verse 4, line 1, "Zion's city."
74. Verse 1, line 2, the original reads: "Let praises fill the sky;" Verse 3, line 1, "all the human race;" verse 4, line 2, "Our souls shall never cease." Of six stanzas, the 3rd and 4th are omitted.
75. There are six stanzas in the translation, of which the first line begins, "He knoweth all His people;" verse 2, line 6, reads, "work their ill;" verse 3, line 8, "has been." The 2nd, 3rd, and 6th stanzas are omitted.
77. Verse 2, line 5, the original reads, "tributes."
81. In the original, of which there are four stanzas, verse 2, line 2, reads, "full deliverance," and a "Hallelujah" is inserted at the end of each of the first two lines of each stanza. The 4th stanza is omitted.
83. Of eight stanzas, the 5th, 6th, and 7th are omitted.
84. Of four stanzas, the 2nd and 3rd are omitted.
85. The hymn as Collyer wrote it, reads, verse 2, lines 1-4:  
     "The dead in Christ are first to rise,  
     And greet th' archangel's warning;  
     To meet the Saviour in the skies  
     On this auspicious morning;"
- Verse 3, lines 1-4:  
     "Far over space, to distant spheres,  
     The lightnings are prevailing;  
     Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears  
     And sighs are unavailing;"
- Verse 3, line 6, "before His throne;"
- Verse 4, lines 1-5:  
     "Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,  
     Repress thy flight too daring!  
     One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
     The Judge my nature wearing:  
     Beneath His cross I view the day."
- The opening stanzas (of seven) of the hymn as it appears in *Jacobi*\* read:  
     "Of the Last Judgment."

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\* *Psalmodia Germanica, or the German Psalmody Translated from the High Dutch, Together with their Proper Tunes, and Thorough Bass.* The 2nd Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. London, 1732.

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

**HYMN.**

To the tune *Raise your Devotion.*

1 " 'Tis sure, that awful Time will come  
When CHRIST, the Lord of Glory,  
Shall from his Throne give men their Doom  
And change what's Transitory.  
Who then will venture to retire,  
When all's to be consumed by Fire,  
As PETER has declared ?

2 The waking Trumpets All shall hear  
Throughout the whole Creation;  
And all the Dead shall then appear,  
Plac'd in their proper Station;  
But all the Living at that Time  
Shall, in a Manner more Sublime,  
Endure a Transmutation."

87. Of four stanzas, the 4th is omitted. The original reads, verse 3, line 3, "Death of deaths."

88. Of ten stanzas, the 3rd, 7th, 9th, and 10th are omitted. The original reads, verse 2, line 1, "the pompous triumph;" verse 6, line 1, "Grant, though parted."

89. In Madan's Collection (7th ed., 1771), where the hymn first appeared, verse 1, lines 3 and 4 read, "Who" for "Thou;" line 5, "universal Saviour;" line 6, "Who hast borne our sin;" line 7, "By whose merits;"  
Verse 2, line 3, "love appointed;" line 5, "Every sin may be forgiven;"  
Verse 8, line 6, "Spare them yet another year;" line 7, "Thou, for saints art interceding;" line 8, "they appear;"  
Verse 4, line 2, "Christ is worthy;" line 7, "Our Jesu's merits."  
In Toplady's version, verse 2, line 2, reads, "Sins were on Thee laid;" verse 3, line 4, "by Thy Father's side."

90. Of eight stanzas, the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th are omitted.

92. A Scottish Paraphrase of eleven stanzas, founded on two hymns by Watts, "Behold the glories of the Lamb," and "Come, let us join our cheerful songs." It was first arranged by Morrison, and afterwards altered by Cameron and the Committee. The Paraphrase (65th) begins with "Behold the glories of the Lamb," and in verse 4, line 3, reads, "Thou mad'st us," for which Watts's reading has been substituted in the text. The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 10th stanzas are omitted.

93. Of seven stanzas the 6th has been omitted. The Committee who inserted this hymn as the 39th Scottish Paraphrase made considerable alterations. The Paraphrase reads, verse 1, lines 3, 4 :

"Let every heart exult with joy,  
And every voice be song;"

Verse 2, line 1, "largely shed;" verse 3, line 1, "to relieve;"  
Verse 4, lines 1, 2 :

"He comes from dark'ning scales of vice  
To clear the inward sight;"

Line 4, "celestial light;"

Verse 4, line 1, "hearts;" line 2, "souls;"

## Notes on the Hymns

19

**HYMN.**

Verse 6, lines 3, 4:

"And heaven's exalted arches ring  
With Thy most honour'd name."

94. In the original of ten four-line stanzas, the first lines are:

"Hark, how all the welkin rings  
Glory to the King of kings,"

which were altered (it is said, though there is no authority for it, by John Wesley) to the words in the text; and the new lines appear in *Madan's Collection* (1780). "I believe," Dr. Osborne\* writes to the Editor, "John Wesley never sanctioned the very foolish alteration, involving such an entire change in the author's sentiment." Verse 2, line 7, the original reads, "with men t' appear;" line 8, "Immanuel here." The last two lines, "which form so beautiful a cadence in the original," are carried from their place to terminate verse 4. The lines they displace are:

"Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in Thy love."

The 8th stanza, the latter half of the 9th, and the former half of the 10th are omitted.

96. Of six stanzas, the 2nd, 4th, and 6th are omitted.

97. Of five stanzas, the 4th is omitted. Verse 2, line 2, the original reads, "Do these charming words afford;" verse 4, line 2, "Join to sing the pleasing theme;" verse 4, line 4 "Join to praise Immanuel's name."

98. Of four stanzas, the 2nd is omitted. Verse 1, line 1, the original reads, "Head of Thy Church."

99. Four out of fourteen stanzas of the 28th Scottish Paraphrase composed by Cameron, and altered by several of the Committee.

100. The 1st and 2nd out of six stanzas.

101. Of ten stanzas in the translation, the 4th and 9th are omitted. Verse 1, line 1, reads in the original, "my Comforter;" verse 4, line 2, "who on Thee;"

Verse 4 in the later rendering in the *Chorals Book* reads

"Blessèd Sun, O let Thy rays  
Fill with joy and warmth and grace  
Every heart that truly prays."

The text is printed from the *Lyra Germanica*.

102. Of eight stanzas, the 4th, 6th, and 7th are omitted. Verse 1, line 5, reads in the original, "Chanting everlastingly."

105. Of the nine stanzas in the translation, the 2nd, 6th, and 7th are omitted.

106. Of eight stanzas, the 2nd, 3rd, and 8th are omitted. The 3rd and 4th stanzas of the text were altered by their author to their present form.

107. The second stanza is omitted. In verse 2, lines 3 and 4 are transposed from their order in the original.

108. The 2nd and 5th stanzas are omitted.

\* The Editor of the recent and exhaustive edition of the Wesley's Hymns and Poems.

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

### **HYMN.**

109. The 3rd stanza of the translation is omitted. Verse 1, line 7, the translation reads, "Jesu, Jesu;" verse 2, line 7, "Jesu, grant us."

110. The 66th Scottish Paraphrase, altered, apparently by the Committee, from a hymn by Dr. Watts:

"These glorious minds how bright they shine."

The 5th stanza is omitted.

111. The 20th Scottish Paraphrase, altered by Dr. Blair from a hymn by Watts, of which the first and second verses are:

"How honourable is the place  
Where we adoring stand,  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land!

"Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell;  
The walls, of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell."

The remaining three stanzas of the text (in the original there are seven) are almost identical. Verse 3, line 3, the Paraphrase reads, "who obey." Verse 4, line 1, Watts, reads, "you taste;" line 2, "And live in." Verse 4, line 3, the Paraphrase reads, "Ye, who have." Verse 4, line 4, Watts reads, "And ventur'd on." The 6th and 7th stanzas of Watts are omitted.

112. The 2nd stanza is omitted. Verse 2, line 5, the original reads, "Thy very Bride."

113. The 2nd and 4th stanzas are omitted.

117. The 4th and 5th stanzas are omitted. Verse 1, line 1; verse 2, line 1; and verse 3, line 1, the original reads, "precious Jesus;" verse 3, line 4, "my every want."

118. Watts' second version of the 146th Psalm. The 2nd and 5th stanzas are omitted. Verse 3, line 1, the original reads, "The Lord hath eyes to give the blind," which J. Wesley is said to have altered into "The Lord pours eyesight on the blind." Wesley also changed the first line into "praise my Maker while I've breath."

119. The 54th Scottish Paraphrase, altered from Watts by Cameron. Verse 1, lines 3 and 4, the Paraphrase reads:

"Maintain the glory of His cross,  
And honour all His laws."

Verse 2, line 1, the original reads, "My God."

Verse 2, line 2, the Paraphrase reads, "all my boast;"

Verse 3, lines 1 and 2:

"I know that safe with Him remains,  
Protected by His pow'r."

Verse 4, line 1, Watts, reads, "my worthless name."

120. The 2nd stanza is omitted. The original commences:

"Lord, Thou in all things like wast made

To us, yet free from sin;

Then how unlike to us Thou wert

Replies the voice within."

Verse 5, line 4, the original reads, "Most blest in earth  
and heaven."

121. *Sir Roundell Palmer* in the *Book of Praise* reads, in verse 2, line 3, "And cup."

## Notes on the Hymns

### Hymns.

124. Borrowed from the close of the same translation as 23 and 64. Verse 1, line 7, the translation reads, "To thee." The latter half of verse 4 is part of the additional verse in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*.

125. Borrowed from the same translation as the preceding. Verse 1, line 6, the translation reads, "What social joys are there;" line 8, "What light;" verse 2, line 2, "conjubilant with song;" verse 3, line 3, "The song;" line 4, "The shout."

126. The 2nd stanza is omitted.

127. The 4th stanza, which is omitted, is given below :

"Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,  
Shares alike our hopes and fears;  
Jesus comes whate'er befalls us,  
Glads our hearts and dries our tears;  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Cheering e'en our failing years."

128. The anonymous translation (at least as old as 1750) of an anonymous Latin hymn of the 11th century, *Surrexit Christus hodie*. Sir Roundell Palmer in the *Book of Praise*, verse 3, line 1, reads, "pain;" line 2, "had procured." The 4th stanza in Palmer's version, a doxology by Charles Wesley, and appended in many collections, is omitted: in the *Book of Praise* it is traced to the Wesleys' *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (4th ed. 1743); Mr. Stelfox has kindly traced it for me also to C. Wesley's Tract, *Gloria Patri or Hymns to the Trinity* (1746).

129. In the original and in the translation by Miss Cox, the hymn has six stanzas of six lines each; but the form in the text is that by which it has come into use. The 4th stanza is omitted.

130. The 3rd stanza is omitted. The original begins, "Jesu, lover of my soul."

131. The 2nd, 3rd, and 7th stanzas are omitted.

132. Four stanzas out of eight. The translation commences, "Sinners, Jesus will receive."

133. The 2nd, 4th, and 5th stanzas are omitted. The change from "keep" to "guide," (verse 2, line 2,) is one of some slight alterations introduced in the *Book of Praise*.

134. Verse 1, line 2, the translation reads, "my breast;" Verse 2, line 3, "than Thy blest name;" line 4, "O Saviour;" verse 4, line 1, "But what to those who find? Ah! this." "Jesu," occurs throughout.

135. The 3rd stanza of this translation was inadvertently omitted, and is inserted here :

"We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still:  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill."

136. There are twenty-four stanzas in the translation and thirty in the original; those in the text are the 1st, 2nd, 12th, 23rd, and 24th. Verse 2, line 3, the translation reads, "through these absolved."

137. The 5th stanza is omitted

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

### **HYMN.**

138. There are twelve stanzas in the original, which, in verse 4, line 1, reads, "My dear Almighty Lord." The stanzas preserved are the 1st, 4th, 8th, 10th, and 11th.
141. The 4th stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, "We thus recall."
143. The 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 7th stanzas are omitted. Verse 2, line 3, the original reads, "And hasten."
144. There are twenty-four stanzas in this translation. Verse 3, line 1, the original reads, "That His;" line 2, "Above the reach;"  
Verse 4, line 1, "All living creatures;" line 2, "And with full hand;"  
Verse 6, line 2, "mighty majesty."
146. The original (in three stanzas of eight lines) reads, verse 1, line 3, "Thy love's;" verse 4, line 1, "By Thine."  
The latter half of the 2nd stanza and the former half of the 3rd are omitted.
147. The 3rd, 5th, and 6th stanzas are omitted.
148. Madan combined two hymns, by C. Wesley and Cennick, into the one of the text. The 1st, 2nd, and 5th stanzas are from C. Wesley (whose original hymn was in four stanzas), except the last two lines of the 5th, which are the last two of Cennick's. Wesley's lines are:  
"Jah, Jehovah,  
Everlasting God, come down."  
The 3rd and 4th stanzas are from Cennick, slightly altered; the original, verse 3, line 3, reading, "must, ashamed;" verse 3, line 6, "Stand before the Son of man;" verse 4, line 3, "All His people, once despised;" verse 4, line 6, "Now the promised kingdom's come." The tune Helmsley which is associated with it, was arranged by Olivers (who wrote a similar hymn) from an air he heard in the street, and which was known as Miss Catley's Minuet, and was popular in the time of Goldsmith.
151. This hymn appeared in *Cotterill's Selection* (1819) in three eight-line stanzas. It is said, but apparently without foundation, to have been altered from a hymn by Doddridge. Verse 1, line 4, reads in Cotterill, "Thine earthly;" verse 4, line 4, "and with Thee:" the change to "one in Thee" was introduced by Mr. Gurney in the *Marylebone Hymn-Book*.
152. In Burder's Collection, the last two lines of verse 2 are:  
"Ever faithful  
To the truth may we be found."  
Verse 3, line 3, reads, in Rogers' *Lyra Britannica*, "angels wing."
154. Verse 2, line 3, the original reads:  
"And still, now spring has on us smiled."
156. In the original, the hymn, which was written for the Jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1854, reads, verse 2, lines 1, 2:  
"On this high jubilee,  
Thine let the glory be."
156. The 2nd stanza is omitted.

## Notes on the Hymns

### Hymns.

159. The omission of the 4th stanza necessitates an alteration in verse 4, line 1, which is in the original translation "till backward they are driven." Verse 3, line 2, the translation reads, "when deadly sin assaileth."
160. Verse 3, line 5, the original reads, "playthings of sun;" verse 4, line 1, "our prayers;" line 6, "their comfort."
161. The 3rd stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 5, the original reads "fresh hands;" line 6, "fresh hearts;" verse 2, line 2, "Send them out Christ to be;" line 5, "Content to ask no wages;" verse 3, line 3, "Be with us, God the Spirit."
162. Verse 2, line 4, reads, "With fervent pangs of strong desire."
163. Watts's third version of the 84th Psalm. The 2nd, 5th, and part of the 6th and 7th stanzas are omitted. In verse 4, the last four lines are taken from verse 7 of the original, and replace:
 

"He shall bestow  
 On Jacob's race  
 Peculiar grace,  
 And glory too."
164. The 4th stanza is omitted.
165. Founded on Tersteegen's hymn,  
*Herr, unser Gott, mit Ehrfurcht dienen.*  
 The two lines which form the refrain of the first two stanzas have been borrowed from the translation in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, "Lord our God in reverence lowly."
166. The 3rd stanza of the translation is omitted.
167. The text is printed from the *Christian Psalmist* (3rd edition, 1826), omitting the 5th, 7th, and 8th stanzas. In Montgomery's *Original Hymns* (1853), verse 4, line 1, reads "we bring;" line 2, "A broken, contrite heart;" line 4, "inward part."
169. The 3rd and 4th stanzas are omitted.
170. The 2nd stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 1, the original reads, "all love's excelling;" line 5, "Jesu."
173. The text is printed from the *Invalid's Hymn-Book* (6th ed., 1854), edited by Miss Charlotte Elliott. In a letter to the Editor, Miss Elliott stated that this text is correct.
174. The 1st and 2nd stanzas are omitted.
177. This hymn is found in *Cotterill's Selection*, and is based upon a hymn of five stanzas by Cennick, beginning, "Let us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd," of which the 2nd stanza runs:
 

"Not unto us! to Thee alone  
 Bless'd Lamb, be glory given:  
 Here shall Thy praises be begun,  
 But carried on in heaven."
178. The text is printed from Madan's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (7th ed., 1771), omitting the 2nd, 4th, and 6th stanzas.
179. The 2nd stanza is omitted.
183. Some read, verse 4, line 4, "And see Thy glory there;" and in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, there is a different version of the 5th stanza.
184. The 2nd and 3rd stanzas, the first part of the 4th, and the

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

**HYMN.**

second of the 6th are omitted. Verse 3 is composed of the latter part of the 4th and the former part of the 6th stanza.

185. The 5th, 6th, and 7th stanzas are omitted. Verse 1, line 4, the original reads, "spilt for me;" and throughout, "an heart."

186. The 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th stanzas of the eighteen of the original, which is entitled *For the Anniversary Day of one's Conversion*, and begins:

"Glory to God, and praise and love  
Be ever, ever given,  
By saints below, and saints above,  
The Church in earth and heaven;"

187. The 2nd stanza is omitted.

188. In the Marylebone Collection the 4th stanza of the text is substituted, apparently by Mr. J. H. Gurney, for this much poorer one of the original:

"We praise Thee as we bend,  
And here Thy praise forthtell,  
Because Thy love doth condescend  
Within this house to dwell."

189. The 1st, 3rd, and 4th stanzas of the text are the 1st, 9th, and 10th verses of the xviii Psalm in Sternhold's version. Verse 4, line 1, the later and common edition reads, "on cherubs and on cherubims;" but the earlier and more correct Scottish Psalter reads as in the text, and Archdeacon Hare restored this reading in his *Portions of the Psalms in English Verse* (1839). Verse 4, line 3, the Scottish Psalter (in use till 1650) reads, "of all the winds;" and in verse 3, line 2, "the heavens high." The 2nd and 5th stanzas represent the 6th, 31st, and 46th verses of the same Psalm: I have failed to discover to whom they owe their form. The 6th stanza is the 10th verse of the 29th Psalm in Sternhold's version; but the later English issues of that version read, line 1, "The Lord doth sit upon;" line 3, "And He likewise as Lord."

190. The 2nd Scottish Paraphrase, altered by Logan from Doddridge (1781). Doddridge's hymn began, "O God of Jacob;" Logan's alteration, "O God of Abraham;" the original edition of the Scottish Paraphrases (1745), "O God of Bethel," though otherwise this version is a reproduction of Doddridge, except in the substitution of "wings" for "shield," verse 4, line 1; and of "faith" for "tenth," verse 5, line 3. In verse 3, line 3, of the text, Logan reads, "Give us by day;" verse 4, line 4, "Our feet;" and verse 5:

"Now, with the humble voice of prayer,  
Thy mercy we implore;  
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,  
Thy goodness we'll adore."

Logan's version was adopted in the final edition of the Paraphrases, with the exception of the two alterations mentioned, and of the last verse, for which that of the text was substituted.

123. The 4th and 5th stanzas are omitted. Verse 4, line 1, the original reads, "O help us, Jesus."

194. The 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 7th stanzas are omitted.

## Notes on the Hymns

### HYMNS.

195. In Dr. Alexander's *Augustine Hymn-Book* (4th edition, 1868), verse 1, line 4, reads, "her."
196. The original of the hymn is a translation from the Spanish by J. Wesley in ten stanzas, commencing, "O God, my God, my all Thou art." The version in the text appeared in the *Islington Hymn-book* (1846). In the original, the 4th stanza, which is the 1st of the text, begins:  
 "In holiness, within Thy gates,  
 Of old oft have I sought for Thee;"  
 Verse 1, line 4, reads, "That fulness;" verse 2, line 1, "grateful songs." Verse 3, line 2, reads in *Islington*, "favour'd," for which the "ravis'd" of the original has been substituted. Verse 4, lines 3 and 4, the original reads:  
 "And to declare Thy praise will prove  
 My peace, my glory, and my joy."  
 The stanzas retained are the 4th, 6th, 7th, and 5th.
197. In the original the hymn commences "Sweet Saviour," and in the last line of each verse "bless'd" has been substituted for "gentle." In the edition of 1862, verse 4, line 3, reads "loving hearts;" verse 5, lines 3 and 4:  
 "Let not our works with self be soiled,  
 Nor in unsimple ways be snared."  
 In the previous editions, these verses stood as in the text. The 7th stanza is omitted.
199. The 6th stanza is omitted.
201. In the original, verse 2, line 1, reads, "When groaning on my burdened heart;" verse 3, line 1, "Temptations sore obstruct;" verse 4, line 1, "Distress'd with pain;" line 2, "This feeble body see;" verse 6, line 1, "The hour is near, consign'd to death;" lines 3 and 4:  
 "Saviour, with my last parting breath  
 I'll cry, Remember me."
202. The 5th, 6th, and 7th stanzas are omitted. The original reads, verse 2, line 4, "Still chained in doubt and darkness here;" verse 4, line 2, "and fear no God;" line 4, "O turn not thus;" verse 5, line 1, "Thy aid;" lines 3 and 4:  
 "Afar from Thee we now sojourn,  
 Return to us, O Lord, return."
203. Printed from the text in Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*, for which the Editor had Miss Elliott's assurance that it is correct.
204. In the original, which is undivided into stanzas, verse 4, line 3, reads, "torpid spirits," Lines 17-24, inclusive, are omitted.
205. The 4th stanza is omitted.

The first verse of the original is,

"Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress,  
 Outcasts from Sion's hallowed ground,  
 Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blest,  
 Still roam the scorning world around?"

Verse 2, line 1, "Lord! visit Thy forsaken race;"

Verse 3, line 4, "Firm to its parent;"

Verse 4, line 2, "prayer shall pour;"

line 4, "grateful heart adore."

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

### HYMN.

206. The 4th and 6th stanzas are omitted.

207. The last stanza is omitted.

209. In the original the first stanza reads :

" Much in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Fight the fight; and, worn with strife,  
Steep with tears the bread of life."

The first two lines were a fragment scrawled by Kirke White on the back of a mathematical paper, and completed, as in the text, by Miss Fanny Fuller Maitland. Besides the general variation from Miss Maitland's version in the first stanza, there are others; as, verse 4, line 3, where "fears" is substituted for "woe;" and verse 5, line 1, "in" for "to." Four lines are omitted—the last two of the second verse :

" Faint not! much doth yet remain;  
Dreary is the long campaign;"  
and the first two of the third verse :  
" Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?  
Will ye quit the painful field?"

210. The 3rd and 5th stanzas are omitted. Verse 2, line 3, reads, "our Jesus died."

211. The 3rd stanza is omitted.

212. The 4th, 6th, and 8th stanzas are omitted.

213. The 4th, 5th, and 7th stanzas are omitted. The original, verse 1, line 1, reads, "those gloomy;" line 3, "travel;" line 4, "On a glorious;" verse 2, line 6, "Word resound;" verse 3, line 2, "Let them have the glorious;" verse 4, line 3, "May Thy eternal wide;" lines 5 and 6 :

" May Thy sceptre,  
Sway th' enlightened world around."

215. The original, verse 1, line 4, reads :

" Clothe Thy priests with righteousness."

216. The 4th stanza is omitted.

218. In Lyte's *Spirit of the Psalms* (5th edition, 1841), verse 1, line 4 reads, "Praise Him all that share;" lines 5 and 6 :

" Earth to heaven exalt the strain;  
Send it, heaven, to earth again."

Verse 2, line 1, "His goodness trace;" lines 2 and 3 :

" All the wonders of His grace,  
All that He hath borne and done."

The text is printed from the *Book of Praise*.

219. The original is printed in six two-line stanzas.

220. In Montgomery's *Original Hymns* (1853), verse 1, last line reads, "race of men are found."

221. Appeared without an author's name in *Psalms, etc., for the Foundling Chapel* (1809). The Rev. John Kempthorne, who wrote it, afterwards included it in his *Select Portions of Psalms and Hymns* (1810).

222. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th stanzas are omitted. The translation, Verse 1, line 1, reads, "Rejoice, all ye believers;" line 4

## Notes on the Hymns

YMC.

"And darker;" line 6, "Soon He draweth nigh;" line 7,  
 "Up! pray and watch;"  
 Verse 2, line 4, "The end of earthly toil;"  
 Verse 3, lines 7 and 8:

"The day of earth's redemption  
 That brings us unto Thee."

These variations occur in the *Year of Praise* (1867), and are probably owed to Dean Alford.

223. The 5th stanza is omitted. Verse 3, line 4, the original reads, "to our Jesus given."

226. The refrain of "Return, return," appears in Cleveland's *Lyra Sacra Americana* (1868) appended to each stanza, but according to Sir Roundell Palmer it is not in the original. Dr. Hastings, however, in a communication to the Editor, gave the text as in Cleveland.

227. The text is printed from the *Ambassador's Hymn-book* (1863), which includes the 5th stanza, elsewhere omitted; but a reading is borrowed from the copy in *Gospel Echoes* (1865),—verse 1, line 3, "that wakes" for "which wakes." Verse 6, line 2 is, in *Gospel Echoes*, "And give refreshing showers."

228. Verse 4, line 1, the original reads, "Whilst;" line 2, "When my eyestrings break in death."

230. Verse 1, line 6, the original reads, "Be it to the nations told."

231. Verse 5, line 1, Dr. Rogers reads, in the *Lyra Britannica*, "the deep." The text is printed from the new edition (1868) of *Sacred Poems, by the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant*.

233. The 4th stanza is omitted. Verse 3, lines 1 and 2 are, in the original:

"We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
 And yield them up to Thee."

This hymn has been altered by J. Benson (1812) into one for children, commencing,

"See, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands  
 And calls His sheep by name."

234. There are sixteen stanzas of eight lines in the original.

235. The 2nd and 4th stanzas are omitted.

236. This hymn was compiled (by whom is uncertain) from one by Mant in nine stanzas of twelve lines each, and beginning, "Saviour, who exalted high." As it appeared first in the *Appendix to the S. P. C. K. Hymnbook*, from which the text is printed, the compilation may have been made by Mant himself. Verse 1, line 2, "wondrous" is substituted for "holy," as also in the version given by Dr. Rogers in the *Lyra Britannica*, p. 394.

238. The 4th, 5th, and 6th stanzas are omitted. Verse 5, lines 5 and 6 read in Kelly's Hymns, 7th edition (1853):

"And with gladness  
 Give the praise to Him alone."

The text is from Sir Roundell Palmer in the *Book of Praise*.

239. The 6th stanza is omitted.

241. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th stanzas are omitted.

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

**XX.**

- . There are eight stanzas of four lines in the original. Those omitted are the 3rd and 7th.

- . The stanzas are taken from the eight of the 22nd Scottish Paraphrase, beginning at the 4th. The original is a hymn in five stanzas by Watts, "Whence do our mournful thoughts arise?" and was altered to its present form by Cameron and Morrison. On the same passage in Isaiah (xl. 27-31) Watts wrote the vigorous lyric, "Awake our souls, away our fears." Verse 5, line 1, Watts and the Paraphrase read, "On eagles' wings."

- . Verse 4, line 1, the original reads, "That blood."

- . The 4th and 5th stanzas are omitted. The text is from the original by Bruce. In the Scottish Paraphrases (of which this hymn is the 53rd) verse 4, line 3, reads, "hosts."

- . The 2nd stanza is omitted.

- . As originally published by Dr. Neale, the first line ran, "'Tis the day of resurrection;" verse 1, line 6, "From this world to the sky;" verse 3, line 2, "Let earth."

- . There are twelve stanzas in the original.

- . This is the usual version. In the original, verses 1 and 2 read:

"The happy morn is come;  
The Saviour leaves the grave;  
His glorious work is done,  
Almighty now to save.  
Captivity is captive led;  
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

"Who to our charge shall lay  
Iniquity and guilt?  
All sin is done away,  
Since His rich blood was spilt.  
Captivity," etc.

The 3rd stanza, which is omitted, runs:

"Now the ungodly dares  
The Holy God draw near;  
Justice itself declares  
No cause remains for fear.  
Captivity," etc.

Verse 3, line 4, the original reads, "The victory is won;"

Verse 4, line 3, "We believe Thy sacred Word."

- . A cento from Milton, composed of his 85th Psalm (vv. 18, 11), 82nd Psalm (v. 8), and 86th Psalm (vv. 9, 10). It is taken from Mr. Martineau's *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home* (1840).

Verse 1 reads in the original:

"Before Him righteousness shall go,  
His royal harbinger;  
Then will He come, and not be slow,  
His footsteps cannot err;"

Verse 3, line 1, "Rise, God;" line 3, "who shalt."

- . Verse 4, line 4, the original reads, "Oh, God! is this the Crucified?"

*The 19th Scottish Paraphrase.* The 2nd and 3rd stanzas are omitted.

## *Notes on the Hymns*

### **HYMN.**

267. Four out of nine stanzas of the 48th Scottish Psalm beginning, "Let Christian faith and hope dispe alteration by Logan [and Morrison?] from an earlie that appeared in the edition of 1745, beginning :

" Now, let our souls ascend above  
The fears of guilt and woe."

The hymn in the text commences with the 5th stan omits the last.

268. From No. 465 of the *Spectator*, where verse 1, line 8, "works;" verse 2, line 5, "whilst;" verse 3, "amid."

269. The last stanza omitted.

264. The fourth part of Watts's first version of the 118th :  
Verse 3, line 4, the original reads, "the throne."

266. In the *S. P. C. K. Hymnbook*, verse 1, line 8, reads, "our

267. The 1st, 6th, and 8th stanzas of the translation are on the 1st beginning, "I greet Thee who my sure Re art." The hymn in the text commences with the stanza. Verse 3, line 8, the translation reads, "I sweet unity."

269. Verse 3, line 4, the original reads, "Move o'er;" v lines 1 and 2 :

" Blessed and holy  
And glorious Trinity ;"

according to Dr. Rogers, who had the manuscrip the author's son.

270. The 3rd, 4th, and 6th stanzas are omitted. In the o the latter half of verse 5 reads :

" No fearing or doubting  
With Christ on our side;  
We hope to die shouting,  
The Lord will provide."

271. Five stanzas out of ten from the 34th Psalm, in th *Version of the Psalms* [Tate and Brady]. Verse 4, the original reads, "O blest they are." Verse 5, Havergal reads (*Worcester Hymnbook*, 1849), "He'l your wants His care."

272. Verse 2, line 5, the text in the *Lyra Britannica* reads, " confiding."

274. The hymn in the text varies so much from the original th latter is inserted here.

1 " Thy name we bless, Lord Jesus,  
That name all names excelling :  
How great Thy love, all praise above,  
Should every tongue be telling.  
The Father's loving kindness  
In giving Thee was shown us,  
Now by Thy blood, redeemed to God.  
As children He doth own us.

2 From that eternal glory  
Thou hadst with God the Father,  
He sent His Son that He in one  
His children all might gather.

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

### HYMN.

Our sins were all laid on Thee,  
God's wrath Thou hast endured;  
It was for us Thou suffer'dst thus,  
And hast our peace securèd.

3   Thou from the dead wast raised,  
And from all condemnation  
Thy Church is free, as risen in Thee,  
Head of the new creation:  
On high Thou hast ascended,  
To God's right hand in heaven,  
The Lamb once slain, alive again,  
To Thee all power is given.

4   Thou hast bestowed the earnest  
Of that we shall inherit;  
Till Thou shalt come to take us home,  
We're sealed by God the Spirit.  
We wait for Thine appearing,  
When we shall know Thee fully,  
The Priest and King, whose praise we sing,  
Thou Lamb of God, most holy."

275. There are ten stanzas in the original, and the refrain at the end of the 5th stanza of the text is there appended to each.

278. The 64th Scottish Paraphrase, originally taken from Mason's *Forty-first Song of Praise*, "To Him that lov'd us for Himself," and Watts's 61st Hymn, "Now to the Lord that makes us know;" and afterwards altered by Morrison. Verse 4, line 1, the Paraphrase reads, "I am the First;" line 2, "in Me."

279. The last stanza is omitted. Verse 4, line 3, the original reads, "came on earth;" verse 5, line 1, "Dear Lord."

280. A similar hymn by Watts begins, "'Twas on that dark, that doleful night," and it is supposed that Morrison may have altered it into its present form for the Scottish Paraphrases, of which it is the 35th. It has also been ascribed to the Rev. Mr. Archibald, Minister of Unst. There is a Latin hymn of Ellangerus, a Polish physician (1564), to which it has a close resemblance.

281. The 46th of the Scottish Paraphrases, for which it was altered by Cameron from a hymn by Dr. Watts, commencing with the same line. The alterations are chiefly in the 2nd and 3rd stanzas, and there is no change in the 4th. The first three stanzas of Watts are:

1   Vain are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.

2   Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths  
Without a murmuring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.

3   In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do."

## *Notes on the Hymns*

### **HYMN.**

282. Verse 1, line 1, the original reads, "I give;" line 3, "all my comforts."
284. There are six stanzas in the original; the 2nd, 5th, and part of the 1st and 3rd are omitted. Verse 2, line 4, the original reads, "Thou didst send forth a guiding ray of Thy benignant light;" verse 3, line 2, "Because Thou gav'st Thy Son to die;" line 3, "Thou gav'st the hopes of heaven." The 1st stanza of the text is composed of two lines of the 1st and two of the 3rd of the original.
285. Verse 2, line 4, the translation (of which there are ten stanzas) reads, "New ones attach."
288. The 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th stanzas are omitted. Verse 5, line 3, the edition of 1853 reads, "the dove."
290. The 6th and 7th out of seven stanzas of the hymn in the *Holy Year*, beginning, "When from the city of our God." Verse 2, line 1, the original reads, "at that future Day."
291. The 3rd and 4th stanzas are omitted.
293. The 4th stanza is omitted.
294. The 5th and 6th stanzas are omitted.
295. The 3rd stanza is omitted. In the original, the refrain of each stanza is, "Gracious Son of Mary, hear;" the alteration in the text is adopted by E. H. Bickersteth (1870).
296. The 58th of the Scottish Paraphrases. Verse 1, line 4, the original (by Bruce) reads, "Patron of mankind;" verse 2, line 1, "in mercy stood;" line 3, "His plan of grace;" line 4, "The Guardian God of human race;" verse 4, line 4, "tears and agonies."
297. Verse 2, line 7, the original reads, "Upwards."
298. The 5th, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, and 9th, out of ten stanzas of a translation beginning, "The forest is fading, its leaves are dead." Verse 1, line 2, the translation reads, "His bounties;" verse 2, line 1, "But our barns;" verse 5, line 3, "we new are born;" verse 6, line 4, "our homes above."
300. The 2nd and 3rd stanzas are omitted. Verse 3, line 3, the original reads, "Jesus's praises."
301. Verse 5, line 3, the original reads, "that fav'rite servant's;" line 4, "Amidst."
302. The original consists of four stanzas of eight lines. The text is made up of the first half of each stanza.
303. In the original, which is composed of three stanzas of eight lines, verse 6, line 1, reads, "Yes, I."
304. In a letter to the Editor (but received too late to make the changes mentioned in it) Mr. Paget requests that the last two lines of the 3rd stanza should be printed in future:  
     "For Christ in me, and I in Christ,  
     Makes me as near as He."  
 He also wishes the 4th stanza restored to its original language:  
     "So dear, so very dear to God,  
     I cannot dearer be;"

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

18.

remarking that "the change was made by whoever first edited the hymn in a separate form, and without consulting me."

The 6th, 7th, and 8th stanzas, which are omitted from the text, are inserted below, with some slight changes communicated by the author :

6 "Oh! what a portion have I then,  
The Lord my portion is;  
How rich my state, how full my soul,  
How sweet a peace is this!

7 O that I may the Word of Christ,  
Aye in me richly hide:  
With meekness entertain that Word,  
And in that Word abide.

8 So shall my peace, as flowing streams,  
Deep and unruffled be,  
Ruling within my heart, O Christ,  
One Spirit, Lord, with Thee."

The first five of eleven stanzas in the original and the doxology, which makes a 12th. Verse 1, line 4, the original reading is, "Thy own."

"If you think it an improvement," Professor Blackie writes, "instead of 'Sons of God that shout for gladness,' verse 2, line 4, you can say, 'Breeze that floats with genial gladness.'"

In the original, verse 7, line 3, reads, "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins."

The 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, and 11th stanzas are omitted. The original reads, verse 6, line 2, "Whilst I slept."

The 5th, 6th, and 8th stanzas are omitted.

The original, which is composed of seven stanzas, begins :

"Lord, now the time returns  
For weary men to rest,  
And lay aside those pains and cares  
With which our day's oppress."

The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd stanzas are omitted. Verse 3, line 3, the original reads, "By Thee we'll see."

Verse 2, line 5, the original reads, "By earth;" line 6, "By yonder;" line 7, "By Eden."

The 4th stanza is omitted. Verse 5, line 3, the original reads, "Yes, for each."

This translation appeared anonymously in the *British Magazine* for 1838. The 4th and 6th stanzas are omitted. Verse 3, line 6, the translation reads, "When thou evil wouldst pursue."

The 5th stanza is omitted.

The first part of a hymn, translated by John Wesley from Paul Gerhardt's *Befehl du deine Wege*. Verse 3, lines 3 and 4, the translation reads :

"When all Thy children want, Thou giv'st;  
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?"

## *Notes on the Hymns*

### **HYMN.**

324. The text is taken from the *Book of Praise*.

325. The 7th stanza is omitted.

326. Verse 4, line 1, the original reads, "Thus I grief and gladness link."

330. There are ten stanzas in the original, commencing, "When I survey life's varied scene." The text begins with the 8th. Verse 1, line 1, reads in the original, "And O whate'er of earthly bliss;" line 2, "sovereign hand;" verse 3, line 4, "And bless its happy end."

331. Verse 2, line 3, the translation reads, "Wail of Euroclydon;" verse 3, line 1, "Jesu, Deliverer."

333. The 3rd stanza is omitted.

334. The second part of the hymn, "Commit Thou all Thy ways" (322), translated by John Weale from Paul Gerhardt's *Befehl du deine Wege*.

335. There are fourteen stanzas in the original.

337. The 5th stanza is omitted.

338. The 5th stanza is omitted.

339. The 4th stanza is omitted.

340. Verse 3, line 2, the original reads, "towards;" line 3, "Yes."

341. Verse 2, line 6, the original reads, "praise and prayer."

342. Copied from *The Shadow of the Rock* (New York, 1869), where it appears as a translation from the German. The 3rd stanza is omitted. Verse 4, line 3, the translation reads, "Still, yet fearless."

344. The 6th, 8th, and 9th stanzas are omitted. In verse 1, line 3, the original reads, "Here would I touch and handle;" line 3, "Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace." The alterations in the text were introduced by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth in his *Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer* (1870), with the consent of the author.

345. The text is taken from No. 489 of the *Spectator*, where the hymn originally appeared in a contribution from Addison for Saturday, 20 September, 1712. It was written in ten stanzas, of which the 3rd, 4th, and 5th are omitted. Verse 2, line 3, reads, "I pass'd;" line 4, "breath'd;" verse 3, line 1, "Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord;" line 2, "set me free;" line 3, "whilst;" line 4, "my soul took;" verse 4, line 1, "For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung;" line 3, "I knew Thou wert;" verse 5, line 1, "was laid," "retir'd;" line 4, "was still;" verse 7, line 1, "if Thou preserv'st my life;" line 3, "if death must be my doom."

346. The 6th stanza is omitted.

348. The 6th and 7th stanzas are transposed from their order in the original.

352. The text is taken from the version in the *Lyra Britannica*, where it is printed from a copy supplied by the author.

353. Verse 1, line 3, the original reads, "a Christ;" line 4, "O what a Christ;" verse 2, line 1, "My Christ He is;" verse 3, line 2, "My physic;" verse 4, line 1, "Father and v

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

### HYMN.

- friend;" verse 5, line 1, "My Christ He is;" line 3, "My Christ is first, my Christ is last;" line 4, "My Christ is." There are four and a half double stanzas in the original.
355. The 3rd stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 5, the original reads, "Peace to the earth;" verse 3, line 1, "And ye;" verse 4, line 2, "By prophet hards foretold;" lines 4, 5, and 6:
- "Comes round the age of gold,  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling."
357. The 2nd, 3rd, and 4th stanzas are omitted. In the original, verse 1, lines 3 and 4 read thus:
- "Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,  
O may I scorn it more and more;"
- Verse 2, line 2, "On whom, for heaven, my hopes depend;" line 3, "It must not be—be this;" verse 3, line 2, "no crimes to wash."
358. The text is taken from the version in the *Lyra Britannica*.
360. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th stanzas are omitted. Verse 2, line 2, the original reads, "The road that leads."
361. There are seven eight-line stanzas in the original. The omissions are the last four lines of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th stanzas, and all the 7th.
362. The 3rd stanza is omitted. In the original, verse 1, line 1, reads, "Jesus, my holy One."
364. The 4th stanza is omitted.
365. The 6th stanza is omitted. In the original, verse 4, line 4, reads, "And now art freed from."
366. The text is from the *Book of Praise*, which the authoress informed the Editor was correct.
367. The 2nd and 5th stanzas of the translation are omitted.
369. Verse 6, line 2, the original reads, "Blood of God."
370. There are eight eight-line stanzas in the original, which is entitled, "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith," and at the end of which is written, "This Covenant my dear Wife in her former Sickness subscribed with a cheerful will. Job xii. 26." The hymn begins, "My whole, though broken heart, O Lord;" the 4th stanza commencing, "Now, it belongs not to my care," which is generally altered as in the text, as is also verse 2, line 4, which runs in the original, "That shall have the same pay." The text is copied from *Poetical Fragments*, by Richard Baxter; Second Edition, London, 1689.
371. In the original, verse 1, line 3, reads, "One with us on the cursèd tree."
372. The 4th stanza is omitted.
374. There are five eight-line stanzas in the original, which in verse 1, line 3, reads, "I have not, do not please my God."
375. The 2nd, 3rd, and 5th stanzas are omitted.
376. The 3rd, 6th, and 8th stanzas are omitted.
377. The text is printed from the *Parish Hymnbook* (1863), and varies slightly from the original translation, which reads,

381. Five out of eleven stanzas.

382. The lines are selected from the first four stanzas, which have very uneven merit, commencing, "Nor e soul can move." The text begins with Verse 3, line 1, the original reads, "c blood;" line 2, "Supports me." The 5th and 6th stanzas are omitted.

383. There are eleven stanzas in the original. The translation is omitted, and verse 5, line 3, is omitted from "To Thy dear wounded side."

386. In the original, verse 5, line 1, reads, "Or if

387. The omission of stanzas (there are sixteen in the original) necessitates in most versions the change from "would furnish" to "will furnish" in the translation. The original reads, "Hues of the rich unfolding morn. the text commences with the 6th stanza, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 14th, 15th, and 16th.

389. Verse 2, line 2, the original reads, "has been

390. The original is in twelve four-line stanzas, of which the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th are omitted.

391. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 7th stanzas are omitted in this translation, which reads, ver *Lyra Germanica* (edition 1865), "But line 6, "But still Thine angels;" line 7, "never;" verse 4, line 3, "your heads and beds."

392. The 4th stanza is omitted. Verse 3, line 5, the original reads, "Jesu's blood."

395. The 5th stanza is omitted

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

### **HYMN.**

399. There are six stanzas in the original. The omitted stanza, which is the 4th, runs,

"As Thou hast placed beyond my reach  
Thy richest means of grace,  
Teach me without them, Saviour, teach  
My soul to see Thy face."

401. The 3rd, 4th, and 6th stanzas are omitted. Verse 1, line 1, the original reads, "O Jesu;" line 2, "the Father's;" verse 4, lines 3 and 4:

"And faithful love our noonday light,  
And hope our sunset calm and bright;"

for which the lines in the text have been substituted from the copy in the *Hymnal Noted*.

402. The 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, and 7th stanzas are omitted. Verse 1, line 1, the translation reads, "O Sacred Head now wounded;" line 3, "Now scornfully surrounded;" line 5, "How art Thou pale with anguish;" line 7, "How does that visage;" verse 3, line 2, "dearest Friend;" verse 4, line 2, "O part." The original of this hymn is the *Salve caput cruciatum* of Bernard of Clairvaux; on it Paul Gerhardt founded his *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*, and from this German hymn many translations have been made into English. That of the text is by J. W. Alexander, D.D., of New York.

403. The 4th stanza is omitted. Verse 4, line 1, the translation reads, "When in grief you languish."

404. The 2nd and 3rd stanzas are omitted. Verse 3, line 3, the original reads, "Sun of Holiness."

405. Of the twelve stanzas of the original, the first three and the last but one are adopted in the text.

406. The 4th stanza is omitted.

407. The 8th stanza is omitted.

408. The 3rd stanza is omitted. In an appended note Dr. Ryland says, "I recollect deeper feelings of mind in composing this hymn than perhaps I ever felt in making any other."

409. The first four out of seven stanzas. Verse 1, line 4, the original reads, "I thirst, and faint, and die to prove."

410. The 3rd and 4th stanzas are omitted.

411. Verse 4, line 1, reads "my head" in the edition of 1739; but in later editions, "my soul;" verse 6, line 1, the original reads, "my way."

412. Verse 2, line 2, the original reads, "with inextinguishable blaze." The alteration in the text was introduced by E. H. Bickersteth (1870).

414. The opening stanza, beginning, "Happiness, thou lovely name," is omitted.

415. The 3rd and 4th stanzas are omitted. Verse 2, line 7, the original reads, "her life hath bought;" verse 4, line 7, "I'll serve Thee more another day."

416. The 5th stanza is omitted. The Rev. George Gill altered this hymn (in 1860, on returning from the South Seas) to bring it, he says, into stricter metrical form, and "to clear the rhythm." His version is in five s.m. stanzas, and begins,

## Notes on the Hymns

### HYMN.

"This sweetly solemn thought  
Can cheer the evening hour."

The text is as Miss Cary wrote it.

418. The 4th stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, "We thus devote to Thee;" verse 3, line 3, "O let them to the end endure." The alterations are borrowed from the version in the *Year of Praise*, into which they may have been introduced by Dean Alford. The text is printed from "*Psalms and Hymns from the most approved Authors*, by John Nunn" (1817: new edition, 1861); and it seems to be founded on a "Baptismal Hymn," by Haweis (*Carmina Christo*), beginning, "Eternal Source of life and power," and in five stanzas, of which the last three are given below:

"Our infant progeny in pray'r  
We consecrate to Thee;  
May they our cov'nant mercies share,  
To Thee united be.

"Once in Thine arms Thou didst enfold  
Such helpless babes below:  
The same rich blessings as of old  
On us and ours bestow.

"Lord! from the earliest days of youth  
Close keep them at Thy side;  
Lead them in paths of grace and truth,  
Their Ruler and their Guide."

The Rev. Preston Nunn writes that he believes his brother took the hymn from Dr. Haweis.

419. In the original the 2nd line runs, "Let us breathe our breath in Him;" the last line, "Part in Peace."

[Echo] "Peace!"

420. The first and last stanzas of eight. In the original these stanzas read:

"Peace be to this Habitation!  
Peace to every Soul herein!  
Peace, the Foretaste of Salvation,  
Peace, the Seal of cancel'd sin,  
Peace, that speaks its Heavenly Giver,  
Peace to Earthly Minds unknown,  
Peace Divine, that lasts for ever,  
Here erect its glorious Throne.

"Prince of Peace, if Thou art near us,  
Fix in all our Hearts Thy home,  
By Thy last Appearing cheer us,  
Quickly let Thy Kingdom come:  
Answer all our Expectation,  
Give our raptur'd souls to prove,  
Glorious, uttermost Salvation,  
Heavenly, everlasting Love."

The alterations in the text were introduced at least as early as 1841, when they appear in Dr. Andrew Reed's *Hymnbook*, where the usual change of "raptur'd" into "favour'd" is also found. In the text, "waiting" has been substituted by the Editor for "favour'd," on the suggestion of Dr. Bonar. The added third stanza is a doxology by Mr.

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

### **HYMN.**

Conder, which was appended to the hymn by Dr. James Hamilton in preparing the *English Presbyterian Hymn-book*.

426. The 5th stanza is omitted. The last two lines of verse 4 in the original read :

"There afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast."

In the *Congregational Hymnbook*, edited by Mr. Conder (1836), these lines have been combined with the terminal lines of the next stanza :

"Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above!"

and the alteration has been adopted in the text.

428. The text is printed from *Sacred Lyrics* (1820). The hymn appears in *Closet Hymns*, by Mr. Edmeston (1845), with a change to the singular person throughout.

429. The 3rd and 4th stanzas are omitted.

433. Verse 2, line 1, the original reads, "that soul."

434. The 2nd, 6th, and 8th stanzas are omitted.

435. The 2nd stanza, which was omitted from the text, is inserted here :

"Yonder stars that gild the sky  
Shine but with a borrowed light;  
We, unless Thy light be nigh,  
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night."

436. The original is in four-line stanzas, of which eight are adopted out of sixteen.

438. The 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 9th, 10th, and 11th stanzas are omitted. The hymn in the text begins with the 3rd stanza of the original, of which the first line is, "'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze."

439. The 4th and 6th stanzas are omitted. Verse 4, line 1, the original reads, "But I shall share."

440. The original is in two parts: the first, in six stanzas, commencing, "Sweet place, sweet place alone;" the second, in eight stanzas, commencing, "Jerusalem on high."

441. The 4th stanza of the hymn as commonly printed, which is the second half of the 2nd stanza of the original, is omitted. Verse 3, line 4, the original reads, "Floating in His;" verse 5, line 4, "most deeply know." The original was a hymn by James Allen, "While my Jesus I'm possessing," which appeared in the *Appendix to the Kendal Hymnbook* (1761). It received its present form from the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley for the Countess of Huntingdon's Collection (1774).

442. The 2nd stanza is omitted.

443. In verses 1, 2, and 3, line 5 in each commences "O Jesu;" verse 2, line 4, the translation reads, "The hours of sin."

444. This hymn originally appeared in a paper in the *Spectator*, by Addison, for Saturday, 26 July, 1712. Verse 4, line 3, the *Book of Praise* and *Lyra Britannica* read, "my wants beguile."

## *Notes on the Hymns*

### **HYMNS.**

446. There are nineteen stanzas in the original : in verse 5, line 6, "other" is a correction by the authoress, in place of "safer." Verse 6, line 5, the original reads : "crown He gifteth."
448. The 2nd, 3rd, and 6th stanzas are omitted. The last two lines of verse 3 are taken from the sixth stanza, and are substituted for :  
 " My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,  
 Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly light."
449. The 6th, 7th, and 11th stanzas are omitted.
450. The 3rd stanza is omitted.
451. The 5th stanza is omitted. In the original, verse 1 reads :  
 " There's not a grief, however light,  
 Too light for sympathy;  
 There's not a care, however slight,  
 Too slight to bring to Thee."  
 Verse 2, line 3, " For He who bore ;" verse 3, line 1, " There's not a secret ;" verse 4, line 1, " Life's woes with-out."
454. Verse 1, line 3, the original reads, " Thy Saviour has ;" verse 2, line 4, " has died."
456. The 2nd, 3rd, and 7th stanzas are omitted. Verse 1, line 6, the original reads, " till it finds."
460. The text is selected from the first and second of Mason's *Songs of Praise*, the one containing twelve, the other seven and a half eight-line stanzas.
461. In the last verse the hymn originally read :  
 " Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Darkling here we worship Thee;  
 Make us meet Thy face to see,  
 Prays our solemn psalm."  
 The alterations (introduced in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and universally adopted from that book) gave Dr. Borison, his daughter writes, " some little annoyance, as he fancied they spoilt the beauty of the whole verse."
462. The original, verse 1, line 1, reads, " has spared."
463. Verse 6, line 1, the original reads, " my friend."
466. This hymn (by the Rev. S. F. Smith) " was offered me," Dr. Hastings writes, " in a hasty sketch, which I retouched and published." Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, " Ye wand'ers come ;" verse 3, line 3, " The storm of vengeance ;" line 4, " Ruin is nigh."
467. Verse 1, line 5, the original formerly read " cherub notes." The alteration in the text has been adopted by Miss Cox at Mr. Shipley's suggestion.
468. The 4th and 5th stanzas are omitted.
469. The original reads, verse 2, line 3, " Here we may sit ;" verse 3, lines 1 and 2 :  
 " One day amid the place  
 Where my dear God hath been ;"  
 Verse 4, lines 3 and 4 :  
 " And sit, and sing herself away  
 To everlasting bliss."

## *For Public and Private Worship.*

### **HYMNS.**

472. The 2nd, 4th, and 5th stanzas are omitted, and the 3rd and 6th are transposed. Verse 3, line 1, the original reads, "came the courage;" verse 6, line 1, "O Jesu, glorious."
475. The 1st and 3rd stanzas are omitted, the hymn in the text commencing with the 3rd, and the hymn in the original, which is a Paraphrase of the 17th Psalm, commencing, "Lord, I am Thine, but Thou wilt prove."
476. The 4th stanza is omitted. Verse 4, line 1, the original reads, "Have you no words;" line 2, "you complain;" line 3, "your fellow-creatures;" line 4, "your care;" verse 5, line 3, "your cheerful song."
477. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 9th, and 11th stanzas are omitted. In verse 2, line 4, the *Spectator* reads, "those comforts." The hymn originally appeared in a paper by Addison in No. 453 of the *Spectator* for Saturday, 9 August, 1712.
479. The 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 15th stanzas are omitted.
482. The 2nd, 7th, 8th, and 9th stanzas are omitted.
483. The last stanza is omitted.
486. This translation is founded on a hymn, in fourteen stanzas, by Freylinghausen. The 2nd stanza of the translation is omitted, and the 3rd reads:
- "When on death's cold strand  
I one day shall stand,  
Let Thy presence go beside me,  
Through the gloomy waters guide me;  
Grant me then to stand,  
Lord, at Thy right hand."
487. The 3rd stanza is omitted.
488. The 3rd and 4th stanzas are omitted. Verse 2, line 2, the original reads, "flee or yield."
489. The 2nd and 3rd stanzas are omitted.
490. There are eight eight-line stanzas in the original.
491. II. The last two stanzas of the 72nd Psalm in the Scottish metrical version.
- XIII. Borrowed from Theodulf's hymn *Gloria, laus et honor*.

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## NOTES ON THE HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

### **HYMNS.**

1. The 4th stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, "consecrate it;" verse 4, line 1, "Ah! yes, where simple."
2. The 2nd, 4th, and 8th stanzas are omitted.
3. The 2nd stanza is omitted. Verse 2, line 1, the original reads, "But God can change."
5. In the translation, verse 1, line 1, reads, "Glory and laud and honour;" verse 5:

## *Notes on the Hymns for Children.*

### HYMN.

"In hastening to Thy passion,  
They raised their hymns of praise;  
In reigning midst Thy glory,  
Our melody we raise."

The alterations in the text are borrowed from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

6. The 2nd and 4th stanzas are omitted.
7. The 3rd and 6th stanzas are omitted. Verse 3, line 1, the original reads, "at Thy foot."
9. The 3rd stanza is omitted. Verse 4, line 3, the original reads "in that precious purple flood."  
In Mr. Bickersteth's *Hymnal Companion* a 6th stanza added, appended by some unknown hand:

"And is that fountain flowing yet?  
Bless'd Saviour, lead us there;  
That we those happy ones may meet,  
And in their praises share,  
Singing glory, glory, glory."

11. II. The original reads:

"We bless Thee, Lord, for this our Food,  
But more for Jesu's Flesh and Blood;  
The Manna to our Spirits giv'n,  
The Living Bread sent down from Heav'n;  
Praise shall our Grateful Lips employ,  
While Life and Plenty we enjoy;  
'Till worthy, we adore Thy Name,  
While banqueting with Christ, the Lamb."

12. The hymn, as originally written, was in six stanzas of lines, as below:

- "1 Beautiful Zion! built above!  
Beautiful city that I love!  
Beautiful gates of pearly white!  
Beautiful temple! God its light!
- 2 Beautiful trees for ever there!  
Beautiful fruits they always bear!  
Beautiful rivers gliding by!  
Beautiful fountains never dry!
- 3 Beautiful light without the sun!  
Beautiful day revolving on!  
Beautiful worlds on worlds untold!  
Beautiful streets of shining gold!
- 4 Beautiful heaven where all is light!  
Beautiful angels clothed in white!  
Beautiful songs that never tire!  
Beautiful harps through all the choir!
- 5 Beautiful crowns on every brow!  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show!  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear!  
Beautiful all who enter there!

## Notes on the Hymns for Children.

### HYMN.

6 Beautiful throne for God the Lamb !  
Beautiful seats at God's right hand !  
Beautiful rest ! all wanderings cease !  
Beautiful home of perfect peace !"

The alterations, and the two lines appended to each stanza, were introduced, Mr. Gill writes, "I think, by the editor of an American Sunday School Hymnbook." The version in the text is that by which the hymn is best known.

13. In a note to the Editor, Mr. Bateman mentions that this hymn was originally written in two stanzas, thus :

1 "Ave Jesu !  
Ere we part,  
Speak Thy blessing to each heart ;  
Ave Jesu !  
Saviour blest,  
Breathe Thy peace through every breast ;"  
etc. etc.

16. The original reads, verse 1, line 2, "Soon our school-days will be done." The hymn unfortunately was stereotyped before it could be traced to its author, but Mr. Dickson disapproves of the alteration, and writes, "Please take my way of it."

17. The 2nd stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 3, *Songs of Gladness* reads, "modern days."

18. Verse 2, line 1, the original reads, "He did lay His glory by ;" verse 3, lines 3 and 4, "Little boys and girls did prove Tokens of His tender love ;" verse 5, line 2, "Then was poorer."

21. The 3rd and 4th stanzas are omitted. Verse 1, line 4, the original reads, "And lisp our."

22. The 3rd stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, "our youthful days ;" verse 5, line 2, "On all our souls Thine image trace."

24. Verse 2, line 3, the original reads, "naughty feel away."

25. The 2nd stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, "A sister from our side ;" verse 6, line 2, "We could resign our days."

26. The 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th stanzas are omitted.

27. The 4th and 6th stanzas are omitted.

30. Verse 2, line 6, reads, in Major's *Book of Praise*, "Then shall we."

31. The 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 10th stanzas are omitted. Verse 2, lines 2 and 3, the original reads, "Dearest God ;" verse 7, line 1, "Jesu."

32. The 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 6th stanzas are omitted. Verse 4, lines 3 and 4, the original reads :

"His mercies ever shall endure  
When this vain world shall be no more ;"  
one of the alternate refrains with which each stanza ends.

33. The 3rd stanza is omitted. Verse 6, line 1, the original reads, "Lift ye, then, your voices."

## *Notes on the Hymns for Children.*

### **HYMN.**

34. The text is printed from the *Church of England Sunday School Hymnbook*. In the *Words of Select Music for the Young*, issued by the Sunday School Union, verse 3, line 4, reads, "is His room."

39. The 3rd and 5th stanzas are transposed from their place in the original, and the 1st stanza is repeated at the end.

40. The first two lines of verse 1 are repeated at the end of each stanza.

41. Verse 3, lines 1 and 2, the original reads :

"While our bosoms yet are young,  
Kindle in them love divine;"

line 4, "Take us, keep us;" verse 4, line 3, "oppress with deepest woe;" verse 6, line 1, "Lord, instruct us then, and pour." Verse 5 is not in the original, and seems to have been added, as the alterations were made, by the Rev. Edward Bickersteth.

42. This hymn appeared in a *Supplement to all Hymnbooks* (1860), and is an adaptation by the Rev. Jonathan Whittemore, the Editor, of three hymns by Miss Leeson, v., xvii., and xl., in her *Hymns and Scenes of Childhood*. There are five stanzas in the *Supplement*, but the third is omitted. Verse 1, line 4, the original reads, "they may be."

44. Altered by an unknown hand from a hymn by Cennick in common measure. The stanzas in Cennick, corresponding to the text, are four out of nine, and read :

- 1 "How happy are those children who  
In peace to heaven are gone;  
Who, cloth'd in long white garments, now  
Stand singing round the throne.
  - 3 The Saviour, whom they lov'd when here,  
Hath wip'd their tears away;  
They never more can grieve or fear,  
Nor sin, nor go astray.
  - 6 Methinks I see them kneeling sing  
(Ten thousands do the same),  
Salvation to our bleeding King!  
To God and to the Lamb!
- O that I might so favour'd be,  
With those above to join;  
O that like them, I Christ might see,  
And He be ever mine."

In the Moravian Hymnbook of 1789, besides slighter changes, the first verse is altered to :

"Happy the children who are gone  
To Jesus Christ in peace,  
Who stand around His glorious throne  
Clad in His righteousness."

46. Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, "Sweetly warbling in the skies;" line 3, "Sure, the angelic;" line 4, "Loudest hallelujahs;" verse 4, line 3, "Glad receive;" and each stanza closes with a "Hallelujah."

## *Notes on the Hymns for Children.*

### **HYMN.**

48. Verse 2, line 1, the original reads, "My sins are heavy, but;" verse 4, line 4, "has bought."
49. Verse 3, line 3, the original reads, "every infant-school."
51. Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, "Love Thee, Lord, Thy Word and day;" line 3, "Thy grace;" line 4, "Learn Thy will and Christ embrace;" line 5, "And are humble;" line 6, "Make me, then, a '*holy child*';" verse 2, line 5, "Scorn with sin;" line 6, "Make me, then, a '*holy child*';" verse 3, lines 5 and 6:  

"Pleasing thought, may I be styl'd,  
Now the Saviour's '*holy child*.'"
52. The 2nd 3rd, and 6th stanzas are omitted.
53. The 3rd stanza is omitted.
56. Verse 1, line 3, usually reads, "His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree;" verse 4, line 4, "He loves to the end."
57. The 4th stanza is omitted.
60. Verse 2, line 7, the original reads, "forsake me."
61. The 5th stanza is omitted.
62. The 7th stanza is omitted. Verse 7, line 3, the original reads, "Why should I then."
65. The 3rd and 5th stanzas are omitted.
67. The original is in six eight-line stanzas. Verse 4, lines 3 and 4 are from the abridged version in common use.
69. Verse 1, line 4, frequently reads, "To where the fountains are ever flowing;" verse 2, lines 3 and 4:  

"Here in this country, so dark and dreary,  
I long have wandered. forlorn and weary;"

verse 3, line 1, "There in the city."
75. "Jesu" is employed in the original throughout.
76. Verse 1, line 4, the original reads, "Watch my sleep till."
78. The 7th stanza is omitted.
82. In the original there are four stanzas. Verse 1, line 3, the original reads, "To Jesus's name;" line 8, "For all to receive;" verse 2, lines 3 and 4, "And ransom'd with blood, And made us His own;" line 5, "But Him without;" verse 3, line 7, "tongues they shall bless Him." The latter half of the second stanza is borrowed from the latter half of the fourth in the original.
83. Verse 5, lines 3 and 4, the original reads:  

"Heart and voice, let all be given,  
All will find the way to heaven."

The lines substituted in the text for these are borrowed from the first stanza.
85. The 3rd and 4th stanzas are omitted. Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, "He regards you;" verse 3, line 2, "Your undying Friend;" line 3, "you meet Him."
86. As written by Dr. Brewer this hymn is:  

1 "Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
Make the beauteous land.

## *Notes on the Hymns for Children.*

### **HYMN.**

- 3 Straw by straw the sparrow  
Builds its cosy nest;  
Leaf by leaf the forest  
Stands in verdure drest.
- 3 Letter after letter  
Words and books are made;  
Little and by little  
Mountains level laid.
- 4 Drop by drop is iron  
Worn in time away;  
Perseverance, patience,  
Ever win their way.
- 5 Every finished labour  
Once did but begin;  
Try, and go on trying,  
That's the way to win."

It seems to have taken the form by which it is generally known, in the books of the Sunday School Union.

91. Verse 1, line 4, reads in the original, "infant heart;" verse 2, line 1, "A helpless creature;" verse 2, line 2, "from the womb I stray'd."
92. The 2nd stanza is omitted. Verse 1, line 1, Berridge reads, "Jesus cast a look on me." The line in the text is the first line of the hymn (by Charles Wesley) which Berridge has here altered and expanded.
94. The 3rd, 6th, and 7th stanzas are omitted.
95. The 2nd, 5th, and 6th stanzas are omitted.
99. The text begins with the second stanza, the first commencing, "With humble heart and tongue." Besides the 1st, the 3rd and 7th are omitted. Verse 3, line 3, the original reads, "my following days."
100. The 2nd and 9th stanzas are omitted.
101. Verse 3, line 1, the original reads, "Jesu."
102. The 3rd, 5th, 6th, and 8th stanzas are omitted.
103. The 3rd and 6th stanzas are omitted.
105. Altered from Bruce for the Scottish Paraphrases (of which it is the 11th) by Logan. Verse 2, lines 3 and 4, the original reads:  
     "And her reward is more secure  
     Than is the gain of gold;"  
 verse 3, line 2, "happy years;" lines 3 and 4:  
     "And in her left the prize of fame  
     And honour bright appears."
106. In a note to the Editor from Mrs. Parsons, she expresses regret that the second stanza of this hymn should be so often omitted.
108. The first two stanzas, beginning:  
 "Have you ever brought a penny to the missionary box,  
 A penny which you might have spent in playthings and in frocks"

## *Notes on the Hymns for Children.*

### HYMN.

are omitted. Mr. Wilson, who retains them in his *Service of Praise*, alters the second line into :

"A penny which you might have spent like other little folks."

The first line of the text reads in the original :

"And oh ! what joyous music is the missionary song."

110. Verse 1, line 5, reads in the original, "and leave us;" line 6,

"This day kind,—the next bereave us;" verses 2 and 3:

2 "Blessèd Jesus ! Wouldst thou know Him ?

Give thine heart, thine all unto Him.

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee ?

Unbelief and trials tease thee ?

Jesus can from all release thee.

3 Love this Friend, who longs to save thee.

Dost thou love ? He will not leave thee.

Think no more, then, of to-morrow,

Take His easy yoke, and follow ;

Jesus carries all thy sorrow."

Verse 4, line 1, "All thy sins shall be forgiven;" line 3,

"thy foes;" line 5, "provide thee;" line 6, "betide thee;"

line 7, "guide thee."

112. From the eleventh part of Watts's version of the 119th Psalm, omitting the 3rd and 7th stanzas.

116. The 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th stanzas are omitted ; while the second stanza of the text is composed of the first two lines of the second and third of the original stanzas.

117. The 2nd, 5th, and 9th stanzas are omitted. As the 2nd does not appear in Mr. Thring's *Hymns, Congregational and Others* (1866), but has been furnished by the author in manuscript, it is inserted here :

"Rich and poor together,  
Suppliants young and old,  
None shall here be wanting,  
Pastor or his fold ;  
One and all uniting,  
All with one accord,  
Men and women bringing  
Incense to their Lord."

Verse 4. The last four lines, for which those in the text have been substituted from the preceding stanza, are in the original :

"Life has lost its shadowa,  
Pure the light within ;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin."

This hymn was altered, Mr. Thring writes, "for *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, but I have regretted it since, and restored it, with one change of my own."

118. Verse 2, line 6, reads in Mrs. Herbert Mayo's *Selection of Hymns and Poetry for the Use of Infant and Juvenile Schools*, "Hear young children."

119. The 3rd stanza is omitted.

120. The 2nd and 3rd stanzas, which are omitted from the text, are inserted here, with a note added by the author when enclosing a copy of the hymn :

## *Notes on the Hymns for Children.*

### HYMNS.

“Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The solemn watchword hear;  
‘If while ye sleep He suffers,’\*  
Away with shame and fear!  
Where’er you meet with evil,  
Within you, or without,  
Charge! for the God of Battles,  
And put the foe to rout.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day!  
‘Ye that are men, now serve Him,’†  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.”

126. Verse 3, line 4, the original reads, “And lay.”

127. The text is taken from the *Church of England Sunday School Hymnbook*. The 4th stanza is omitted.

128. Verse 1, line 6, reads “angels with white wings;” and the refrain of verse 5 is “Are you going?” The 6th stanza, which is omitted, is:

“This world is all so dark and dead;  
Take us there!  
We never can be happy here;  
Take us there!  
Oh! listen to that music sweet,  
It comes so rich from yonder seat,  
Where all the good in glory meet—  
Take us there, take us there!”

130. The 4th stanza is omitted.

131. The 3rd stanza is omitted.

132. The original, as furnished in manuscript by the family of Mr. Wallace, is not divided into stanzas, and reads, verse 3:

“That Eye is fixed on seraph throngs;  
That Ear is filled with angels’ songs;  
That Arm upholds the worlds on high;  
That Love is thron’d beyond the sky;”

Verse 5, has but two lines:

“That power is prayer which soars on high  
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky.”

These were afterwards expanded by Mr. Wallace into:

“That power is prayer—the noblest boon  
To mortal beings given;  
It moves the hand Omnipotent,  
That rules o’er earth and heaven.”

The version in the text is that universally in use, and some

\* Matthew xxvi. 36-46.

† “Tyng’s text of the most powerful sermon in modern times, so far as I know; when the slain of the Lord were many, probably, thousand at least.”—G. Duffield, in a letter to the editor.

## *Notes on the Hymns for Children.*

### **HYMN.**

of the changes were imperatively required by the metre, but by whom they were made has not been ascertained.

133. The 2nd and 5th stanzas are omitted.

134. Verse 3, line 3, the original reads "out of the sight."

135. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th stanzas are omitted.

136. In the original, the 2nd and 3rd stanzas of the text come before the 1st; and there are two stanzas, the 5th and 6th, in place of the 5th of the text:

5 "There's a *song* for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky;  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing;  
They know not Christ as *Saviour*,  
But worship Him as *King*.

6 There's a *robe* for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky;  
And a *harp* of sweetest music,  
And a *palm* of victory," etc., etc.

Verse 1, line 3, reads in the original, "never changeth;" verse 2, line 5, "every turmoil;" verse 3, line 5, "or can;" verse 4, lines 7 and 8:

"On all who've found His favour,  
And lov'd His name below."

137. Verse 1, line 3, the original reads, "Onwards." The refrain is not in the original, but is borrowed from *Songs of Zion, a Selection of Hymns*, by the Rev. Isaac Ashe, who appends it to the hymn as in the text.

139. The text is printed from the *Church of England Sunday School Hymnbook*.

141. The 4th stanza and some lines of the 3rd and 5th are omitted. Verse 3, line 2, in the original reads, "Christ for you;" line 3, "While you own;" line 4, "You may plead;" line 7, "Thy bowels move." The second half of the 3rd stanza in the text is made up of the first two and the last two lines of the 5th in the original, and there reads:

"But, poor careless sinner, say,  
What can you to justice pay?  
Tremble, lest, when life is past,  
Into prison you be cast."

142. Verse 3, line 3, the original reads, "Our Saviour."

143. The 2nd, 3rd, and 8th stanzas are omitted.

145. The text is taken from Major's *Book of Praise*, which in verse 2, line 4, reads, "Though sinners at His feet."

147. From a hymn beginning, "Souls of men! why will ye scatter?" The first stanza of the text is the second of the original, which is in thirteen stanzas.

149. In the translation, verse 3, lines 5, 6, and 7, read:

"No gifts have we to offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
But that which Thou desirest."

## Notes on the Hymns for . . .

his hymn was suggested by the words in Bridges' *Exposition of the 119th Psalm*: "We speak of heaven, but, oh! to be there!" Verse 1, line 2, the original reads, "Of that country;" verse 2, line 2, "Of its walls decked with jewels most rare;" line 3, "Of its wonders;" verse 4, line 2, "Of the robes;" line 3, "Of the Church;" verse 5, line 1, "Then let us, 'midst pleasure or woe;" line 2, "Our spirits;" line 3, "We also." The 4th stanza of the original, which follows, is omitted:

"We speak of its anthems of praise,  
With which we can never compare  
The sweetest on earth we can raise—  
But what must it be to be there!"

2. In the original there is a refrain to each stanza; to the first and second:

"Hosanna to Jesus ' their theme;"  
to the third:

"Hosanna to Jesus our King."

155. The 3rd and 8th stanzas are omitted.

157. The refrain to each verse, except the last, originally read:

"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

The change to "little children" was made by Mr. Curwen, and is considered by the author "a decided improvement." In its earliest, and what its author considers "best" form, the hymn consisted of six stanzas. Only the 1st, 2nd, and 4th of these are in the text; the omitted verses, 3rd, 5th, and 6th, are inserted below:

- " 3 I love little children; of such is my kingdom;  
Their angels see my Father's face in yonder bright world;  
And I will gently lead them on,  
Till they shall stand before my throne;  
Suffer little children to come unto me.
- 5 Our teachers instruct us, and tell us this kind Saviour  
Was once, like us, a little child, and still loves children well;  
They tell us we may share His love,  
And hear Him saying from above,  
Suffer little children to come unto me.
- 6 And we would accept Thy gracious invitation;  
We pray Thee to forgive our sins, and bear them all away;  
And may we learn to serve the Lord,  
And read and love His holy word;  
Teach us, dear Saviour, to come unto Thee!"

On sending the hymn to the *Juvenile Missionary* 1 zine, "it struck me," Mr. Hutchings writes, "to secure a place, I must give it a missionary tone. Accordingly, I omitted three verses altogether, altered or constructed a new one." The new one is the 4th st the text; the altered one is:

"And, oh, how we pity these poor deluded creatures,  
Who worship gods of wood and stone which they themselves  
made!"

Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray,  
That they may hear Thee to them say,

- "Suffer the children to come unto me."

Verse 2, line 2, reads in the original "to my be  
The 4th stanza, which in the original is printed  
"And."

# BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

THE hymns are referred to the works in which they originally appeared, and from which they have been taken for this Collection.

When only one source is mentioned, the hymns have been taken from it, unless it is stated to the contrary.

The first lines of hymns that have been translated are given in the original under their authors' names, as well as in their English form under the names of the translators.

The date inserted after a *hymn* marks the time when it was written, after a *book* the time of its publication.

C, when it occurs before the number of a hymn signifies that it is in the Third or Children's Part.

An \* is prefixed to the name of a living author.

**Adams, Sarah Fuller**, daughter of Benjamin Flower; born at Cambridge, 22 February, 1805; married W. Bridges Adams, 1834; died 14 August, 1849. Her hymns are contained in *Hymns and Anthems* † (1841), *Vivia Perpetua* § (1841), and *The Flock at the Fountain* ‡ (1845)

† Nearer, my God, to Thee (1840) ‡ . . . . . 386  
§ Part in peace, Christ's life was peace . . . . . 419

**Addison, Joseph**, son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, Rector of Milston, afterwards Dean of Lichfield; born at Milston rectory, near Amesbury, in Wiltshire, 1 May, 1673; was made Secretary of State, 1717; died 17 June, 1719. His hymns appeared in the Saturday papers of the *Spectator* during 1712: Nos. 441 §, 453 ‡, 465 †, 489 †, and 513 ["When rising from the bed of death"].

† How are Thy servants blest, O Lord (1712) . . . . . 345  
‡ The spacious firmament on high (1712) . . . . . 258  
§ The Lord my pasture shall prepare (1712) . . . . . 444  
|| When all Thy mercies, O my God (1712) . . . . . 477

\* **Alexander, Cecil Frances**, daughter of Major Ham-

## Biographical Index.

phreys; born near Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland; married in 1850 the Rev. W. Alexander, D.D., afterwards (1867) Bishop of Derry. Her hymns have appeared in *Hymns Descriptive and Devotional* † (1858), *The Legend of the Golden Prayers* (1859), *Verses for Holy Seasons* ‡ (1846), *Narrative Hymns* (1857), etc.

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult . . . . .	196
The golden gates are lifted up . . . . .	250
† The roseate hues of early dawn (1853 and 1858) . . . . .	445
‡ When Jesus came to earth of old . . . . .	294
† When wounded sore the stricken soul (1858) . . . . .	494

**Alexander, James Waddell, D.D.**, son of Professor Archibald Alexander, D.D.; born at Hopewell, Louisa County, Virginia, U.S., 13 March, 1804; became Professor of Biblical Literature in Princeton Theological Seminary, U.S.; and afterwards Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York; died at Sweet Springs, Virginia, 31 July, 1859.

O Lamb of God once wounded (1849) . . . . .	403
<i>O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden</i> [GERHARDT].	

\***Alexander, William Lindsay, D.D.**; son of William Alexander, merchant in Leith; born at Leith, 24 August, 1808; Minister of Augustine Church, Edinburgh; and Professor of Theology in the Congregational Theological Hall for Scotland. His hymns have appeared in the *Augustine Hymnbook*, which he edited (1849; 4th ed. 1868†).

† Spirit of power and truth and love (1848) . . . . .	241
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**Alford, Henry, D.D.**, son of the Rev. Henry Alford, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks.; born in London, 7 October, 1810; Dean of Canterbury, 1857; died at the Deanery, 12 January, 1871. His hymns appeared in his *Poetical Works*, in *Psalms and Hymns* (1844), of which he was the compiler, and in *The Year of Praise* †, which he edited in 1867.

† Come, ye thankful people, come (1844) . . . . .	43
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**Allen, James**, son of Oswald Allen; born at Gayle, in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, 24 June, 1734; became one of Lady Huntingdon's preachers; after various changes of opinion built a chapel on his own estate, where he ministered till his death, 31 October, 1804. His hymns appeared in the *Kendal Hymnbook* (1757) with *Appendix* † (1761), which he edited, along with Christopher Batty and others, and in his *Christian Songs*.

† Glory to God on high . . . . .	74
† Sweet the moments, rich in blessing* . . . . .	44

\* See SHIRLEY.

## *Biographical Index.*

**Ambrose**, son of the Prefect of Gaul; born in Gaul (probably at Treves) about 340; studied for the bar; was made Consular Prefect of Liguria, residing in Milan, where the people insisted on his being their Bishop (374); died at Milan, 8 April, 397. Many hymns have been attributed to him, but not more than twelve of them with any certainty, and the first of those below is doubtful.

O Jesus, Lord of light and grace [CHANDLER] . . . . . 401  
*Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.*

**Anatolius**, became Patriarch of Constantinople, 449; died about 458. It is uncertain if he is the author of 443.

Fierce was the wild billow [NEALE] . . . . . 331  
*ζοφεράς τρικυμίας*

The day is past and over [NEALE]. . . . . 443  
*τὴν ἡμέραν διεθών*

**Angelus Silesius**. [See Scheffler.]

Thee will I love, my strength, my tower . . . . . 448

**Anstice, Joseph**, M.A., son of William Anstice, of Madeley Wood, Shropshire; born in 1808; Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London; died at Torquay, 29 February, 1836. His hymns, "which were all dictated to his wife during the last few weeks of his life," were privately printed by her in 1836, and twenty-seven of them appeared in *The Child's Christian Year* (1841).

In all things like Thy brethren, Thou . . . . . 120  
Lord of the harvest, once again . . . . . 160  
O Lord, how happy should we be . . . . . 406

\***Astley, Charles Tamberlane**, son of John William Astley, of Dukinfield; born at Cwmillecoediog, near Mallwyd, North Wales, 12 May, 1825; Rector of Brasted, Sevenoaks, Kent. His hymns appeared in *Songs in the Night* (1860).

O Lord, I look to Thee (1858)\*. . . . . 407

**Auber, Harriet**, daughter of James Auber; born at Hackney, London, 4 October, 1773; died at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, 23 January, 1862.\*\* Her hymns appeared in *The Spirit of the Psalms* (1829), a work prepared by her, and which was for the most part original.

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\* "Written at Pisa, during illness, about December, 1858."—C. T. A.

\*\* There is some uncertainty about the place of birth: her grand-nephew heard "she was baptised at the French Protestant Church (now pulled down) near the Royal Exchange."

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Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed . . . . . 212

**Austin, John**, born at Walpole, in Norfolkshire; died in London, 1669. His hymns appeared in *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices* (1668).

Blest be Thy love, dear Lord . . . . . 314

\***Baker, Rev. Sir Henry Williams**, son of Admiral Sir H. L. Baker; born at London, 27 May, 1821; Vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire. His hymns appeared in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*† (1861) with *Supplement* (1868), of which he was one of the editors in chief.

† How welcome was the call . . . . . 346

† O God of love, O King of peace . . . . . 191

† Praise, O praise our God and King . . . . . 217

† Rejoice to-day with one accord . . . . . 224

† There is a blessed home . . . . . 261

**Bakewell, John**, born at Brailsford, Derbyshire, 1721; became a Wesleyan preacher, 1749; died at Lewisham, 18 March, 1819. His principal hymn appeared first, in an imperfect form, in *Madan's Collection* (1760), and afterwards, at length, but with alterations introduced by Toplady, in *Toplady's Collection* (1776).

Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus . . . . . 89

\***Bancroft, Charlite Lees**, daughter of the Rev. Sidney Smith, D.D., Rector of Drumragh, County Tyrone, Ireland; born at Bloomfield, Merrion, County Dublin, 21 June, 1841; married Arthur E. Bancroft (1869). Her hymns have appeared in leaflets†, in *Ryle's Spiritual Songs*, *Lyra Britannica*, *Times of Refreshing*, etc.

† O for the robes of whiteness (1860). . . . . C. 103

**Barbault, Anna Lætitia**, daughter of Dr. John Aikin, master of a school at Kibworth in Leicestershire; born at Kibworth, 20 June, 1743; married, 1774, the Rev. Rochemont Barbault; died at Newington, 9 March, 1825. Five of her hymns appeared in her *Poems* (1773); others appeared in her *Collected Works* (1825).

Praise to God, immortal praise . . . . . O. 116

\***Baring-Gould, Sabine, M.A.**, son of Edward Baring Gould, of Devonshire; born at Exeter, 28 January, 1834; Rector of East Mersea, Essex. His hymns, original and translated, have appeared in periodicals and hymnals, e.g. *The People's Hymnal* (1867)†, and *Hymns Ancient and Modern: Supplement* (1868)†.

## Biographical Index.

‡ Now the day is over . . . . .	C. 101
† Through the night of doubt and sorrow . . . . .	273
<i>Igjennem Nat og Traengsel</i> [INGEMANN].	

\***Bateman, Christian Henry**, son of John Bateman; born at the Moravian Settlement of Wyke, near Halifax, 9 August, 1813; Vicar of All Saints', Childshill. His hymns appeared in his *Sacred Melodies for Children* (1842)†, the *Bible-class Magazine* (1849)‡, etc.

‡ Blessed Jesus, ere we part (1848) . . . . .	C. 13
† Come, children, join to sing . . . . .	C. 19

\***Bathurst, William Hiley**, M.A., son of the Hon. C. Bragge Bathurst, of Lydney Park, Gloucestershire; born at Clevedale, near Bristol, 28 August, 1796; became Rector of Barwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire (1820); resigned from conscientious scruples, 1852; and now lives at his estate of Lydney Park. His hymns appeared in *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use* (1830). [1831?]

O Saviour, may we never rest . . . . .	198
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**Baxter, Richard**, son of a freeholder; born at Rowton, Shropshire, 12 November, 1615: became schoolmaster, chaplain to a Cromwellian regiment, curate of Kidderminster, and, on the passage of the Act of Uniformity, a Nonconformist; died in London 8 December, 1691. His hymns appeared in *Poetical Fragments* (1681)†; his *Paraphrase on the Psalms* appeared in 1692.

† Lord, it belongs not to my care . . . . .	370
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**Bennett, Henry**, born at Lyme Regis, 18 April, 1813; died at Islington, 12 November, 1868. His hymns appeared in a collected form in *Hymns by H. Bennett* (1st edition, 1867; 2nd edition, 1869)†.

† Cling to the Mighty One (1852) . . . . .	318
† I have a home above (1850) . . . . .	347
† Jesus, the holy One (1866) . . . . .	362
† Lord Jesus, hide Thy people (1866) . . . . .	372

**Bernard of Clairvaux**, son of the nobleman Tecelinus; born at Fontaine, near Dijon, in Burgundy, 1091; was made first Abbot of Clairvaux when only 25; "the best monk that ever lived" (Luther); died at Clairvaux, Aug. 20, 1153. Seven poems are attributed to him, of which the chief are the *Jubilus Rhythmicus de Nomine Jesu*† (about 1130), and the *Oratio Rhythmica ad Christum a Cruce Pendentem*.‡

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† Jesus, the very thought of Thee [CASWALL] . . . . .	134
<i>Jesu dulcis memoria.</i>	
† Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts [RAY PALMER] . . . . .	135
<i>Jesu dulcedo cordium.</i>	
‡ O Lamb of God once wounded [J. W. ALEXANDER] . . . . .	402
<i>Salve Caput cruentatum.</i>	
<i>O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden</i> [GERHARDT].	

**Bernard of Clugny**, born at Morlaix in Brittany, it is said of English parents; became a monk of Clugny; the dates of his birth and death are unknown, but within the 12th century. The poem, from which the well-known hymns have been translated, was a satire on the corruptions of the age, *De Contemptu Mundi*, of about 3000 lines, and opens with a description of heaven. The translations are by Dr. NEALE.

Brief life is here our portion . . . . .	23
<i>Hic brevis vivitur.</i>	
For thee, O dear dear country . . . . .	64
<i>O bona patria.</i>	
Jerusalem the glorious . . . . .	124
<i>Urbs Syon inclyta.</i>	
Jerusalem the golden . . . . .	125
<i>Urbs Syon aurea.</i>	

**Berridge, John**, son of a wealthy farmer; born at Kingston, Nottinghamshire, 1 March, 1716; became Vicar of Evertton, 1755; died 22 January, 1793. His hymns, which were often adaptations of others already in existence, appeared in *Sion's Songs: or Hymns Composed for the Use of them that love and follow the Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity* (1785).

Lord that I may learn of Thee . . . . . C. 92

**Bethune, George Washington**, D.D., son of David Bethune, of Dingwall, Scotland; born in New York, 18 March, 1805; Pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, Philadelphia and New York; died at Florence, Sunday, 27 April, 1862. Many of his hymns appeared in *Lays of Love and Faith* (1847).

Farewell to thee, brother, we meet but to part . . . . .	57
It is not death to die* . . . . .	356
<i>Non, ce n'est pas mourir</i> [CÉSAR MALAN].	
When time seems short and death is near† . . . . .	483

\* **Bevan, Emma Frances**, daughter of Philip Nicholas Shuttleworth, banker, of Chichester; born at Oxford, 25 September, 1827; married Frank Bevan. Her hymns appeared in *Songs of Eternal Life*, translated by E. F. B. (1856).

\* Sung at his funeral.  
 † Written on the day before his death, which occurred immediately after preaching.

## Biographical Index.

Jesus, sinners will receive (1858) . . . . . 182

*Jesu nimmt die Sünder an* [NEUMASTER].

\***Bickersteth, Edward Henry, M.A.**, son of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, of Wotton; born at Islington, in London, 25 January, 1825; Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead (1855). His hymns have appeared in *Water from the Wellspring, etc.* (1852), *Church Missionary Society Jubilee Tracts* (1849)†, and recently have been inserted in the *Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer* (1870)†, of which he is the editor.

† O brothers, lift your voices (1849)† . . . . . 182

† O God, the Rock of ages (1863) . . . . . 192

† Till He come O let the words (1861) . . . . . 276

† Whom all the heavenly host (1870) . . . . . 491: iii

\***Bilby, Thomas**, born at Southampton, 1809. His best-known hymn, that below, was written in 1832, and appeared with others in *The Infant Teacher's Assistant* (1832).

Here we suffer grief and pain (1832) . . . . . C. 49

\***Blackie, John Stuart**, son of Alexander Blackie, banker, of Aberdeen; born at Glasgow, 25 July, 1809; appointed, 1850, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. The hymn below was published in *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems* (1857).

Angels holy, high and lowly (1835) . . . . . 310

\***Bonar, Horatius, D.D.**, son of James Bonar; born at Edinburgh, 19 December, 1808; Minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Kelso, and now at Grange, Edinburgh. His hymns appeared in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1st Series, 1857†; 2nd Series, 1861†; 3rd Series, 1866.§

"Some were written in Kelso, some in Edinburgh, some in railway trains. I have no note of the dates."—H. B.

† A few more years shall roll . . . . . 1

† All that I was, my sin, my guilt . . . . . 308

† Calm me, my God, and keep me calm . . . . . 317

† Come, Lord, and tarry not . . . . . 37

§ Glory be to God, the Father . . . . . 72

§ Glory be to God, the Father . . . . . 491: xi

† Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face . . . . . 344

† I close my heavy eye . . . . . 471

† I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . . 116

† I lay my sins on Jesus . . . . . 116

† I was a wandering sheep . . . . . 350

§ No, not despairingly . . . . . 389

† Not what these hands have done . . . . . 39

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§ Sounds the trumpet from afar . . . . .	302 : fl.
† Spirit of everlasting grace . . . . .	249
† This is not my place of resting . . . . .	C. 137
† Thy way not mine, O Lord . . . . .	463
† Thy works not mine, O Christ . . . . .	275
† Time's sun is fast setting . . . . .	464
† We close the weary eye . . . . .	470

\***Bonar, Jane Catherine**, daughter of the Rev. Robert Lundie, of Kelso; born at Kelso Manse; married the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. Her hymn appeared in the *Bible Hymnbook* (1844).

Pass away earthly joy . . . . .	420
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\***Borthwick, Jane**, joint author with her sister, **Mrs. Eric Findlater**, of a volume of translations, *Hymns from the Land of Luther* (1854-62)†, and author of *Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours* (1859). The signature which she and her sister have adopted, and wish to retain, is H. L. L.; and at their request, their respective translations are not distinguished.

† Come forth, come on with solemn song . . . . .	319
<i>Wohlauf! wohlan! zum letzten Gang</i> [F. SACHSE].	
† Lord, remove the veil away . . . . .	166
<i>Zeige Dich uns ohne Hülle</i> [KLOPSTOCK].	
† God knoweth all His people . . . . .	75
<i>Es kennt der Herr die Seinen</i> [SPITTA].	
† Rejoice, all ye believers . . . . .	222
<i>Ermuntert euch ihr Frommen</i> [LAURENTIUS LAURENTI].	
† We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord . . . . .	285
<i>O treuer Heiland, Jesu Christ</i> [SPITTA].	
† My Jesus, as Thou wilt . . . . .	383
<i>Mein Jesu, wie du willst</i> [SCHMOLKE].	
Still on the homeward journey . . . . .	436

\***Bourdillon, Mary**, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Cotterill, Rector of Blakeney, Norfolk; born at Ampton, Suffolk, 30 August, 1819; married E. D. Bourdillon; died at Dresden, 19 February, 1870. Her hymns appeared in *A Mother's Hymns for Her Children* (1st edition, 1849; 2nd edition, 1825†).

† Lamb of God, who came from heaven (1851) . . . . .	C. 81
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**Bowly, Mary.** [See **Peters.**]

Through the love of God our Saviour . . . . .	272
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**Brady, Nicholas**, D.D., son of an officer; born at Bandon, County of Cork, Ireland, 28 October, 1659; was made a royal chaplain; died 20 May, 1726. He united with Tate in producing the well-known metrical version of the *Psalms* which was authorized in 1696. [See **Tate.**]

As pants the hart for cooling streams . . . . .	10
(Psalm xlii.)	

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By angels in heaven . . . . .	491 : xii.
( <i>Doxology Psalm cxlix.</i> )	
Through all the changing scenes of life . . . . .	271
( <i>Psalm xxxiv.</i> )	
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . .	491 : i.
( <i>Doxology Psalm i.</i> )	
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . .	491 : v.
( <i>Doxology Psalm c.</i> )	
While shepherds watched their flocks by night . . . . .	C. 158
With one consent let all the earth . . . . .	299
( <i>Psalm c.</i> )	

\***Brewer, the Rev. Ebenezer Cobham**, LL.D., son of John Sherren Brewer; born in London, 2 May, 1810. His hymns have appeared in a private periodical called *The Home* (1848), in *Reading and Spelling†* (*My First Book Series*, 1863), and two one-syllable hymns in Thomas Murby's *First Steps* (1866).

† Little drops of water (1848) . . . . . C. 86

\***Bridges, Matthew**, youngest son of John Bridges, of Wallington House, Surrey; born at The Friars, Maldon, Essex, 14 July, 1800; brother of the Rev. Charles Bridges, the author of *An Exposition of the cxix Psalm*. His first poem was published in 1825; his hymns appeared in *Hymns of the Heart* (1847; 2nd edition 1851†), and *The Passion of Jesus* (1852).

† Crown Him with many crowns (1847) . . . . . 47

\***Brown, Abner William**, M.A., son of James Brown of Gattonside House, Roxburghshire; born at Jamaica, 30 September, 1800; Vicar of Gretton and Hon. Canon of Peterborough. His hymns appeared in *Hymns and Scripture Chants* (1848).

O God, for ever near (1845) . . . . . 188

\***Brown; Hablot K.**, Edinburgh. The hymn below appeared as a leaflet.†

† O Jesus, Friend unfailing (1865) . . . . . 40  
*O Jesu, Freund der Seelen.*

\***Browne, Jane Euphemia**, daughter of William Browne, of Tallantire Hall, Cumberland, and sister of Lady Teignmouth; married the Rev. S. H. Saxby, Vicar of East Clevedon. Most of her hymns appeared in *The Dove on the Cross* (1819; 8th edition, 1867†) and *Hymns and Thoughts for the Sick and Lonely* (1st ed., 1818; 2nd ed., 1850).

## Biographical Index.

† Father, into Thy loving hands . . . . .	329
O Jesus Christ, the holy One* . . . . .	399
† Show me the way, O Lord . . . . .	429

**Browne, Simon;** born at Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, about 1680; Pastor of the Independent Church, Old Jewry, London; died at Shepton Mallet, 1732. His hymns appeared in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in Three Books, designed as a Supplement to Dr. Watts* (1720).

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . . .	30
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\***Browne, Thomas Briarly.** His hymns appeared in *The National Bankruptcy and other Poems* (1844).

Praise the Lord of Heaven . . . . .	319
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**Bruce, Michael,** son of a weaver; born at Kinnesswood, Kinross-shire, 27 March, 1746; studied for the Church; died, at Kinnesswood, of decline, 6 July, 1767. His hymns appeared in a mutilated form in a volume of *Poems* by his friend Logan (1781), in the *Scottish Paraphrases* (1781), and lately in their proper text in the *Works of Michael Bruce* by the Rev. A. B. Grosart (1865)†.

† Behold the mountain of the Lord . . . . .	15
† O happy is the man who hears . . . . .	C. 105
† Take comfort, Christians, when your friends . . . . .	245
† Where high the heavenly temple stands . . . . .	296

**Bubler, George Burden,** son of the Rev. William Bubler; born at Reading, 2 February, 1823; Professor of Theology at the Congregational College of Springhill, Birmingham; died at Acocks Green, near Birmingham, 19 March, 1869. His hymns were collected in *Hymns and Devotional Verses* (1867)†, and some had already appeared in *Hymns and Sacred Songs for Sunday Schools and Social Worship* (1855).

† I would commune with Thee, my God (1854) . . . . .	351
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**Buckworth, John,** born at Colsterworth, Lincolnshire, 16 January, 1779; first Curate, then Vicar of Dewsbury; died 2 April, 1835. His hymns appeared in *Hymns for Sunday Schools* edited by him in 1814. Those below are taken from the 10th edition, containing one hundred hymns (1830).

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\* This was written for one who by illness was prevented joining in the Communion, and is printed from manuscript. It first appeared in the *English Presbyterian Hymn-book* (1867), and is of later date than the others, which were written "probably in 1847 or 1848."

## Biographical Index.

Christ is merciful and mild . . . . .	C. 18
Holy children, read and pray . . . . .	C. 51

**Bunyan, John**, son of a mechanic; born at Elstow, near Bedford, 1628; became Minister of the Baptist Church at Bedford; died at London, August (on what day, the 12th, 17th, or 31st is uncertain), 1688. The hymn below is from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part II. (1684).

He that is down needs fear no fall. . . . . C. 47

**Burns, James Drummond**, M.A., son of William Burns, Edinburgh; born at Edinburgh, 18 February, 1823; Minister of the Presbyterian Church at Hampstead, London; died at Mentone, 27 November, 1864. His hymns appeared in the *Vision of Prophecy and Other Poems* (1854)†, and *The Evening Hymn* (1857)‡.

† Harp and voice Thy praises telling (1856) . . . . .	341
† O Thou whose sacred feet have trod (1849 or 1850) . . . . .	413
† Still with Thee, O my God (1856) . . . . .	437
‡ Thou who didst on Calvary bleed (1856) . . . . .	458

**Burton, John**, born at Nottingham, 26 February, 1773; died at Leicester, 24 June, 1822. His hymns appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine*†, the *Nottingham Hymnbook* (1810; 20th ed. 1861), etc.

† Holy Bible, book divine (1805) . . . . . C. 50

**\*Burton, John**, son of John Burton; born 23 July, 1803, at Stratford, Essex, where he carries on the business of a cooper. His hymns appeared in *One Hundred Original Hymns for the Young* (1850)†, *Hymns for Little Children* (1851), etc.; and he has recently issued the *Book of Psalms in English Verse*, "on which," he writes, "I was occasionally engaged during 47 years."

† Come let us sing our Maker's praise (1832) . . . . .	C. 22
† None is like God who reigns above (1849) . . . . .	C. 96

**Calvin, John**, son of Gerard Cauvin, a cooper; born at Noyers, in Picardy, 10 July, 1509; became Reformer, and Pastor of the Church at Geneva; died at Geneva, 27 May, 1564. Twelve hymns by him, written in French, were recently discovered in an old Genevese prayer-book, and published in vol. vi. of the new edition of his works (1868).

*Thou art the King of mercy and of grace* [SMITH] . . . . . 287  
*Je Te salue, mon certain Rédempteur.*

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\***Cambridge, Ada**, daughter of Henry Cambridge; born at S. Germains, Norfolkshire, 21 November, 1844; married (1869) the Rev. George Frederick Cross, Australia. Her hymns have appeared in *Hymns on the Holy Communion* (1866), *The People's Hymnal* (1867)†, *Lays of the Pious Minstrels* (1862), etc.

† Light of the world, O shine on us . . . . . 368

**Cameron, William**, born in 1751; ordained to the parish of Kirknewton, in Mid-Lothian, 1785; died at Kirknewton, 17 November, 1811. His hymns appeared in the *Scottish Paraphrases* (1781)†, many of which he altered from hymns by Watts and others, and in a posthumous volume of *Poems* (1813).

† Ho, ye that thirst, approach the spring . . . . . 99

† How bright these glorious spirits shine . . . . . 110

**Canitz, Frederick Rudolph Louis, Baron von**, born in Berlin, 27 November, 1654; state chamberlain, diplomatist, and privy councillor; died 11 August, 1699. His hymns were not published till 1727.

Come, my soul, thou must be waking [ANON, 1838]. . . . . 320  
*Sesle, du musst munter werden.*

**Carlyle, Joseph Dacre**, B.D., son of George Carlyle, M.D., of Carlisle, where he was born 4 June, 1758; Professor of Arabic at Cambridge; Chancellor of Carlisle in succession to Dr. Paley; Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne; died at the Vicarage, 12 April, 1804. His three hymns appeared in a posthumous volume of *Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia Minor* (1805).

Lord, when we bend before Thy throne . . . . . 169

\***Carlyle, Thomas**, son of a small farmer, near Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire; born 4 December, 1795. His translation of Luther's rendering of the 46th Psalm was published in a paper on *Luther's Psalm in Fraser's Magazine*, 1831.

A safe stronghold our God is still . . . . . 305  
*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.* [LUTHER].

**Cary Phoebe**, born in Hamilton County, Ohio, U.S., in 1825; died at Newport, U.S., 31 July, 1871. Her *Poems and Parodies* were published in 1854.†

† One sweetly solemn thought (1852) . . . . . 416

\***Caswall, the Rev. Edward**, son of the Rev. R. O. Caswall, Vicar of Yately, Hampshire; born at Yately, 15 July, 1814. His translations appeared in *Lyra Catholica* (1848).

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Glory be to Jesus . . . . .	C. 33
<i>Viva! viva! Gesu.</i> [ANON., 17th or 18th cent.]	
Jesus, the very thought of Thee . . . . .	134
<i>Jesu, dulcis memoria.</i> [BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.]	
My God, I love Thee, not because. . . . .	377
<i>O Deus, ego amo Te.</i> [XAVIER.]	

**Cawood, John**, son of a small farmer; born at Matlock, Derbyshire, 18 March, 1775; Perpetual Curate of S. Ann's, Bewdley, Worcestershire; died 7 November, 1852. His hymns were never published by himself, but found a place in Cotterill's *Selection of Psalms and Hymns* (1819)†, Montgomery's *Christian Psalmist* (1825), etc.

† Almighty God, Thy Word is cast . . . . .	6
† Hark, what mean those holy voices . . . . .	C. 46

**Cennick, John**, born at Reading, Berkshire, 1717; became a preacher under Wesley; afterwards (1745) joined the Moravians; died in London, 4 July, 1755. His hymns appeared in *Sacred Hymns for the Children of God in the Days of their Pilgrimage* (1741-1744)†, *Sacred Hymns for the use of Religious Societies* (1743-1745)‡, *Hymns to the Honour of Jesus Christ, Composed for such Little Children as Desire to be Saved* (1754)||, the *Moravian Hymnbook* of 1789,|| etc.

† Be present at our table, Lord . . . . .	C. 11
† Brethren, let us join to bless (1742) . . . . .	22
† Children of the heavenly King (1742) . . . . .	24
† Ere I sleep, for every favour . . . . .	325
Happy the children who are gone . . . . .	C. 44
† Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone. . . . .	360
Lo, He comes, with clouds descending§ . . . . .	148
† We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food . . . . .	C. 11

\***Chandler, John**, M.A., son of the Rev. John F. Chandler;

§ This hymn is only founded on Cennick's, which began,

"Lo! He cometh: countless trumpets,"

and appeared in *A Collection of Sacred Music*, 1752 (Dublin). Chas. Wesley based upon Cennick's a hymn which appeared in *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind* (1758), and this, as varied by Madan in his *Collection* (1780), is the form in which the hymn is familiar. Olivers composed for it the tune *Helmsley* from an air which he heard on the street [See NOTES].

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born at Witley, Godalming, Surrey, 16 June, 1806; Vicar of Witley. His translations appeared in *Hymns of the Primitive Church* (1837)†, and some original hymns in a little volume published many years ago.‡

- ‡ Above the clear blue sky . . . . . C. 4  
 † Hallelujah, best and sweetest . . . . . 91  
     *Alleluia, dulces carmen* [ANON. 13th cent.]  
 † O Christ, our hope, our heart's desire . . . . . 183  
     *Jesu, nostra Redemptio* [ANON. 9th or 10th cent.]  
 † O Jesus, Lord of light and grace . . . . . 401  
     *Splendor Paternae glorie* [AMBROSE].

### • Chapman, Robert Cleaver.

No condemnation, O my soul (1837) . . . . . 388

**Claudius, Matthias**, son of the Pastor of Reinfeld, in Holstein; born at the vicarage of Reinfeld, 15 August, 1740; lived at Wandsbeck, near Hamburg; died at Hamburg, 21 January, 1815. His hymns appeared in the *Wandsbecker Bote* (1774-1812), where that below will be found in *Paul Erdmann's Fest* (1788).

We plough the fields and scatter [ANON.] . . . . C. 149  
*Wir pflügen, und wir streuen.*

**Clausnitzer, Tobias**, born at Thum, near Annaberg, in Saxony, in the year 1619; chaplain to the Swedish army in the Thirty Years' War; Pastor at Pargstein and Weyden, in the Palatinate; died 7 May, 1684. He wrote but three hymns.

Dear Lord, to hear Thee and Thy Word [L. C. SMITH] . . . 50  
*Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.*

### • Codner, Mrs. Elizabeth.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing (1860) . . . . . 369

**Collyer, William Bengo**, D.D., born at Blackheath, near London, 14 April, 1782; Pastor of the Congregational Church at Peckham; died 9 January, 1854. His hymns appeared in *Hymns partly Collected and partly Original* (1812) and (eighty-nine hymns) in *Services suited to the Solemnization of Matrimony, Baptism, etc.* (1837).

Great God, what do I see and hear?§ . . . . . 85  
*Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.* [RINGWALDT.]

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§ Jacobi (*Psalmodia Germanica*, 1722; 2nd ed. 1732) translated Ringwaldt's hymn; Dr. Collyer saw what he supposed to have been the first verse of the translation, and composed additional verses; and under other hands the hymn gradually took

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**Conder, Josiah**, son of a bookseller; born in London, 17 September, 1789; publisher, editor, voluminous author, and lay preacher; died at St. John's Wood, 27 December, 1855. Many of his hymns (fifty-six) were contributed to the *Congregational Hymnbook* (1836), which he compiled. A revised edition of his *Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation*† appeared in 1856.

† Heavenly Father, to whose eye . . . . . 343  
 † Praise the God of all creation . . . . . 491, VIII

**Cooper, J. [P]** The hymn is credited to this name in some of the early editions of *Cotterill's Selection*, where it appeared.

Father of heaven, whose love profound . . . . . 58

**Cosin, John**, D.D., son of Giles Cosin, of Norwich; born at Norwich, 30 November, 1594; was made Bishop of Durham, 1660; died at Westminster, 15 January, 1672. The translation below is found in his *Collection of Private Devotions* (1627), and is supposed to be by him.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire . . . . . 31  
*Veni Creator Spiritus* [CHARLEMAGNE?]

**Cotterill, Thomas**, M.A., born 4 December, 1779, at Cannock, in Staffordshire; Curate of St. Paul's, Sheffield; died 29 December, 1833. His hymns appeared in *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use* (1810; 8th ed. 1819.)

Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine . . . . . 151  
 Not unto us, but Thee, O Lord\* . . . . . 177

\***Cousin, Anne Ross**, daughter of David Ross Cundell, M.D., Leith; married William Cousin, Minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Melrose. The hymn below first appeared in the *Christian Treasury* (1857).

The sands of time are sinking (1857) . . . . . 446

**Cowper, William**, of the Inner Temple, son of the Rev. John Cowper, D.D., Rector of Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire; born at the Rectory, 15 November, 1781; died at East Dereham, 25

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its present form. This first stanza does not occur in Jacobi's translation, which begins:

“‘Tis sure that awful time will come,”  
 but seems to have been condensed from it by some compiler. (See NOTES.)

\* Founded on one of **Cennick's** hymns, beginning, “Let us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd.” [See NOTES.]

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April, 1800. He united with Newton in writing the *Olney Hymns* (1779), to which he contributed 67 out of 840.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee . . . . .	337
For mercies countless as the sands . . . . .	332
God moves in a mysterious way* . . . . .	76
God of my life, to Thee I call . . . . .	337
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord . . . . .	340
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet† . . . . .	137
O for a closer walk with God . . . . .	394
Sometimes a light surprises . . . . .	431
The Spirit breathes upon the Word . . . . .	259
There is a fountain filled with blood . . . . .	263
What various hindrances we meet. . . . .	470

\* **Cox, Frances Elizabeth**, daughter of G. V. Cox, M.A.; born at Oxford. Her translations appeared in *Sacred Hymns from the German* (1841; new edition, revised, 1864†).

† Jesus lives: no longer now (1841) . . . . .	129
<i>Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich</i> [GELLERT].	
† O let him whose sorrow (1841) . . . . .	403
<i>Wem in Leidenstagen</i> [OSWALD].	
† Wake, the startling watch-cry pealeth (1864) . . . . .	467
<i>Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme</i> [NICOLAI].	

\* **Coxe, Arthur Cleveland**, D.D., son of Dr. S. H. Coxe, of Brooklyn, U. S.; born at Mendham, New Jersey, 10 May, 1818; appointed Bishop of Western New York, 1864. Most of his hymns have appeared in *Christian Ballads and Poems* (1840).

Saviour, sprinkle many nations . . . . .	230
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**Crowdson, Jane**, daughter of George Fox, of Perran, Cornwall, where she was born, October, 1809; married, 1836, Thomas D. Crowdson, of Manchester; died at Summerlands, near Manchester, 14 September, 1863. Her hymns appeared in *A Little While and Other Poems* (1864).

There is no sorrow, Lord, too light . . . . .	451
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**Cross, Mrs.** [See **Cambridge**.]

**Crossman, Samuel**, B.D., son of Samuel Crossman, of Bradfield Monachorum, Suffolk; born in the year 1624; Prebendary of Bristol; died 4 February, 1683. His hymns appeared in *The Young Man's Meditation, or Some Few Sacred Poems upon Select Subjects and Scriptures* (1664).

Sweet place, sweet place alone . . . . .	440
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\* Composed during a solitary walk in the fields, when under apprehension of a second attack of lunacy.

† Written for the opening service of the prayer meeting at Olney when it was removed to a larger room.

## *Biographical Index.*

**\*Curwen, the Rev. John**, son of the Rev. Spedding Curwen, Minister of the Congregational Church; born at Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, 14 November, 1817. His hymns appeared in the *Child's Own Hymnbook* (1840).

I'm a little pilgrim . . . . . C. 68  
O what has Jesus done for me . . . . . C. 114

**Dale, Thomas**, M.A., son of Thomas Dale, a bookseller in London; born at Pentonville, 22 August, 1797; Rector of Thirfield and Canon of S. Paul's; died in the Residentiary House, S. Paul's, 14 May, 1870. His hymns appeared in the *Widow of Nain, the Outlaw of Taurus, and Other Poems* (1842).

When the spark of life is waning . . . . . 481

**Damascenus.** [See **John of Damascus.**]

The day of resurrection . . . . . 348

**Davies, Samuel**, M.A., born in the county of Newcastle, Delaware, U.S., 3 November, 1724; President of Princeton College, New Jersey; died 4 February, 1761. Several of his hymns appeared in *Hymns adapted to Divine Worship* (1769)†, a collection by Dr. Thomas Gibbons, who was entrusted with Davies' MSS.

† Great God of wonders, all Thy ways . . . . . 84

**\*Dayman, Edward Arthur**, B.D., son of John Dayman, of Mumbury, North Devon; born at Padstow, Cornwall, 11 July, 1807; Rector of Stidling Okeford, near Blandford, Dorsetshire (1842). His translations and original hymns appeared in the *Sarum Hymnal* (1869), of which he was one of the compilers.

O Lord, be with us when we sail (1865) . . . . . 405

**\*Deck, James George**, son of John Deck, of Bury St. Edmund's; in 1829 was an officer in the Indian army; resides now in New Zealand. His hymns appeared in *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*† (1838); the *Wellington Hymnbook* (1857), etc.

† How long, O Lord, our Saviour . . . . . 112

† Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee . . . . . 371

† When along life's thorny road . . . . . 291

**\*Denny, Sir Edward**, of Tralee Castle, County Kerry, Ireland; born 2 October, 1796. His hymns appeared in *Hymns and Poems* (1839; 2nd ed. 1848.†)

† Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear . . . . . 106

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† Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart . . . . .	145
† Sweet feast of love divine . . . . .	244
† What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone . . . . .	474

\***Dickson, William**, born in Edinburgh, 1817. For 30 years he has written a New Year's hymn for his Sunday-school class. The hymn below was the first of the series.

Childhood's years are passing o'er us (1842) . . . . . C. 16

\***Dix, William Chatterton**, son of John Dix, surgeon, Bristol; born at Bristol, 14 June, 1837. His hymns have been contributed to *S. Raphael's Hymnal* (1861)†; *Lyra Eucharistica* (1864); *Lyra Messianica* (1864); *Illustrated Book of Poems* (1867), etc.

† As with gladness men of old (1856) . . . . . C. 10

**Doane, George Washington**, D.D., born at Trenton, New Jersey, U.S., 27 May, 1799; Bishop of New Jersey, 1832; died at Burlington, New Jersey, 27 April, 1859. His hymns appeared in *Songs by the Way* (1824).

Thou art the Way, to Thee alone . . . . . 268

**Doddridge, Philip**, D.D., son of an oilman in London; born in London, 26 June, 1702; Pastor of the Congregational Church at Northampton, and Principal of the Theological Academy there; died at Lisbon, 26 October, 1751. His hymns were circulated in manuscript during his life, but it was not till 1755 that they were published, 364 in all, as *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scripture*.

Eternal Source of every joy . . . . .	54
Father of peace and God of love . . . . .	60
Fountain of good, to own Thy love . . . . .	66
Grace, 'tis a charming sound . . . . .	83
Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes . . . . .	93
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows . . . . .	162
My God, and is Thy table spread . . . . .	375
O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . . . .	190
O happy day that fixed my choice . . . . .	397
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands . . . . .	233
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine . . . . .	C. 144
Ye servants of the Lord . . . . .	301

\***Downton, Henry**, M.A., son of John Downton, Sub-librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge; born at Pulverbatch, Shropshire, 12 February, 1818; British Chaplain at Geneva. His hymns have appeared in *Psalms and Hymns, partly Original, partly Selected*, by the Rev. Arthur T. Russell, B.C.L. (1857)†; in *Psalms and Hymns for the Church, School, and Home*, compiled by the Rev. D. T. Barry (1862)‡; and in the *Sunday Magazine* (1871-72).

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† For Thy mercy and Thy grace* (1839) . . . . .	65
† My song shall be of mercy (1847) . . . . .	174
† Sing we, brethren, faithful-hearted (1840) . . . . .	430

**Dryden, John**, son of Erasmus and grandson of Sir Erasmus Driden, of Canons Ashby, Northamptonshire; born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, 9 August, 1631; poet and man of letters; poet-laureate, 1668; died in London, 1 May, 1700; buried in Westminster Abbey.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid . . . . .	46
<i>Veni, Creator Spiritus.</i> [CHARLEMAGNE?]	
Immortal honour, endless fame. . . . .	491, VI.
<i>Sit laus Patri cum Filio.</i> †	

\***Duffield, George**, son of the Rev. Dr. Duffield, the patriarch of Michigan; born at Carlisle, County of Cumberland, Pennsylvania, U. S., 12 September, 1818; Minister of the Presbyterian Church near New York, then in Philadelphia, and now in Saginow City, Michigan.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus† . . . . .	C. 120
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**Duncan, Mary Lundie**, daughter of the Rev. Robert Lundie; born at Kelso Manse, 26 April, 1814; married, 1836, the Rev. W. Wallace Duncan, Minister of the Church of Scotland at Cleish, Kinross-shire; died at Cleish, 5 January, 1840. Her hymns appeared in the *Memoir* published by her mother (1841) and afterwards separately as *Rhymes for my Children* (1842).

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me (1839). . . . .	C. 76
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**E.**, the initial chosen by Mrs. Shepcote, a lady whose hymns appeared in *Hymns for Infant Children* (1840), written by three sisters, A., C., and E.

Jesus, holy, undefiled . . . . .	C. 72
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\* In a letter from Mr. Downton to the Editor, he says, "It was written when I was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge."

† The last stanza of the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*.

† Mr. Duffield writes that "the hymn (written in times of profound peace and most precious revival) was originally given to my Sunday-school Superintendent, and by him published in a small handbill for the children. The first time I ever heard it sung was as the army song during the late rebellion. It was first published in book form in the *Church Psalmist* (1859)." The hymn was suggested by the last words of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of Epiphany Church, Philadelphia: "Tell them to stand up for Jesus; now, let us sing a hymn." [See NOTES.]

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\***E., E. S.**, a lady, whose hymn first appeared in the Rev. J. H. Wilson's *Service of Praise* (1865).

O joyous is the music (1864). . . . . C. 108

**Edmeston, James**, born at Wapping, London, 10 September, 1791; architect and surveyor; died at Homerton, 7 January, 1867. His hymns, of which he wrote nearly two thousand, appeared in *Sacred Lyrics*, 3 series (1820†, 1821, 1822), *The Cottage Minstrel* (1821), *One Hundred Hymns for Sunday Schools* (1821), *Hymns for the Chamber of Sickness* (1844), *Closet Hymns* (1845), *Infant Breathings, being Hymns for the Young*† (1846, 1861), etc. etc.

‡ God intrusts to all . . . . . C. 36  
 † Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us (1820) . . . . . 142  
 ‡ Little travellers Zionward . . . . . O 8  
 † Saviour, breathe an evening blessing (1820). . . . . 422

\***Ellerton, John**, born in London, 16 December, 1826; Rector of Hinstock, Salop. His hymns appeared in the *Nantwich Choral Festival Book* (1866)†; *do.*, (1867)‡; *Chester Cathedral Hymnbook* (1867)§; Brown Borthwick's *Select Hymns for Church and Home* (1871); *Church Hymns* (1872)||.

‡ Our day of praise is done . . . . . 417  
 † Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise . . . . . 427  
 § This is the day of light . . . . . 453  
 || Thou, in whose name the two or three . . . . . 457

**Elliott, Charlotte**, daughter of Charles Elliott; born in the year 1789; died at Brighton 22 September, 1871. Most of her hymns appeared in *The Invalid's Hymn-book* (1841; 18th thousand, 1863†), which she edited since 1854, and to which she contributed a hundred and twelve hymns; in *Psalms and Hymns Selected by the Rev H. V. Elliott, M.A.*‡ (1835), etc.

† Just as I am, without one plea (1841)\* . . . . . 140  
 † Let me be with Thee where Thou art (1841)\* . . . . . 366  
 ‡ My God and Father, while I stray (1834) . . . . . 173  
 † O holy Saviour, Friend unseen (1834)\* . . . . . 308  
 ‡ O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend (1834)\* . . . . . 203

**Elliott, Julia Anne**, daughter of John Marshall, of Hallsteads, Ulleswater; married, 1833, the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, M.A.; died 3 November, 1841. Her hymns appeared in *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship* (1835), a collection published by her husband.

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\* The text is from Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*.

## *Biographical Index.*

We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone . . . . . 284

**Evans, Jonathan**, the son of humble parents; born at Coventry, 1748 or 1749; Minister of the Congregational Church at Foleshill, near Coventry; died 31 August, 1809. His hymns appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* (1777 and 1778), *Christian Magazine* (1790—1793), the *Evangelical Magazine*, *Burder's Selection* (1784), and *Rippon's Selection*† (1787).

† Hark, the voice of love and mercy . . . . . 97

**F. C.**

Dread Jehovah, God of nations (1804) . . . . . 52

**Faber, Frederick William**, D.D., son of Thomas Henry Faber; born at Calverley Vicarage, Yorkshire, 28 June, 1814; died in London, 26 September, 1863. His hymns were published in 1849, and a revised and enlarged edition in 1862†.

† I was wandering and weary . . . . . C. 65

† My God, how wonderful Thou art . . . . . 376

† O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you . . . . . C. 102

† O Saviour [Sweet Saviour], bless us ere we go . . . . . 197

† Was there ever kindest shepherd . . . . . C. 147

**Fawcett, John**, D.D., born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, Yorkshire, 6 January [18 January—*Rogers*], 1739; became Minister of the Baptist Church near Moinsgate; died 25 July, 1817. His hymns appeared in *Hymns adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion* (1782).

Blest be the tie that binds . . . . . 19

How precious is the Book divine . . . . . 113

Now, in my early days . . . . . C. 99

**Feith, Rhynvis**, Minister of the Dutch Reformed Church at Zwolle, in Holland. His hymn appeared in *Evangelische Gezangen bei den Godsdienst in de Nederlandsche Hervormde Gemeenten* (1803—6).

Praise the Lord through every nation [MONTGOMERY] . . . . 220  
*Looft den Koning, alle Volken.*

\*Findlater, Mrs. Eric. [See Borthwick.]

\*Fleet, John George, son of John Fleet; born in London.

## Biographical Index.

18 July, 1818. The hymn below appeared in *Hymns for Church Sunday Schools* (1847).

Words are things of little cost (1847) . . . . . C. 159

**Flowerdew, Alice**, born 1759; married Daniel Flowerdew; mistress of a boarding-school at Bury St. Edmund's; died at Ipswich, 23 September, 1830. Her hymn, which appeared in *Poems on Moral and Religious Subjects* (1803; 3rd edition, the first in which it occurs, 1811†), is supposed to have been altered from one by John Needham (1768).

† Fountain of mercy, God of love . . . . . 67

**Freylinghausen, John Anastasius**, son of the burgo-master at Gandersheim, in Wolfenbüttel; born 2 December, 1670; succeeded Franke, his father-in-law, as Minister of St. Ulric's at Halle and Director of the Orphan Houses; died 12 February, 1739. His hymns (forty-four) appeared in two Collections he edited in 1704 and 1714.

Who is there like Thee [STALLYBRASS] . . . . . 486  
*Wer ist wohl wie Du?*

**Gellert, Christian Fürchtegott**, son of the pastor of Haynichen, in Saxony: born at the parsonage, 4, July, 1715; Professor of Philosophy at Leipsic: died at Leipsic, 13 December, 1769. His hymns (fifty-four) appeared in *Sacred Odes and Hymns* (*Geistliche Lieder und Oden*, 1757), and were composed within eleven days.

Jesus lives: no longer now [F. E. COX] . . . . . 129  
*Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich.*

**Gerhardt, Paul**, son of Christian Gerhardt, the burgomaster of Gräfenhänichen, in Saxony; born 1606 or 1607; successively Minister of St. Nicholas, Berlin, and Archdeacon of Lübben, in Saxony; died at Lübben, 7 June, 1676. His hymns (one hundred and twenty-three) appeared in various collections (1649-1666); the first collected edition in 1666-7.

Commit thou all thy griefs [J. WESLEY] . . . . . 322  
*Befehl du deine Wege* (1666).

Give to the winds thy fears [J. WESLEY] . . . . . 334  
(Part of the preceding hymn).

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness [JACOB : TORLADY] . . . . . 100  
*O du allerzürstete Freude* (1653).

## Biographical Index.

- Now all the woods are sleeping [C. WINKWORTH] . . . . . 391  
*Nun ruhen alle Wälder* (1653).  
 O Lamb of God once wounded [J. W. ALEXANDER] . . . . . 402  
*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (1659).

**Gilbert, Mrs. Ann**, daughter of Isaac Taylor, an engraver, and afterwards Minister of the Congregational Church; born at Islington, in London, 30 January, 1782; married, 1813, the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, the classical tutor at Rotherham College, afterwards Minister of the Congregational Church, first at Hull, then at Nottingham; died at Nottingham, 20 December, 1866. Her hymns appeared in *Hymns for Infant Minds*† (1809), *Original Hymns for Sunday-schools*† (1810), Liefchild's *Original Hymns* (1842), *The Nottingham Hymnbook* (1812, 20th edition, 1861), etc.

- † Among the deepest shades of night (1809) . . . . . C. 8  
 † Death has been here and borne away . . . . . C. 25  
 † Great God and wilt Thou condescend (1809)\* . . . . . C. 43  
 † Jesus who lived above the sky . . . . . C. 78

\* **Gill, George**, son of William Gill: born at Tiverton, Devonshire, 28 January, 1820; missionary to the South Sea Islands. His hymns appeared in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* (1852)†, and the *Revival Tune Book* (1860).

- † Beautiful Zion, built above (1850)† . . . . . C. 12

**Godescalous**, died about 950 [1050]. His authorship of the hymn translated below is disputed.

- The strain upraise [NEALE] . . . . . 260  
*Cantemus cuncti melodum.*

**Grant, Sir Robert**, son of Charles Grant; born in 1785; Governor of Bombay; died at Dapoorie, Western India, 9 July, 1838. His hymns appeared in a posthumous volume of *Sacred Poems* (1839; new edition, 1868), edited by his brother, Lord Glenelg.

- O worship the King . . . . . 207

\* "The dates given are approximate."—Josiah Gilbert.

† "Written on the island of Mangaia, South Seas, April, 1850."  
 —G. G.

## *Biographical Index.*

Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . . . .	231
When gathering clouds around I view . . . . .	473

**Grigg, Joseph**, born in the early part of the eighteenth century; was a mechanic; became minister of the Presbyterian Church in Silver Street, London, and afterwards at Walthamstow, where he died 29 October, 1768. The hymn below, which was written when he was only ten, appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for April, 1744, with the title *Shame of Jesus Conquered by Love; by a Youth of Ten Years*: it has been altered from the original by the Rev. Benjamin Francis, who sent it to the Magazine.

Jesus, and shall it ever be . . . . .	357
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**Grundtvig, Nicholas Frederick Severin**, son of Pastor Grundtvig, of Udby, in Zealand, Denmark; born at the parsonage, in 1783; Lutheran pastor, lyrical poet, voluminous and erudite writer, and prominent member of the Danish Parliament; most venerable man of letters in Europe when he died, at Copenhagen, 2 September, 1872. Up till his death he preached in the little workhouse church in Copenhagen. His hymns appeared in an extensive and admirable *Collection* which he edited, and which has taken the place of Kingo's.

With joy unspoken, with fervent song [M <sup>ALCOLL</sup> ]* . . . .	298
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**Gurney, John Hampden, M.A.**, son of Sir John Gurney, Baron of the Exchequer; born in Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London, 15 August, 1802; Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, London; died in London, 8 March, 1862. His hymns appeared in *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship Selected for some of the Churches in Marylebone* (1838)†.

\* The hymn begins:

"The forest is fading, its leaves are dead."  
*Nu falmer Skoven trindt om Land.*

† Of two of these hymns, 473 and C. 160, Mr. Gurney wrote: "they were suggested by two poems in a small American volume. Successive alterations have left nothing of the original compositions remaining but the four first words, and the repeated words in each hymn."

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Fair waved the golden corn . . . . .	C. 29
Great King of nations, hear our prayer . . . . .	86
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee . . . . .	150
We saw Thee not, when Thou didst come . . . . .	478
Yes, God is good : in earth and sky . . . . .	C. 160

**H. L. L.** [See **Borthwick.**]

**Hart, Joseph**, the son of pious parents; born in London, 1712; Minister of the Congregational Church in Jewin Street Chapel, London; died in London, 24 May, 1768. His *Hymns Composed on Various Subjects* appeared in 1759 (second edition, with *Supplement*, 1762).

Come, Holy Spirit, come . . . . .	32
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched . . . . .	42
Once more before we part* . . . . .	C. 109
Suffering Saviour, Lamb of God . . . . .	242

**Hastings, Lady Flora**, daughter of the Marquis of Hastings; born at Edinburgh, 11 February, 1806; died 5 July, 1839. Her hymns appeared in *Poems, by the Lady Flora Hastings, Edited by her Sister* [the Marchioness of Bute], 1841.

O Thou, who, for our fallen race . . . . .	204
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**Hastings, Thomas**, Mus. Doc., son of Dr. Seth Hastings; born at Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, U.S., 15 October, 1784; died at New York, 15 May, 1872. His hymns appeared in *Spiritual Songs* (1832)†, the *Christian Psalmist* (1836), the *Mother's Hymnbook* (1849), *Devotional Hymns and Religious Poems* (1850), the *Sabbath Hymnbook* (1858)†, etc.

† Now be the Gospel banner (about 1828) . . . . .	C. 97
† Return, O wanderer, to thy home (about 1830)† . . . . .	226

\* Altered into its present form by Dr. Hawker.

† In a letter to the Editor, Dr. Hastings wrote, not more than a fortnight before his death, "These two hymns of mine were earlier compositions, the former for a Utica Sunday-school celebration, the latter after hearing a stirring revival sermon on the *Prodigal Son*, by the Rev. Mr. Kint, at a large union meeting in the Presbyterian Church, where two hundred converts were pre-

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|| To-day the Saviour calls . . . . . 406  
[The Rev. S. F. SMITH, altered by HASTINGS.]

**Havergal, William Henry, M.A.**, son of William Havergal; born at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, 18 January, 1793; Rector of Shareshill, Wolverhampton, and Canon of Worcester Cathedral; died at Leamington, 19 April, 1870. His hymns appeared in the *Worcester Diocesan Hymnbook* (1849), which he compiled, and on fly-leaves, and are over one hundred in all.

Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn (1837). . . . . C. 53  
Remember, Lord, Thy word of old (1859)\*. . . . . 225

**Haweis, Thomas, LL.B., M.D.**; born at Truro, Cornwall 1732; Rector of All Saints, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire; died at Bath, where he resided, 11 February, 1820. His hymns appeared in his *Carmina Christo: or, Hymns to the Saviour* (1792; enlarged edition, 1808).

Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer† . . . . . 418  
O Thou from whom all goodness flows . . . . . 201  
The happy morn is come . . . . . 251

**Hayn, Henrietta Louisa von**, daughter of the Master of the Duke of Nassau's hounds; born at Idstein, near Frankfort, 22 May, 1724; joined the Moravians, and became Matron of the Institution for Unmarried Sisters at Herrnhut; died 27 August, 1782. Most of her hymns are found in the *Herrnhut Hymnbook*.

I am Jesu's little lamb [W.F.S.] . . . . . C. 53  
*Weil ich Jesu Schäflein bin.*

**Heber, Reginald, D.D.**, son of Reginald Heber, Rector of Malpas, Cheshire; born at Malpas, 21 April, 1783; Bishop of Calcutta, 1823; died at Trichinopoly, 2 April, 1826. His hymns

sent. The preacher at the close eloquently exclaimed with tender emphasis, 'Sinner, come home! come home! come home!' It was easy afterwards to write 'Return, O wanderer.' 'To-day the Saviour calls' was offered me in a hasty sketch, which I retouched."

\* Composed for a special prayer-meeting for missionary labourers, held in the author's schoolroom, in the parish of S. Nicholas, Worcester

† Altered by the Rev. John Nunn from a hymn beginning, "Eternal source of life and power." (See NOTES.)

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appeared in the *Christian Observer* (1811), *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year* (1827)†, edited by his widow; and were collected (to the number of fifty-seven) in his *Poetical Works* (1842).

† Bread of the world in mercy broken . . . . .	21
† Brightest and best of the sons of the morning (1811) . . .	C. 14
† By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . . .	C. 15
† Christ is gone up with a joyful sound* . . . . .	26
† From Greenland's icy mountains (1819) . . . . .	70
† God that madest earth and heaven (1827) . . . . .	79
† Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty . . . . .	104
† Hosanna to the living Lord (1811) . . . . .	107
† Lord of mercy and of might (1811) . . . . .	158
† O Saviour is Thy promise fled . . . . .	410
† The Lord of might from Sinai's brow . . . . .	253
† The Lord will come, the earth shall quake (1811) . . .	255
† The Son of God goes forth to war . . . . .	C. 125
† Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee . .	454

**Held, Henry**, born, it is said, at Gurau, in Silesia, where he practised as a lawyer, and where, probably, he died about 1643.

Holy Spirit, once again [WINKWORTH] . . . . . 105  
*Komm, O komm, du Geist des Lebens.*

**Henley, John**, born at Torquay, 18 March, 1800; Minister of the Wesleyan Church; died at Weymouth, 2 May, 1842. His hymn appeared in the Wesleyan Sunday-school Tune-book.

Children of Jerusalem . . . . . C. 17

\***Hensel, Luise**, daughter of a Lutheran Clergyman; born at Linum, in Brandenburg, 30 March, 1798. Her hymns amount to forty-four.

Ever would I fain be reading (1829) [WINKWORTH] . . . C. 28  
*Immer muss ich wieder lesen.*

\***Herbert, Algernon.**

Lord of our life and God of our salvation (1856) . . . . . 159  
 (Translation, aided by Philip Pusey, from a Latin hymn of the 8th century.)

**Hogg, James**, the *Ettrick Shepherd*, son of a shepherd; born in the forest of Ettrick, Selkirkshire, 25 January, 1772; died at Altrive, 21 November, 1835. The hymn below appeared in *The Brownie of Bodsbeck* (1818).

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\* In its original form "God is gone up with a merry noise."

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O Thou who dwellest in the heavens high . . . . . 203

**\*Hood, Edwin Paxton**, Minister of the Congregational Church at Brighton. His hymns have appeared in collections, and are for the most part found in *Our Hymnbook* (1862), and *The Children's Choir* (1870)†, both edited by him.

† I love to think, though I am young . . . . . C. 61

† There's a beautiful land where the rains never beat . . . C. 135

**Hope, Henry Joy McCracken**, son of James Hope, whose memoir appears in Madden's *United Irishmen*; born near Belfast, 1809; died at Shanemagowston, Dunadry, County Antrim, Ireland, 19 January, 1872.

Now I have found a friend [1852, privately printed] . . . C. 96

**Houlditch, Anne.** [See **Shepherd**].

**\*How, William Walsham**, M.A., son of William Wyberg How, solicitor, of Nearwell, Shrewsbury; born at Shrewsbury, 13 December, 1823; Rector of Whittington, Shropshire, and Canon of S. Asaph. His hymns appeared in *How and Morrell's Psalms and Hymns* (1854)† with *Supplement*, and *Church Hymns* (1872)‡, of which he was a joint Editor.

† How solemn, silent, and how still\* . . . . . C. 57

† Lord, this day Thy children meet . . . . . C. 93

† O Word of God, incarnate (about 1866) . . . . . 206

† Soldiers of the cross arise . . . . . 235

† We give Thee but Thine own . . . . . 283

† We praise Thy grace, O Saviour . . . . . 472

† When the dark waves round us roll. . . . . 480

**\*Hull, Amelia Matilda**, daughter of William Thomas Hull, J.P.; born at Marpool Hall, Exmouth. Her hymns appeared in a *Hymnbook for Children* and *Heart Melodies*.

There is life for a look at the crucified One (1860) . . . C. 133

**\*Hunter, William**, D.D., son of John Hunter; born near Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, 26 May, 1811; formerly Professor of Hebrew, Alleghany College, U.S., now Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Alliance, Stark County, Ohio, U.S. His hymns (over fifty in number) appeared in *Select Melodiest*, *Minstrel of Zion* (1845), and *Songs of Devotion* (1859), three books which he edited.

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\* Altered from one of the *Hymns on the Catechism* (1851) by the Rev. Isaac Williams, B.D.

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Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move . . . . . C. 79  
 † Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move (1841 or 1842) . . . . . C. 80

\***Hutchings, William Medlen**, son of William Hutchings; born at Devonport, 28 August, 1827. The hymn below was written for the anniversary service of S. Paul's Chapel Sunday-school, Wigan, Lancashire, and was published with the tune in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* (June, 1850). [See NOTES.]

When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus . . . C. 157

**Ingemann, Bernhardt Severin**, born at Thorkildstrup, Falster Island, Denmark, 1789; poet, and man of letters; Professor at Soroe, in Zealand; died, 1862.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow [BARING GOULD] . . . 273  
*Igjennem Nat og Traengsel.*

\***Irons, William Josiah**, D.D., son of the Rev. Joseph Irons, Minister of the Congregational Church at Camberwell Grove; born at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, 12 September, 1812; Vicar of Brompton, Prebendary of S. Paul's, London. His hymns appeared in the *Metrical Psalter* (1857), etc.

Day of wrath, O day of mourning (1848) . . . . . 49  
*Dies ira, dies illa* [THOMAS OF CELANO].

**Jacobi, John Christian**. [See Collyer.]

Great God, what do I see and hear . . . . . 85  
*Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit* [RINGWALDT].

**John of Damascus**, a famous poet and divine of the Eastern Church; lived in the 8th century, and died before 787.

The day of resurrection [NEALE] . . . . . 248  
*Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα.*

**Joyce, James**, M.A., son of James Joyce; born at Frome, Somersetshire, 2 November, 1781; Vicar of Dorking; died at Dorking, 9 October, 1850. The hymn below appeared in the *Christian Observer* (1809), and was written while he was a curate at Henley-on-Thames.

O why should Israel's sons once blest (1809) . . . . . 205

**Keble, John**, M.A., son of the Rev. John Keble, Rector of Cohn S. Aldwyn, Gloucestershire; born at Fairford, Gloucester-

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tershire, 25 April, 1792; Vicar of Hursley; died at Bournemouth, 29 March, 1866. His hymns appeared in the *Christian Year* (1827)†, *Lyra Apostolica* (1836), *Lyra Innocentium* (1846), *Miscellaneous Poems* (1857)†, etc.

† Blest are the pure in heart (1819) . . . . .	17
† Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead (1857) . . . . .	154
† New every morning is the love (1827) . . . . .	387
† Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear (1827) . . . . .	438
† There is a Book who runs may read . . . . .	440

**Kelly, Thomas**, son of Chief Baron Kelly; born in Dublin, 13 July, 1769; was ordained in the Episcopal Church, from which he seceded; preached chiefly at Athy and Dublin; died in Dublin, 14 May, 1855. His *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture* appeared, with ninety-six hymns, in 1804; but the seventh edition (1853) had 767.

Come, O Lord, the heavens rending . . . . .	36
Glory, glory everlasting . . . . .	73
In Thy name, O Lord, assembling (1815) . . . . .	123
Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep (1806) . . . . .	133
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious (1809) . . . . .	140
Of Thy love some gracious token . . . . .	208
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them (1826) . . . . .	238
The atoning work is done . . . . .	247
The head that once was crowned with thorns . . . . .	253
Through the day Thy love has spared us (1806) . . . . .	463
We sing the praise of Him who died (1815) . . . . .	287
We've no abiding city here . . . . .	288
Why those fears? Behold! 'tis Jesus . . . . .	489
Zion's king shall reign victorious . . . . .	302

**Kempthorne, John**, son of Admiral James Kempthorne; born at Plymouth, 24 June, 1775; Rector of S. Michael's, Gloucester; died at the Rectory, 6 November, 1838. His hymns appeared in *Hymns for the Foundling Hospital* (1809), and *Select Portions of Psalms and Hymns* (1810)†.

† Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him . . . . .	221
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**Ken, Thomas**, D.D., son of Thomas Ken, attorney, of Furnival's Inn; born at Little Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, July, 1637; Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1685; one of the seven Bishops committed to the Tower, 1688; deprived of his See as a Nonjuror, 1691; died 19 March, 1711, at Longleat. His Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns appeared in the edition of his *Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College* (1674), published in 1897.

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All praise to Thee my God this night (1697 and 1709) . . . . 307  
 Awake my soul, and with the sun (1697 and 1709) . . . . 312  
 Praise God from whom all blessings flow (1697) . . . . 491: IV

**Kent, John**, son of Philip Kent, a shipwright; born at Bideford, Devonshire, December, 1766; a shipwright in Plymouth Dockyard; died at Plymouth, 15 November, 1843. His *Original Gospel Hymns* (1803) went through many editions, and the hymn below is from the tenth (1861).

Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding . . . . . 433

**Kethe, William**, a native of Scotland; an exile with Knox at Geneva, 1555, and one of the translators of the Geneva Bible; Rector of Okeford, Dorsetshire. Twenty-five metrical versions of Psalms are attributed to him in the Old Psalter (1561); but the authorship of the version below is only probable, not certain.

All people that on earth do dwell (1561) . . . . . 4

**King, Joshua**. His hymns appeared in the Psalmist, by the Reverends Henry and John Gwyther.

When His salvation bringing . . . . . C. 153

**Kingo, Thomas**, born in Denmark, 1634; was made Bishop in the Danish Church; one of the most popular hymnwriters of Denmark; died 1703. His hymnbook appeared in 1699.

Ever is my peril near [MACCULL] . . . . . 326  
*Aldrig er jeg uden Vaade.*

**Klopstock, Frederick Gottlieb**, son of a lawyer, at Quedlinburg, in Germany, where he was born, 2 July, 1724; died at Hamburg, 14 March, 1803.

Lord, remove the veil away [H. L. L.] . . . . . 166  
*Zeige Dich uns ohne Hülle.*

**Langford, John**, Minister at Black's Fields, Southwark (1766); died 1790. His *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* appeared in 1776.

Now begin the heavenly theme . . . . . 178

**Laurenti, Laurentius**, son of one of the principal citizens of Husum, in Schleswig-Holstein, where he was born, 8 June, 1660; precentor and director of the choir at the Cathedral of

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Bremen; died in Bremen, 29 May, 1772. His hymns (a hundred and forty-eight) appeared in his *Evangelia Melodica* (1700).

Rejoice, rejoice, believers [H. L. L.] . . . . . 293  
*Ermuntert euch ihr Frommen.*

\***Leeson, Jane E.** Her hymns appeared in *Hymns and Scenes of Childhood* (3rd edit., 1842)† and *Paraphrases and Hymns for Congregational Singing* (1853).

† Dear Saviour, to Thy little lambs . . . . . C. 24

† Sweet the lesson Jesus taught . . . . . C. 191

\***Littledale, Richard Frederick, L.L.D.,** son of John Richard Littledale; born in Dublin, 14 September, 1833. His hymns have appeared in the *People's Hymnal* (1867).

O God, who metest in Thine hand (1866) . . . . . 395

\***Littlewood, William Edensor,** born in London, 2 August, 1831; Vicar of S. James, Bath. His hymns appeared in *A Garland from the Parables* (1858).

There is no love like the love of Jesus . . . . . C. 134

**Lloyd, William Freeman,** born at Uley, Gloucestershire, 22 December, 1791; Secretary of the Sunday School Union; died at Stanley Hall, Gloucestershire, 22 April, 1853.

My times are in Thy hand . . . . . 385

**Logan, John,** son of a farmer; born at Fala, Midlothianshire, 1748; Clergyman of the Church of Scotland at Leith; died in London, 28 December, 1788. His hymns appeared in the *Scottish Paraphrases* (1781) and *Poems* (1781). [See **Bruce.**]

The Saviour died, but rose again . . . . . 257

\***Luke, Jemima,** daughter of Thomas Thompson, of Roundsford Park; born at Islington, 19 August, 1813; married (1843) the Rev. Samuel Luke, Minister of the Congregational Church, Clifton.

I think when I read that sweet story of old (1841)\* . . . C. 63

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\* "The hymn (composed in a stage coach) was written merely for our little village school in Somersetshire. My father heard the children sing it, and, unknown to me, sent a copy to the *Sunday-school Teacher's Magazine*. I never wrote another hymn that appeared worth preserving."—Letter from Mrs. Luke to the Editor.

## Biographical Index.

**Luther, Martin**, D.D., son of a miner; born at Eisleben, in Saxony, 10 November, 1483; Professor at Wittenberg; German Reformer; died at Eisleben, 18 February, 1546. Luther's hymns (36) were mostly written in 1524 and 1525, and often flung off as broadsheets to be sung through the land.

A safe stronghold our God is He [CARLYLE] . . . . . 305  
*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*

**Lynch, Thomas Toke**, son of John Burke Lynch, surgeon, at Dunmow; born at Great Dunmow, Essex, 5 July, 1818; Minister of the Congregational Church at Mornington Chapel, Hampstead Road, London; died in London, 9 May, 1871. His hymns appeared in *The Rivulet* (1856; enlarged edition, 1868), which contains 167.

† Gracious Spirit, dwell with me . . . . . 339  
 † The Lord is rich and merciful . . . . . C. 123

**Lyte, Henry Francis**, M.A., son of Captain Thomas Lyte; born at Ednam, near Kelso, 1 June, 1793; Perpetual Curate of Lower Brixham, Devonshire; died at Nice, 20 November, 1847. His hymns appeared in *Poems Chiefly Religious* (1833)†, *Miscellaneous Poems* (1868)†, and *The Spirit of the Psalms* (1834: 5th edition, corrected and enlarged, 1841†).

† Abide with me, fast falls the eventide (1847) . . . . . 306  
 † Far from my heavenly home . . . . . 55  
 † God of mercy, God of grace . . . . . 77  
 † Hark, round the God of love . . . . . C. 45  
 † Jesus, I my cross have taken . . . . . 359  
 † My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here . . . . . 384  
 † My spirit on Thy care . . . . . 175  
 † O had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove . . . . . C. 104  
 † O that the Lord's salvation . . . . . 200  
 † Pleasant are Thy courts above (1834) . . . . . 214  
 † Praise the Lord, His glories show . . . . . 218  
 † Praise, my soul, the King of heaven . . . . . 216  
 † There is a safe and secret place . . . . . 450

**Lyth, John**, D.D., son of John Lyth; born at York, 13 March, 1821; Minister of the Wesleyan Church at Sheffield.

There is a better world they say (1845)\* . . . . . C. 128

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\* Dr. Lyth has informed the Editor that "the hymn was written at Stroud, in Gloucestershire (30 April, 1845) for the anniversary of the neighbouring infant-school at Randwick, and to an air then very popular, called 'All is Well.' That it was written for infant children will explain the simplicity of some of the expressions. It was speedily caught up, and I believe first appeared in the *Home and School Hymnbook*."

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\***Maccall, William**, son of William Maccall; born at Largs Ayrshire, Scotland, 25 February, 1812. The translations below have been taken from his *Hymns of Denmark* by Gilbert Tait (1868).

Ever is my peril near [KINGO] . . . . . 326  
*Aldrig er jeg uden Vaade.*  
 With joy unspoken, with fervent song [GRUNDTWIG]\* . . . 298  
*Nu falmer Skoven trindt om Land.*

**M'Cheyne, Robert Murray**, son of Adam M'Cheyne, W.S., Edinburgh; born in Edinburgh, 21 May, 1813; Minister of the Church of Scotland in St. Peter's, Dundee; died at Dundee, 25 March, 1843. Most of his hymns appeared in *Songs of Zion* (1837).

I once was a stranger to grace and to God (1834) . . . . . 348  
 Like mist on the mountain (1831) . . . . . C. 84  
 When this passing world is done (1837) . . . . . 483

**Madan, Martin**, son of Colonel Madan, of the Guards; born 1726; founded and became Chaplain of the Lock Hospital, London; died 1790. His collection of *Psalms and Hymns Extracted from various Authors* was published 1760; the *Appendix*, 1763. The hymn below is printed from the 7th edition, 1771: it is not original, but a cento arranged by Madan from hymns by Cennick and C. Wesley. (See **Cennick**.)

Lo, He comes with clouds descending . . . . . 148

**Maltland, Fanny Fuller**. Her hymns appeared in *Hymns for Private Devotion, Selected and Original* (1827). [See **Kirke White**.]

**Malan, Henri Abraham Cæsar**, D.D.; son of Jacques Imbert Malan; born at Geneva, 7 July, 1787; Pastor of an Independent Reformed Church at Geneva; died at Vandoeuvres, near Geneva, Sunday, 8 May 1864. His hymns appeared in his *Chants de Sion* (1841).

It is not death to die [BETHUNE] . . . . . 356  
*Non, ce n'est pas mourir.*

**Mant, Richard**, D.D., son of the Rev. Richard Mant, Master of the Grammar School, Southampton; born at Southampton,

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\* The first line of the fifth stanza of the original.

## Biographical Index.

12 February, 1776; Bishop of Down and Connor; died at Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, 2 November, 1848. Most of his hymns appeared in *Scripture Narratives* (1831), *Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary, with Original Hymns* (1837), etc.

Son of God, to Thee I cry (1830) . . . . . 236

**Marriott, John**, son of the Rev. R. Marriott, D.D.; born at Cottesbach, near Lutterworth, Leicestershire, 1780; Rector of Church Lawford, Warwickshire; died at Broad Clyst, near Exeter, 31 March, 1825. The hymn below appeared first in Dr. Raffles' *Supplement to Watts* (1853).

Thou, whose almighty word (1813). . . . . 269

**Mason, John, M.A.**, born probably near Strixton, Northamptonshire, where he was at school; Rector of Water-Stratford, Buckinghamshire, where he died, 1894. His hymns appeared in (thirty-seven) *Spiritual Songs, or Songs of Praise to Almighty God* (1683)†, and (seven) *Penitential Cries* (1692.)

† I've found the pearl of greatest price . . . . . 353

† My God, a God of pardon is . . . . . 374

† My God, my only help and hope . . . . . 379

† Thousands of thousands stand around . . . . . 460

† To Him that loved the souls of men . . . . . 278

\***Maude, Mary Fawler**, wife of the Rev. Joseph Maude, Vicar of Chirk, near Ruabon. Her hymns have appeared in How and Morrell's *Psalms and Hymns* (1854), etc.

Thine for ever, God of love (1848)\* . . . . . 452

\***Mercer, William, M.A.**, Incumbent of St. George's, Sheffield. His hymns appeared in his *Church Psalter and Hymnbook* (1861; Oxford Edition, revised, 1864)†.

† God reveals His presence . . . . . 78

† How bright appears the morning star . . . . . 109

\***Midlane, Albert**, born at Newport, Isle of Wight, 23 January, 1825. His hymns have appeared (nine) in *The Evangelist's*

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\* Written for a class of young women; published in 1848; re-published in *Memories of Past Years* (privately printed, 1862).

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*Hymnbook* (1860); (fifty-one) in *The Ambassador's Hymnbook* (1860); *Good News for the Little Ones* (1860); *Carter's Gospel Hymnbook* (1862); (forty) in the *Hymnbook for Youth* (1862); (ten) in *Pleasant Hymns for Boys and Girls* (1865); *Gospel Echoes* (1865)†.

† All things are ready, come . . . . .	C. 6
† Onward, upward, homeward (1861) . . . . .	C. 111
† Revive Thy work, O Lord (1860) . . . . .	237
There's a Friend for little children (1860) . . . . .	C. 136

\* **Miller, Emily Huntington**, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Huntington, D.D.; born at Brooklyn, Connecticut, U.S., 23 October, 1833; married Professor Miller; is joint editor of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago.

I love to hear the story (1868) . . . . . C. 60

**Mills, Elizabeth**, daughter of Philip King; born at Stoke Newington, 1806; married Thomas Mills, M.P.; died at Finsbury-place, London, 21 April, 1829. The hymn below was written shortly before her death.

We speak of the realms of the blest (1829) . . . . . C. 151

**Milman, Henry Hart**, D.D., son of Sir Francis Milman, a physician; born in London, 10 February, 1791; Dean of St. Paul's; died at Sunningfield, near Ascot, 24 September, 1868. His hymns appeared in *Hymns adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, edited by Mrs. Heber (1827)†; and in *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for the use of St. Margaret's, Westminster* (1837).

† Bound upon the accursed tree . . . . .	315
† O help us, Lord, each hour of need . . . . .	193
† When our heads are bowed with woe . . . . .	295

**Milton, John** son of John Milton, an eminent scrivener in Bread Street, London, where he was born, 9 December, 1608; died in London, 8 November, 1674. His metrical versions of Psalms were written in 1623†, 1648†, and 1653. His *Paradise Lost* was published in 1687.

† Let us with a gladsome mind (1623) . . . . .	144
† The Lord will come, and not be slow (1648) . . . . .	254

**Moller, Martin**, son of a mason; born 10 November, 1547, at Kropstädt near Wittenberg; Pastor at Görlitz, in Silesia, where

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he died, 2 March, 1606. His hymns appeared in *Meditationes sanctorum patrum* (1584 and 1591), and *Manuale de preparatione ad mortem* (1593).

Holy Ghost, the Comforter [WINKWORTH] . . . . . 101  
*Heil'ger Geist, du Tröster mein.*  
*Veni sancte Spiritus* [KING ROBERT; died 1031].

**\*Monsell, John Samuel Bewley, L.L.D.,** son of Thomas Bewley Monsell, Archdeacon of Londonderry; born at St. Columb's, Londonderry, Ireland, 2 March, 1811; Chancellor of Connor, and now Rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford. His hymns appeared in *Parish Musings* (1850; 8th edition, 1864)†; *Hymns of Love and Praise* (1863; 2nd edition, 1866 ‡); *Spiritual Songs* etc.

†	God of that glorious gift of grace . . . . .	338
†	I think of thee, my God, by night . . . . .	340
†	Lord of the living harvest* . . . . .	161
†	O for the time when on the world . . . . .	187
†	Rest of the weary, joy of the sad . . . . .	425
†	Soon and for ever . . . . .	432

**Montgomery, James,** son of the Rev. John Montgomery, a Moravian Minister settled in Ireland; born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, 4 November, 1771; editor of the *Sheffield Iris*; died at Sheffield, 30 April, 1854. His hymns appeared in *Songs of Zion, being Imitations of* [fifty-six of the] *Psalms* (1822)†; *The Christian Psalmist* (1825; 3rd edition, 1826†); *Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion* (1853)§.

§	A children's temple here we build . . . . .	C. 1
†	According to Thy gracious Word . . . . .	2
†	Angels from the realms of glory (1819) . . . . .	7
†	Come to Calvary's holy mountain . . . . .	41
†	Command Thy blessing from above . . . . .	45
†	For ever with the Lord (1835) . . . . .	62
†	Glory to the Father give . . . . .	C. 35
†	Go to dark Gethsemane (1822) . . . . .	336
†	Hail to the Lord's Anointed (1822) . . . . .	90
†	Hark, the song of jubilee (1819) . . . . .	95
†	Holy, holy, holy, Lord (1836) . . . . .	103
†	Hosanna be the children's song (1853) . . . . .	C. 52
†	In the hour of trial . . . . .	354
†	Lord God, the Holy Ghost . . . . .	153
†	Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise (1821) . . . . .	157

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\* Printed from manuscript in the form finally adopted by the author.

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† Lord, teach us how to pray aright . . . . .	167
† O Spirit of the living God (1825) . . . . .	199
† Pour out Thy Spirit from on high (1825) . . . . .	215
§ Praise the Lord through every nation (1853) . . . . .	230
<i>Looft den Koning alle volken</i> [FRITH].	
† Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . . . .	423
† Songs of praise the angels sang (1819) . . . . .	237
§ Sow in the morn thy seed . . . . .	C. 119
† This stone to Thee in faith we lay . . . . .	265
† To Thy temple I repair . . . . .	465
† What are these in bright array . . . . .	289
† When Jesus left His Father's throne . . . . .	C. 154

**Morrison, John, D.D.**, born in Aberdeenshire, 1749; Minister of the parish of Canisbay, Caithnesshire; died 12 June, 1798. His hymns were contributed to the *Scottish Paraphrases* (1781.)

Come let us to the Lord our God . . . . .	36
The race that long in darkness pined . . . . .	256
'Twas on that night when doomed to know . . . . .	280

**\*Mote, Edward**, born in London, 21 January, 1797; Minister of the Baptist Church at Horsham, Sussex. His hymns appeared in his collection of *Hymns of Praise* (1836).

My hope is built on nothing less (1825). . . . .	383
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**\*Mühlenberg, William Augustus, D.D.**, son of the Rev. Dr. Mühlenberg, Pennsylvania, U.S.; associate-Rector of St. James' Church, Lancaster (1823); now Rector of the Church of the Communion, and the founder and resident chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, New York. His hymns appeared in *Hymns of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States* (1826), in the *Episcopal Recorder* (1826), in *Church Poetry* (1828); and in *The People's Psalter* (revised edition 1858).

I would not live alway [1823-1859] . . . . .	C. 67
Saviour who Thy flock art feeding . . . . .	232

**\*N., C. M.**, a lady whose hymns appeared in *The Name of Jesus and other Verses for the Sick and Lonely* (3rd ed., 1863; 5th ed., 1868).

Lay Thy hand upon me . . . . .	364
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**Neale, John Mason, D.D.**, son of the Rev. Cornelius Neale; born in London, 24 January, 1818; Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead; died 6 August, 1868. His hymns appeared in *Mediæval Hymns* (1851), *Hymns of the Eastern Church* (1865), *Hymns for Children*, etc.

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All glory, laud, and honour . . . . .	C. 5
<i>Gloria, laus, et honor</i> [THEODULPH].	
Art thou weary, art thou languid . . . . .	311
<i>Κόπον τε καὶ κῆματον</i> [STEPHEN THE SABAITE].	
Brief life is here our portion . . . . .	23
<i>Hic brevis vivitur</i> [BERNARD OF CLUGNY].	
Christ is made the sure foundation . . . . .	27
<i>Angulare fundamentum</i> [ANONYMOUS HYMN, 7-9 CENTURY].	
Fierce was the wild billow . . . . .	331
<i>Ζοφεράς τρικυμίας</i> [ANATOLIUS].	
For thee, O dear dear country . . . . .	64
<i>O bona patria</i> [BERNARD OF CLUGNY].	
Jerusalem the glorious . . . . .	124
<i>Urbs Syon inclyta</i> [BERNARD OF CLUGNY].	
Jerusalem the golden . . . . .	125
<i>Urbs Syon aurea</i> [BERNARD OF CLUGNY].	
The day is past and over . . . . .	443
<i>Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών</i> [ANATOLIUS].	
The day of resurrection . . . . .	248
<i>Αναστάσεως ἡμέρα</i> [JOHN OF DAMASCUS].	
The strain upraise . . . . .	280
<i>Cantemus cuncti melodum</i> [GODESCALCUS].	

**Neander, Joachim**, son of an assistant-teacher in the Latin school at Bremen; born at Bremen, 1650; and after many trials was at last appointed Minister of S. Martin's Church in his native town; died 31 May, 1680. His hymns appeared (seventy-one) in *A und O, Joachim Neandri Glaub- und Liebes-Uebung* (1679), and for many of them he wrote tunes; they were often composed during persecution, when he was obliged to live in a cave still pointed out.

Praise to the Lord the Almighty [WINKWORTH] . . . . .	422
<i>Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren.</i>	

**Neele, Henry**, son of a heraldic engraver in the Strand, London; born in London, 29 January, 1798; became an attorney's clerk; lectured on English poetry; found dead, 7 February 1828. His few hymns are found in his *Literary Remains* (1829).

God of mercy throned on high (1818) . . . . .	C. 41
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**Neumark, George**, the son of poor parents; born at Mühlhausen, in Thuringia, 16 March, 1621; librarian of the archives of Weimar; died at Weimar, 8 July, 1681. His hymns appeared in *Poetisches, Musikalisches Lustwäldlein* (1652), with *Appendix* (1657), *Tägliches Abendopfer* (1668), and *Geistliche Arien* (1675).

Leave God to order all thy ways [WINKWORTH] . . . . .	305
<i>Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten</i> (1650).	

## Biographical Index.

**Neumeister, Erdmann**, son of a poor schoolmaster; born at Uechteritz, near Weissenfels, in Saxony, 2 May, 1671; Pastor of S. Jacob's Church, in Hamburg; died at Hamburg, 18 August, 1756. His hymns reached to 715, and appeared in a collected form in *Herrn E. Neumeister's Psalmen und Lobgesänge* (1755).

Jesus sinners will receive [F. BEVAN] . . . . . 133  
*Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.*

\* **Nevin, Edwin H.**, son of Major David Nevin; born at Shippenburg, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, U.S., 9 May, 1814; Pastor of the first Reformed Church, Philadelphia. His hymns have appeared in the *Congregational Hymnbook*, *The Sabbath Hymnbook*, *Christ in Song*, and other American collections.

O heaven, sweet heaven [1862] . . . . . C. 107

**Newton, John**, son of a sea-captain; born in London, 24 July, 1725; Curate of Olney, Bucks, and afterwards Rector of S. Mary Woolnoth, London; died 21 December, 1807. His hymns appeared in the *Olney Hymns* (1779). [See **Cowper**.]

Approach, my soul, the mercy seat . . . . .	8
Bless, O Lord, the opening year . . . . .	16
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare . . . . .	321
Day of judgment, day of wonders (1774) . . . . .	48
Dear Shepherd of Thy people hear (1769) . . . . .	51
Glorious things of thee are spoken . . . . .	71
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . . . .	114
May the grace of Christ our Saviour . . . . .	171
Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal . . . . .	179
Now may He who from the dead . . . . .	180
One there is above all others . . . . .	210
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . . . .	424
Safely through another week . . . . .	428
Though troubles assail (1776) . . . . .	270
Time by moments steals away . . . . .	C. 141
While with ceaseless course the sun . . . . .	297
Why should I fear the darkest hour . . . . .	488

**Nicolai, Philip**, D.D., son of Theodore Nicolai, who joined the Reformation and became Lutheran Pastor at Mengershausen, in Waldeck, where his son Philip was born, 10 August, 1556; Pastor, finally, of St. Catherine's, Hamburg; died at Hamburg, 26 October, 1608. His hymns (four) appeared as an Appendix to his *Freuden Spiegel des ewigen Lebens* (1599).

How bright appears the morning star [W. MEYER] . . . . . 168  
*Wie schön leuchtet uns der Morgenstern.*

## *Biographical Index.*

**Wake, the startling watchery pealeth** [FRANCIS COX] . . . 487  
*Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme* (1597).

**Nunn, the Rev. John**, son of John Nunn; born at Colchester, about the year 1781; Rector of Thorndon, Suffolk; died at the Rectory, April, 1861. His hymns appeared in *Psalms and Hymns* (1817). [See **Haweis**.]

Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer . . . . . 418

**Nunn, Marianne**, daughter of John Nunn; born at Colchester about the year, 1779; died at Colchester, about the year 1847. Her hymns appeared in her brother's, the Rev. John Nunn's, collection of *Psalms and Hymns* (1817).

One there is [is kind] above all others (about 1813)\*. . . C. 110

**Olivers, Thomas**, the son of humble parents; born at the village of Tregonan, Montgomeryshire in 1725; early left an orphan; apprenticed to a shoemaker; arrested by Whitfield; became a Wesleyan preacher; died in London, 1790. His *Hymns on the Last Judgment*, *Hymn of Praise to Christ*, and *Hymn to the God of Abraham* appeared separately as tracts, between 1757 and 1772; and have been reprinted by Sedgwick (1868).

The God of Abraham praise (about 1770) . . . . . 249

**Onderdonk, Henry Ustick**, D.D., born in New York, 1789; Bishop of Pennsylvania, 1827; died, 1852. His hymns appeared in *Psalms and Hymns for the Episcopal Church, U.S.* (New York, 1828); the *Sabbath Hymnbook*, and other collections.

Although the vine its fruit deny . . . . . 309

**Osler, Edward**, born at Falmouth, January, 1798; surgeon, and editor of the *Cornwall Gazette*; died at Truro, 7 March, 1858. His hymns appeared in *Church and King* (1836-37); and in the *Mitre Hymnbook*, edited by W. J. Hall (1886).

Glory to God with joyful adoration . . . . . C. 84  
 Worship, honour, glory, blessing . . . . . 491: ix.

**Oswald, Henry Sigismund**, son of John Henry Oswald; born at Nimmerseet, in Silesia, 30 June, 1751; Privy Coun-

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\* The object of the authoress was to adapt Newton's "One there is above all others" to a familiar Welsh air.

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- seller to the King of Prussia; died at Breslau, 8 September, 1837. His hymns and poems appeared in 1793, and as *Swan Songs* (*Schwanengesänge*) 1826.
- O let him whose sorrow [FRANCES COX] . . . . . 403  
*Wem in Leidenstagen.*
- P., F. B., in whose initials, as "mad to the tune of Diana," the original form of the hymn below stands in a manuscript book of religious songs, not written earlier than 1616. The modern form, as in the text, dates about the middle of the last century.
- Jerusalem my happy home . . . . . 123  
*Urbs beata Hierusalem* [AXON].
- \*Paget, Catesby, of Box, Wiltshire. The hymn originally appeared in *The Way of Peace*. •
- A mind at perfect peace with God (1853) . . . . . 304
- \*Palgrave, Francis Turner, son of Sir Francis Palgrave; born at Great Yarmouth, 28 September, 1824. His *Original Hymns* appeared in 1867.
- Thou that once on mother's knee (1866) . . . . . C. 140
- \*Palin, Emily I. J., daughter of the Rev. William Palin, Rector of Stifford, Essex. The hymn below first appeared in the *Lyra Messianica* (1864).
- Where is our Master now . . . . . 485
- \*Palmer, Ray, D.D., son of the Hon. Thomas Palmer, Judge in Rhode Island; born at Little Compton, Rhode Island, U.S., 12 November, 1808; Pastor of the Congregational Church at Albany, and now Secretary of the Congregational Union, at New York. His *Hymns and Sacred Pieces* appeared in 1865; and his hymns also appeared in Lowell Mason's *Collection* (1832), and *Hymns of my Holy Hours* (1867).
- Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts (1833) . . . . . 135  
*Jesu dulcedo cordium* [BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX].
- My faith looks up to Thee (1830)\* . . . . . 173
- Stealing from the world away . . . . . 435

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\* This hymn was being sung in Arabic by the Syrian Protestants, and they had reached the third stanza when the Druzes burst in upon them in the massacre of 1860.

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**\*Parr, Harriet.** The hymn below appeared originally in *The Wreck of the Golden Mary* (1856), a Christmas number of *Household Words*.

Hear my prayer O heavenly Father (1856) . . . . . C. 48

**\*Parson, Elizabeth**, daughter of the Rev. William Rooker, Minister of the Congregational Church at Tavistock; born at Tavistock, 5 June, 1812; married T. Edgecombe Parson, Bideford, Devonshire. Some of her hymns appeared in the *Sunday-school Hymnbook*.

Jesus we love to meet . . . . . C. 77  
O happy land, O happy land . . . . . C. 106

**\*Partridge, Samuel William**, son of Samuel Partridge; born in London, 23 November, 1810. His hymns appeared in *Important Truths in Simple Verse*†, and *Rhymes worth Remembering*.

† How dearly God must love us (1840) . . . . . C. 54

**Perronet, Edward**, son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham; a Preacher with the Wealeys, afterwards with Lady Huntingdon, then to a small congregation unattached; died, January, 1792. His hymns appeared in *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (1785).

All hail the power of Jesus' name . . . . . 3

**Peters, Mary**, daughter of Richard Bowly, of Cirencester; married the Rev. John M<sup>c</sup>William Peters, Rector of Quennington, Gloucestershire; died at Clifton, 29 July, 1856. Her *Hymns intended to help the Communion of Saints* appeared in 1847.

Jesus, how much Thy name unfolds . . . . . 358  
Through the love of God, our Saviour . . . . . 272

**\*Pierpoint, Follott Sandford**, son of William Horne Pierpoint, of Bath; born at Spa Villa, Bath, 7 October, 1835. The hymn below first appeared in *Lyra Eucharistica* (1864).

For the beauty of the earth (1864) . . . . . 63

**Procter, Adelaide Anne**, daughter of Brian W. Procter (Barry Cornwall); born in London, 30 October, 1825; died in London, 2 February, 1864. Her hymns appeared in two volumes of *Legends and Lyrics* (first series, 1858†; second series, 1860).

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- † My God, I thank Thee who hast made . . . . . 378  
 † The way is long and dreary . . . . . 447

\***Prynne, George Rundle**, M.A., son of John Allen Prynne; born at West Love, Cornwall, 23 August, 1818; Incumbent of S. Peter's, Plymouth. The hymn below appeared in his *Hymnal* (1858).

Jesus meek and gentle (1855) . . . . . C. 75

**Raffles, Thomas**, D.D., son of William Raffles, solicitor; born in Spitalfields, London, 17 May, 1788; Minister of the Congregational Church at Liverpool for fifty years; died at Liverpool, 18 August, 1863. His hymns appeared in Dr. Collyer's *Hymns Partly Collected, Partly Original* (1812); *New Congregational Hymnbook* (1836); *A Supplement to Dr. Watts' Hymns* (1853); and *New Year's Hymns* (1868).

Thou art my hiding place, O Lord . . . . . 455

\***Rawson, George**, born at Leeds, 5 June, 1807; wishes to be known only as *A Leeds Layman*. His hymns (fifteen) have appeared in *The Leeds Hymnbook* (1853), (twenty-seven) in the *Psalms and Hymns of the Baptist Denomination* (1858); in *Allon's Supplemental Hymns for Public Worship* (1868)†; and in *Priest's Supplement*.

† Thou who hast known the careworn breast (1860) . . . . . 459

**Reed, Andrew**, D.D., son of Andrew Reed; born in London, 27 November, 1787; Minister for fifty years of the Congregational Church at Wycliffe Chapel, London, and Founder of the London Orphan Asylum, the Asylum for Fatherless Children, the Asylum for Idiots, the Infant Orphan Asylum, and the Hospital for Incurables; died at Hackney, London, 25 February, 1862. His hymns (twenty-seven) appeared in *The Hymnbook* (1841), which he edited.

Spirit divine attend our prayers (1829) . . . . . 239

**Ringwaldt, Bartholomew**, born at Frankfort on the Oder, 1530; Pastor of the Lutheran Church at Langfeld, in the Prussian province of Brandenburg; died at Langenberg in Neumark 1598 [?]. His hymns appeared in *Hymns for the Sundays and Festivals of the Whole Year* (*Evangelia auf alle Sonntag und Fest durchs ganze Jahr neben etzlichen Busspsalmen in Reim und Gesangweise vertieret*, 1581), and *Handbüchlein geistlicher Lieder und Gebetlein auf der Reise oder sonst in eigner Noth*, (1590). [See Collyer.]

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**Great God, what do I see and hear** [JACOBI] . . . . . 85  
*Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.*

**Rinkart, Martin**, son of a cooper; born at Eilenburg in Saxony, 23 April, 1586; Pastor at Eilenburg, where he died, 8 December, 1649. The date of the hymn below is uncertain, whether 1636 or 1644.

**Now thank we all our God** [WINKWORTH] . . . . . 181  
*Nun danket alle Gott.*

**Robert II.**, King of France, son of Hugh Capet; born, 972; died at Melan, 20 July, 1031.

**Holy Ghost, the Comforter** [WINKWORTH] . . . . . 101  
*Veni Sancte Spiritus.*

**Robinson, Robert**, born at Swaffham, Norfolk, 1735; Minister of the Baptist Church, at Cambridge; died at Birmingham, 8 June, 1790. His two well-known hymns (though the authorship of the first is disputed) appeared in 1758† and 1774‡.

† **Come Thou Fount of every blessing** . . . . . 39

‡ **Mighty God while angels bless Thee** . . . . . C. 94

**\*Rooker, Elizabeth.** [See Parson.]

**Rorison, Gilbert**, LL.D., son of John Rorison, merchant; born at Glasgow, 7 February, 1821; Incumbent of S. Peter's Episcopal Church, Peterhead, Aberdeen; died at Bridge of Allan, Scotland, 11 October, 1869. His hymns appeared in a Peterhead collection (1850).

**Three in One, and One in Three** (1850) . . . . . 461

**Rothe, John Andrew**, son of Aegidius Rothe, Vicar of Lissa, near Gorlitz, in Silesia; born at the Parsonage, 12 May, 1688; Pastor of the Lutheran Church at Berthelsdorf, where he was fellow-worker with Zinzendorf, and afterwards at Hermsdorf; died at Thomendorf, where he was last Pastor, 6 July, 1758. His hymns (forty-five) appeared in various hymn-books and small devotional books.

**Now I have found the ground wherein** [J. WESLEY] . . . . . 392  
*Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.*

**Rous, Francis**, younger son of Sir Anthony Rous; born at Halton, in Cornwall; Provost of Eton College, Speaker of the House of Commons, and one of the lay deputies to

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the Westminster Assembly; died 7 January, 1658. His metrical version of the Psalms was laid before the Westminster Divines, by whom it was revised, and being afterwards further revised by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was adopted by the Assembly (1649) as the Authorised Version in their Church, where it came into use on the 1 May, 1650. The alterations introduced by the Assembly were very numerous, and mainly by the Rev. Zachary Boyd.

Now blessed be the Lord our God . . . . . 491: ii.

\***Russell, Arthur Tozer**, B.O.L., son of the Rev. Thomas Russell, of Murden, in Kent, a Dissenting Minister in London and Enfield; born at Northampton, 20 March, 1806; Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Wrookwardine Wood, Salop. His hymns appeared in *Psalms and Hymns partly Original, partly Selected* (1851), and in *Maurice's Choral Hymnbook* (1861), as well as in *Hymns for Public Worship and Private Devotion* (1848).

Jesus, Thou our pure delight . . . . . 363  
 Lord, our eyes unseal . . . . . 164  
 O gracious Jesu hear our humble crying . . . . . 396  
 To Him who for our sins was slain . . . . . C. 143

**Ryland, John**, D.D., son of the Rev. J. C. Ryland, Pastor of the Baptist Church at Warwick; born at Warwick, 29 January, 1753; President of the Baptist College, and Pastor of Broadmead Chapel, Bristol; died 25 May, 1825. His *Hymns and Verses on Sacred Subjects* appeared in a collected form in 1862.

Lord, teach a little child to pray (1786) . . . . . C. 91  
 O Lord, I would delight in Thee (1777) . . . . . 408  
 Sovereign Ruler of the skies (1777) . . . . . 434

\***S. W. F.,**

Lord, our God, to whom is given (1871) . . . . . 165  
*Herr unser Gott mit Ehrfurcht dienen* [TERSTEGEN].  
 Praise the Lord (1871) . . . . . 491: xv.  
*Gloria Dir Dreieinigkeit* [ANON].  
 I am Jesu's little lamb (1871) . . . . . C. 58  
*Weil ich Jesu Schäflein bin* [LUISE VON HAYN].

**Sachse, Charles Frederick Henry**, D.D., born at Eisenberg, in Saxe Altenburg, 2 July, 1785; Court Chaplain at Altenburg; died at Altenburg, 9 October, 1860.

Come forth, come on with solemn song [H. L. L.] . . . . . 319  
*Wohlauf! wohlan! zum letzten Gang* (1822).

\***Saxby, Mrs.** [See J. E. Browne.]

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**Scheffler, John Angel**, (called also *Johannes Angelus*, and *Angelus Silesius*), the son of a Polish nobleman; born at Breslau, 1624; physician to the Duke of Würtemberg; died at Breslau, 9 July, 1677. His two-hundred and five hymns appeared in his *Heilige Seelenlust, oder geistliche Seelenlieder* (1668). [See *Angelus Silesius*.]

Thee will I love, my strength, my tower [JOHN WESLEY] . . . 448  
*Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke.*

**Schmolke, Benjamin**, son of the Pastor of Brauchitschdorf, in Silesia, where he was born, 21 December, 1672; became assistant to his father, and then Pastor in Schweidnitz, where he died, 12 February, 1737. He wrote more than a thousand hymns, which appeared in *Heilige Liederflammen* (1704), *Der lustige Sabbath* (1712), etc., and in a collected form (1740-1744).

Light of light, enlighten me [H. L. L.] . . . . . 367  
*Licht von Licht erleuchte mich.*

My Jesus, as Thou wilt [H. L. L.] . . . . . 383  
*Mein Jesu, wie Du willst.*

**Scott, Sir Walter**, son of Walter Scott, W.S.; born at Edinburgh, 15 August, 1771; died at Abbotsford, 21 September, 1832. His hymns appeared in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), etc.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day . . . . . 246  
*Dies ira, Dies illa* [THOMAS OF CELANO].

**\*Sears, Edmund Hamilton**, son of Joseph Sears; born in Sandisfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, 6 April, 1810; Pastor of the Congregational Church in Wayland, Massachusetts, and now resident at Weston. His hymns have not been published in a collected form; but that below originally appeared in the *Christian Register* (Boston, U.S.).

It came upon the midnight clear (about Christmas, 1851) . . . 355.

**Shelly, M. E.**, daughter of John Jackson, of Manchester; born at Stockport, Cheshire; married (1846) J. W. Shelly, of Great Yarmouth. Her hymns have appeared in *The Child's Own Hymn-book* (1844).

Father, let Thy benediction . . . . . C. 30  
 Lord, a little band, and lowly . . . . . C. 83.

**Shepcote, Mrs.** [See E.]

**Shepherd, Anne**, daughter of the Rev. Edward H. Houl-

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ditch, Rector of Speen, Berkshire; born at Cowes, Isle of Wight, 11 September, 1809; married (1843) S. Saville Shepherd; died at Blackheath, Kent, 7 January, 1857. Her hymns (sixty-four) appeared in *Hymns adapted to the Comprehension of Young Minds* (3rd ed., 1847).

Around the throne of God in heaven . . . . . C. 9  
 Glory to Jesus, glory . . . . . C. 37

\***Shipton, Mrs. Anna.** Her hymns have appeared in *Whispers in the Palms* (1855; 3rd. ed., 1856†), *The Brook in the Way* (1864), and other books.

† Down in the pleasant pastures . . . . . C. 26

**Shirley, Hon. and Rev. Walter**, son of the Hon. Lawrence Shirley; born in 1725; Rector of Loughrea, County Galway, Ireland; died in 1786. Lady Huntingdon was his near relative, and his hymns appeared in her well-known *Collection*, which he revised (1774). The second hymn below is founded upon one by James Allen, beginning, "While my Jesus I'm possessing." [See **Allen** and **Norms**.]

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing . . . . . 152  
 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . . . . 441

**Shrubsole, William**, son of a master mastmaker at Sheerness, Kent; born 21 November, 1759; Secretary in the Bank of England; died at Highbury, 23 August, 1829. His hymns appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* (1795); *Missionary Hymns* (1795)†, *Christian Observer* (1813), etc.

† Arm of the Lord, awake, awake (1795) . . . . . 9

\***Smith, Charitie Lees.** [See **Bancroft**.]

O for the robes of whiteness . . . . . C. 108

\***Smith, Elizabeth Lee**, daughter of ——— Allen; born in 1817; married (1843) Professor H. B. Smith, New York.

Thou art the King of mercy and of grace (1868) . . . . . 267  
*Je Te salue, mon certain Rédempteur* [CALVIN].

\***Smith, L. C.**, daughter of ——— Cumming; married William Smith, author of *Thorndale*, etc.

Dear Lord, to hear Thee and Thy Word . . . . . 50  
*Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier* [CLAUSKITZER].

**Smith, the Rev. S. F.** [See **Hastings**.]

Return, O wanderer, to thy home . . . . . 22

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**Spitta, Charles John**, born of humble parents at Hanover, 1 August, 1801; Pastor of the Lutheran Church at various places, finally at Burgdorf, and Rural Dean; died 28 September, 1859. His hymns appeared in *Psalter und Harfe* (*Psalter and Harp*), 1st series, 1833 (66 hymns); 2nd series, 1843 (40 hymns); *Posthumous Hymns* (2nd. ed., 1862).

God knoweth all His people [H. L. L.] . . . . . 75  
*Es kennt der Herr die Seinen.*

We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord [H. L. L.] . . . . . 285  
*O treuer Heiland, Jesu Christ.*

**\*Stallybrass, James.**

Who is there like Thee . . . . . 486  
*Wer ist wohl wie Du* [FREYLINGHAUSEN].

**\*Stammers, Joseph**, barrister; born at Bury St. Edmund's in 1801. His hymns appeared in the *Cottage Minstrel* (1830), edited by the Rev. John Buckworth.

Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest . . . . . 316

**Steele, Anne**, daughter of William Steele, a timber merchant, who also ministered to the Baptist Church at Broughton, Hampshire; born at Broughton in 1717; died at Broughton, after a life of suffering, in November, 1778. Her *Poems and Hymns* were published under the assumed name of *Theodosia*, and in 1863 the *Hymns, Psalms, and Poems* previously scattered through many publications, were issued by Mr. Sedgwick in one volume.†

† Almighty God, before Thy throne . . . . . 5

† Far from these narrow scenes of night . . . . . 56

† Father of mercies, in Thy Word . . . . . 59

† Father, whate'er of earthly bliss . . . . . 330

† To our Redeemer's glorious name . . . . . 279

**Stephen the Sabaite**, nephew of John of Damascus; born 725; when only ten, was placed by his uncle in the monastery of S. Sabas, between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, and remained there till his death in 794.

Art thou weary, art thou languid [NEALE] . . . . . 311  
*Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.*

**Sternhold, Thomas**, said to have been born at the Hayfield, in the parish of Awre, near Blakeney, Gloucestershire; Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; died in August, 1549. He was associated in the production of a Metrical Psalter, with **John Hopkins**

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supposed to have been a Suffolk clergyman, and who at one time resided at Woodend, in the same parish. Sternhold completed the first fifty-one Psalms, Hopkins rendered fifty-eight, and other writers contributed. In the *Scottish Psalter* of 1564, Sternhold is credited with forty Psalms, Hopkins with thirty-seven, Kethe with twenty-five, Whittinghame, Dean of Durham and a friend of Calvin fifteen, Craig with fifteen, Norton the translator of *Calvin's Institutes* with ten, Pont with six, and Pulleyn with two. The complete version was published in England in 1562.

O God, my strength and fortitude . . . . . 189

**Stowell, Hugh**, son of the Rector of Ballaugh, near Ramsay, Isle of Man; born at Douglas, Isle of Man, 3 December, 1799; Incumbent of Christ Church, Salford, and Canon of Chester; died at Salford, 8 October, 1865. His hymns (forty-six) were collected and published by his son (1868)†.

† From every stormy wind that blows . . . . . 69

† Jesus is our Shepherd . . . . . C. 73

† Lord of all power and might . . . . . 156

**Strafford, Elizabeth**, daughter of H. Strafford, of Belper; born in London, 30 October, 1828; died at Belper, 4 April, 1868. Her hymns appeared in *Hymns for the Collects throughout the Year for the Use of Children* (1857).

God almighty heareth ever (1855) . . . . . C. 38

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, O Father in heaven . . . C. 150

\***Summers, Thomas Osmond**, D.D., son of James Summers; born at Swanage, Dorsetshire, England, 11 October, 1819; Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Nashville, Tennessee, U.S. His hymns have appeared in *Songs of Zion* (1851)†, and *Hymns for Schools and Families* (1853)\*.

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\* In a letter to the Editor, Dr. Summers relates the origin of his Morning and Evening Hymns. "My first child was born in January, 1845. When she was about a year old, as I was descending the Tombigbee River in a little steamer, I wrote a Morning Hymn for her on the back of a letter, transcribed it when I reached Mobile, and sent it to her at Tuskawosa. That was the origin of 'The morning bright.' When editing the *Southern Christian Advocate*, I put it without name in the Child's Department. It was copied into the religious papers generally, and into books. My second child was born in 1847, and for her I wrote 'The daylight fades,' as far as I can recollect, about 1849. . . . Both of the children for whom they were written are now singing hallelujahs with the angels."

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- † The daylight fades (1849) . . . . . C. 122  
 † The morning bright (1846)\* . . . . . C. 124

**Tate, Nahum**, son of Faithful Teate, D.D.; born in Dublin in 1652; a writer of plays and verses; was made poet-laureate (1690); associated with BRADY in the *New (Metrical) Version of the Psalms* (1698), and *Appendix with Hymns* (1703)†; died in London, 12 August, 1715. [See **Brady**.]

- As pants the hart for cooling streams . . . . . 10  
 By angels in heaven . . . . . 491: xii.  
 Through all the changing scenes of life . . . . . 271  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . . 491: i.  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . . 491: v.  
 † While shepherds watched their flocks by night . . . . C. 158  
 With one consent, let all the earth . . . . . 299

**Taylor, Ann**. [See **Gilbert**.]

**Taylor, Jane**, daughter of Isaac Taylor, engraver, and afterwards clergyman; born in Holborn, London, 23 September, 1783; died at Ongar, Essex, 13 April, 1824. The *Hymns for Infant Minds* (48th edition, 1868), of which she was joint though chief author with her sister, Mrs. Gilbert, appeared in 1810 [P].

- A sinner, Lord, behold I stand (1809) . . . . . C. 3  
 Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour (1809) . . . . . C. 70  
 Now that my journey's just begun (1809) . . . . . C. 100  
 There is a path that leads to God (1809) . . . . . C. 131  
 Young children once to Jesus came (1809) . . . . . C. 161

**Taylor, Thomas Rawson**, son of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Minister of the Congregational Church at Bradford, Yorkshire; born at Ossett, near Wakefield, 9 May, 1807; Minister of Howard Street Chapel, Sheffield, and afterwards classical tutor at Airedale College; died 7 March, 1835.

- I'm but a stranger here . . . . . 352

**Tersteegen, Gerhardt**, son of a pious tradesman at Mörs, in Westphalia, where he was born, 27 November, 1697; ribbon manufacturer and Christian teacher; died at Mühlheim, on the Ruhr, 3 April, 1769. His hymns (of which there are a hundred and eleven) appeared in his *Geistliches Blumengärtlein* (1731).

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\* A correction of the common version of the third line of the first stanza of this hymn was furnished by Dr. Summers too late for insertion in the text. "I wrote 'Has waked me up from sleep;' some tinker diluted it to 'from my sleep.'"

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God reveals His presence [MORAVIAN and MEERKE]	78
<i>Gott ist gegenwärtig.</i>	
Lo, God is here, let us adore [J. WESLEY]	147
<i>Gott ist gegenwärtig.</i>	
Lord our God to whom is given [W. F. S.]	165
<i>Herr, unser Gott, mit Ehrfurcht dienen.</i>	
Thou hidden love of God, whose height [J. WESLEY]	456
<i>Verborgne Gottes Liebe, Du.</i>	

**Theodulf**, said to have been born in Italy, and of Gothic extraction; Bishop of Orleans; died in 821.

All glory, laud, and honour [NEALE]	C. 5
<i>Gloria laus et honor.</i>	
Glory, honour, praise, and power	491: xiii.

**Thomas of Celano**, a pupil of Francis of Assisi, whose life he wrote; died in the latter half of the 13th century.

Day of wrath, O day of mourning [IZONS]	49
<i>Dies ira, Dies illa.</i>	
That day of wrath, that dreadful day [SIR W. SCOTT]	246
<i>Dies ira, Dies illa.</i>	

\***Thring, Godfrey**, B.A., son of the Rev. J. G. D. Thring, Rector of Alford-with-Hornblotton, Somersetshire; born at Alford, 25 March, 1823; Rector of Alford, and Rural Dean in succession to his father. His *Hymns, Congregational and Others* (forty in number) appeared in 1866†; and he contributed to *Chope's Hymnal*‡.

† Jesus came, the heavens adoring (1862)	127
† Lord of power, Lord of might (1862)	C. 90
† Saviour, blessed Saviour (1862)	C. 117

**Thrupp, Dorothy Ann**, daughter of Joseph Thrupp, of Paddington Green; born in London, 20 June, 1779; died in London, 14 December, 1847. Her hymns appeared in Mrs. Herbert Mayo's *Selection of Hymns and Poetry for the Use of Infant and Juvenile Schools* (1838; 4th edition, 1849†).

† A little ship was on the sea	C. 2
† Come, Holy Spirit, come—O hear	C. 20
† Let us sing with one accord	C. 83
† Poor and needy though I be	C. 115
† Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	C. 118

\***Toke, Emma**, daughter of John Leslie, D.D., Bishop of Kilmore, Ireland; born at Holywood, Belfast, 9 August, 1819; married (1837) the Rev. Nicholas Toke, Godington Park, Ashford, Kent. Her hymns appeared in the collection of the S. P. C. K. (1853).

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Thou art gone up on high (1851) . . . . . 266

**Toplady, Augustus**, son of Major Toplady; born at Farnham, Surrey, 4 November, 1740; Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devonshire; died at Knightsbridge, London, 11 August, 1778. His hymns (about a hundred and sixteen) appeared in *Poems on Sacred Subjects* (1759), the *Gospel Magazine* (1770—1776), and elsewhere, and have been re-published in a complete edition by Mr. Sedgwick (1860)†.

† A debtor to mercy alone . . . . .	303
† Compared with Christ, in all beside . . . . .	323
† Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness . . . . .	100
<i>O du allersüßste Freude</i> [GEEHARDT].	
† Object of my first desire . . . . .	414
† Rock of ages, cleft for me . . . . .	228
† When languor and disease invade . . . . .	479
† Whom have I in heaven but Thee . . . . .	487
† Your harps ye trembling saints . . . . .	490

**\*Tregelles, Samuel Prideaux**, LL.D., son of Samuel Tregelles, who was born at his father's estate of Ashfield, near Falmouth; born at Wodehouse Place, near Falmouth, 30 January, 1813. His hymns have appeared in *Evangelical Hymns in the Very Words of the Hymn-writers*, edited by the Rev. William Elliott (Plymouth, 1864).

Lord Jesus, we believing . . . . .	155
Thy name we bless, Lord Jesus . . . . .	274

**\*Twells, Henry**, born at Ashted, near Birmingham, in 1823; Rector of Waltham, Leicestershire. The hymn below appeared in the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern* (1868).

At even, ere the sun was set (1866) . . . . . 12

**Wallace, John Aikman**, son of James Wallace, gun-maker, Edinburgh; born in Edinburgh, 19 January, 1802; Minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Hawick; died at Trinity, near Edinburgh, 9 February, 1870. His hymn appeared in the *Scottish Christian Herald* for 1839.

There is an eye that never sleeps . . . . . C. 132

**Wardlaw, Ralph**, D.D., son of William Wardlaw, merchant, Dalkeith, Edinburghshire; born at Dalkeith, 22 December, 1779; Minister, and Professor of Theology in the Congregational

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Church, at Glasgow; died at Easter House, near Glasgow, 17 December, 1853. His hymns appeared in a *Collection* compiled by him for the Congregational Church in Scotland (1808; later edition, with *Supplement* including his eleven original hymns, 1817).

O Lord our God, arise . . . . . 196

**\*Waring, Anna Letitia**, daughter of Elijah Waring; born at Neath, Glamorganshire. Her hymns have appeared in *Hymns and Meditations* by A. L. W. (1850)†, *Additional Hymns* (1858), and in the *Sunday Magazine* (1871).

† Father, I know that all my life (1850) . . . . . 328

† Go not far from me, O my strength . . . . . 336

† My heart is resting, O my God . . . . . 361

**Waring, Samuel Millar**, son of Jeremiah Waring, of Alton, Hampshire, and uncle of A. L. Waring; born at Alton, in March, 1792; died at Bath, 19 September, 1827. His hymns appeared in his *Sacred Melodies* (1826).

Now to Him who loved us, gave us . . . . . 491: x.

**\*Warner, Anna B.**, daughter of Henry W. Warner; born near New York; sister of Susan Warner, the authoress of *Queechy*, *The Wide Wide World*, etc., and herself the authoress of *Dollars and Cents*, etc. Her hymns have appeared in religious newspapers†, and in her *Wayfaring Hymns, Original and Translated* (1870)‡.

‡ One more day's work for Jesus . . . . . 415

‡ Thanks, thanks be to Thee for Thy pity . . . . . 442  
*Dank, Dank sei Dir für Dein Erbarmen.*

† The world looks very beautiful (about 1860) . . . . . C. 126

**Watts, Isaac, D.D.**, son of a schoolmaster at Southampton; born at Southampton, 17 July, 1674; Minister of the Congregational Church at Berry Street, London; has been called the father of English hymnody; died at Stoke Newington, 25 November, 1748. His hymns appeared in *Horæ Lyricæ* (1706); *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1707; enlarged edition, 1709)†; *Divine Songs for Children* (1715)‡; *The Psalms of David imitated in the Language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian State and Worship* (1719)§; and appended to his *Sermons*.

‡ Almighty God, Thy piercing eye . . . . . C. 7

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§ Before Jehovah's awful throne . . . . .	14
[Sing to the Lord with joyful voice.]	
† Blest be the everlasting God . . . . .	18
† Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . . .	33
† Come let us join our cheerful songs . . . . .	34
† Come, ye that love the Lord . . . . .	44
† Dread Sovereign, let my evening song . . . . .	C. 27
§ From all that dwell below the skies . . . . .	68
§ Give to our God immortal praise . . . . .	C. 32
§ Great God, indulge my humble claim . . . . .	83
† Hark, how the adoring hosts above . . . . .	92
[Behold the glories of the Lamb.]	
† How beauteous are their feet . . . . .	108
† How bright these glorious spirits shine . . . . .	110
[These glorious minds, how bright they shine.]	
† How glorious is our heavenly King . . . . .	C. 55
† How glorious Sion's courts appear . . . . .	111
[How honourable is the place.]	
† I sing the almighty power of God . . . . .	C. 62
§ I'll praise my Maker with my breath . . . . .	118
† I'm not ashamed to own my Lord . . . . .	119
§ Jesus shall reign where'er the sun (Psalm lxxxii.) . . . . .	131
† Join all the glorious names . . . . .	138
§ Joy to the world, the Lord is come . . . . .	139
§ Lord of the worlds above . . . . .	163
† My God, the spring of all my joys . . . . .	380
§ My soul repeat His praise . . . . .	C. 95
† Not all the blood of beasts . . . . .	176
§ O that the Lord would guide my ways . . . . .	C. 112
§ Our God, our help in ages past . . . . .	212
† Salvation, O the joyful sound . . . . .	229
† Supreme in wisdom as in power . . . . .	243
[Whence do our mournful thoughts arise.]	
§ Sweet is the work, my God, my King . . . . .	439
† There is a land of pure delight . . . . .	263
§ This is the day the Lord hath made . . . . .	264
† To God the only wise . . . . .	277
† To Him that loved the souls of men . . . . .	278
[Now to the Lord that makes us know.]	
† 'Twas on that night when doomed to know . . . . .	280
['Twas on that dark, that doleful night.]	
† Vain are the hopes, the sons of men . . . . .	281
† We give immortal praise . . . . .	282
† Welcome sweet day of rest . . . . .	469
§ What sinners value, I resign . . . . .	475
[Lord, I am thine; but Thou wilt prove.]	
† When I can read my title clear . . . . .	292
† When I survey the wondrous cross . . . . .	293

**Wesley, Charles, M.A.**, son of Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire; born at Epworth, 18 December, 1708; was missionary (in Georgia U.S.) of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; united with his brother John in preaching; became the poet of Methodism; died in London, 29 March, 1788. His hymns (over six thousand) appeared in:—*A Collection of Psalms and Hymns* by John Wesley (1738), *Hymns and Sacred*

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*Poems* (1739, 1740, 1742, 1749, 1756)\*, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), *Hymns for the Watch Nights* (1744), *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744, 1745)†, *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745)‡, *Hymns for the Nativity of Our Lord* (2nd ed., 1745, 1772)§, *Hymns for those that Seek, and those that have Found, Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ* (1746)||, *Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection* (1746)\*\*, *Hymns for our Lord's Ascension* (1746), *Hymns for New Year's Day* (1750—1788)††, *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind* (1758)‡‡, *Funeral Hymns* (1759)§§, *Short Hymns* (two thousand one hundred and forty-five) on *Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures* (1762)|||, *Hymns for Children, and Others of Riper Years* (1763).\*\*\*

* Blest be the dear uniting love (1756)	313
†† Blow ye the trumpet, blow (1750)	20
Christ from whom all blessings flow	25
* Christ the Lord is risen to-day (1739)	28
* Christ whose glory fills the skies (1740)	29
§§ Come let us join our friends above	35
*** Come let us join the hosts above	C. 21
§ Come Thou long expected Jesus (1772)	40
* Forth in Thy name O Lord I go (1749)	333
*** Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	C. 31
* Hail the day that sees Him rise (1739)	88
* Hark, the herald angels sing (1739)	94
† Head of the Church triumphant	98
* Jesus, lover of my soul (1740)	130
* Jesus my strength, my hope (1756)	361
‡ Lamb of God whose bleeding love	141
Leader of faithful souls, and Guide	143
*** Let children proclaim	C. 82
§ Light of those whose dreary dwelling (1772)	146
†† Lo, He comes with clouds descending	148
Lord, that I may learn of Thee*	C. 92
Love divine, all love excelling	170
* O for a heart to praise my God (1756)	185
* O for a thousand tongues to sing (1739)	186
[Glory to God, and praise, and love.]	
* O Love divine, how sweet Thou art (1749)	409
O Thou who camest from above	413
* Peace be to this habitation	421
** Rejoice, the Lord is King	223
* Soldiers of Christ arise (1749)	234
To God who reigns above the sky (1742)	C. 142
* Weary of wandering from my God (1749)	468
† Ye servants of God (1745)	300

**Wesley, John, M.A.**, son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire; born at Epworth, 17 June, 1703; Curate at Epworth; afterwards founder of Methodism; died in London, 2 March, 1791. His hymns, which were mostly transla-

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tions from the German, appeared in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, the original (1788), and subsequent editions. He translated twenty-nine from the German, two from the French, and one from the Spanish†, a language he learned in America.

Before Jehovah's awful throne . . . . .	14
Commit thou all thy griefs . . . . .	322
<i>Befehl du deine Wege</i> [GERHARDT].	
Give to the winds thy fears . . . . .	334
<i>Hoff, O du arme Seele</i> [GERHARDT]*.	
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness . . . . .	136
<i>Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit</i> (ZINZENDORF).	
Lo, God is here, let us adore . . . . .	147
<i>Gott ist gegenwärtig</i> [TERSTEEGEN].	
Now I have found the ground wherein . . . . .	392
<i>Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden</i> [ROTHER].	
† O Lord within Thy sacred gates . . . . .	196
O Thou to whose all-searching sight . . . . .	411
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower . . . . .	448
<i>Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke</i> [ANGELUS SILSIUS, otherwise SCHREFFLER].	
Thou hidden love of God, whose height . . . . .	456
<i>Verborgne Gottes Liebe, Du</i> [TERSTEEGEN].	

**Whately, Richard, D.D.**, son of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Whately, Prebendary of Bristol; born in Cavendish Square, London, 1 February, 1787; Archbishop of Dublin; died at Dublin, 8 October, 1863. The verse, of which the first line is below, was added by him to **Heber's**

"God that madest earth and heaven."

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping . . . . .	79
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**White, Henry Kirke**, son of a butcher at Nottingham, where he was born, 21 March, 1785; died when a student at Cambridge, 19 October, 1806. His hymns appeared in Dr. Collyer's *Collection* (1812), and in his *Poetical Works* (Aldine Edition, 1870)†. [See **Maitland**.]

† O Lord, another day is flown . . . . .	404
† Oft in danger, oft in woe . . . . .	209
† When marshalled on the nightly plain . . . . .	C. 156

\* **Whitfield, Frederick, B.A.**, son of H. Whitfield; born at Threapwood in Shropshire, 7 January, 1829; Incumbent of St. John's, Bexley Heath, London. His hymns appeared in *Sacred Poems and Prose* (1859)†; *The Christian Casket in Prose and Verse* (1864), etc.

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\* The first line of the sixth stanza of *Befehl du deine Wege*.

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- † I need Thee, precious Jesus (1855)\* . . . . . 117  
 † There is a name I love to hear (1855) . . . . . C. 130

**\*Whiting, William**, son of William Whiting; born at Kensington, London, 1 November, 1825; Master of Winchester College Choristers' School. His hymn below appeared in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

Eternal Father, strong to save (1860) . . . . . 53

**Whitmore, Lady Lucy**. The hymn below was modified by Bishop Pelham, of Norwich; and the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth has re-written the first and third lines throughout, so as to rhyme.

We come, Lord, to Thy feet (1824) . . . . . C. 146

**Whittemore, Jonathan**, son of William Whittemore, of Sandy Beds; born at Sandy Beds, 6 April, 1802; Minister of the Baptist Church for twenty years in Northamptonshire, afterwards at Eynsford, Kent: died in London, 31 October, 1860. His hymns appeared in a Hymn Chorale Book, and a *Supplement to All Hymnbooks* (1860), to which he contributed twenty-four, mostly adaptations to suit tunes.

Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd† . . . . . C. 42

**\*Whittemore, William Meynell**, D.D., Rector of S. James-within-Aldgate, London. His hymns have appeared in the *Infant Altar*†, and in various hymnbooks.

† I want to be like Jesus (1842) . . . . . C. 64  
 We won't give up the Bible (1839) . . . . . C. 152

**Williams, Isaac**, B.D., son of Isaac Lloyd Williams, barrister; born in 1802; Rector of Bidley; died at Stinchcombe, near Dursley, Gloucestershire, 1 May, 1865. His hymns appeared in *Thoughts in Past Years* (1831); *Sacred Verses with Pictures*

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\* This hymn appears in some Collections without the first stanza. The omission was originally made about twelve years ago by the publisher of *Sacred Poems and Prose*, and without the sanction of the author, who desires that the hymn should be printed as it was written.

† See NOTES.

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(1845); *Ancient Hymns for Children*; *Hymns on the Catechism* (1851)†; *Lyra Apostolica* (1836); etc. [See **How.**]

† How solemn, silent, and how still . . . . . C. 57

**Williams, William**, born at Cefnycoed, near Llandovery, Carmarthenshire, in 1717; educated for medicine, but became an itinerant preacher of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church; died at Pantycelyn, near Llandovery, 11 January, 1791. His Welsh hymns appeared in the *Alleluia* (1745-1747); *The Sea of Glass* (1752); the *Visible Farewell, Welcome Invisible*; and the *Alleluia Again*. His English hymns (a hundred and twenty-two) appeared in *Hosannah to the Son of David* (1759); and *Gloria in Excelsis* (1772)†. The hymn "Guide me" was written in Welsh, but appeared in English (by whom translated is uncertain) in Whitefield's Collection (1774). The text of both hymns is taken from Mr. Sedgwick's reprint (1859).

Guide me O Thou great Jehovah . . . . . 87

† O'er the gloomy hills of darkness . . . . . 213

**\*Winkworth, Catherine**, daughter of Henry Winkworth, of Alderley, near Manchester; born in London, 13 September, 1829. Her hymns, which are translations from the German, have appeared in the *Lyra Germanica*, two series (1855† and 1857†); the *Chorale Book for England* (1863§); and the *Christian Singers of Germany* (1869).

‡ Ever would I fain be reading . . . . . C. 28

*Immer muss ich wieder lesen* [HENSEL].

† Fear not, O little flock, the foe . . . . . 61

*Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein* [GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS].

† Holy Ghost, the Comforter . . . . . 101

*Heil'ger Geist du Tröster mein* [KING ROBERT II.]

‡ Holy Spirit, once again . . . . . 105

*Komm, O komm, du Geist des Lebens* [HELD].

† Leave God to order all thy ways . . . . . 365

*Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten* [NEUMARK].

‡ Light of light, enlighten me . . . . . 367

*Licht von Licht, erleuchte mich* [SCHMOLKE].

† Now all the words are sleeping . . . . . 391

*Nun ruhen alle Wälder* [GERHARDT].

‡ Now thank we all our God . . . . . 181

*Nun danket alle Gott* [RINKART].

§ Praise to the Lord, the almighty . . . . . 422

*Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren* [NEANDER].

**\*Wordsworth, Christopher, D.D.**, son of Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., who was Master of Trinity College, Cam-

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bridge, and brother of the poet, William Wordsworth; born in 1807; Bishop of Lincoln (1868). His hymns have appeared in the *Holy Year* (1865).

Hark, the sound of holy voices . . . . .	96
Holy, holy, holy Lord—God of hosts . . . . .	102
O day of rest and gladness . . . . .	184
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea . . . . .	194
Praise to God the Father give . . . . .	491: vii.
What beams of grace and mercy, Lord . . . . .	290

**\*Wyatt, Henry Herbert, M.A.**, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. His hymns appeared in *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, collected by H. W. Wyatt, M.A. (1859).

God the Lord has heard our prayer . . . . . 81

**Xavier, Francis**, son of a Spanish nobleman; born at Castle Xavier, near Pampeluna, in Spain, 7 April, 1506; Missionary in India, Ceylon, the Malaccas, Japan; died on the Island of Sancian, near Canton, 2 December, 1552.

My God I love Thee, not because [CASWALL] . . . . . 377  
*O Deus, ego amo Te.*

**\*Young, Andrew**, son of David Young, for fifty years teacher in Edinburgh; born in Edinburgh, 23 April, 1807; has held the English Mastership of Madras College, S. Andrews; now resident again in his native city. His hymn appeared in the *School Hymnbook* published by Messrs. Gall.

There is a happy land (1838) . . . . . : . . . C. 129

**Zinzendorf, Nicholas Louis, Count**, son of Count Zinzendorf, Prime Minister of Saxony; born in Dresden, 26 May, 1700; founder of Herrnhut, and protector of the Moravians or United Brethren; died at Herrnhut, 9 May, 1760. His hymns (about two thousand) are contained in *A Collection of Hymns for the Parish of Berthelsdorf* (1725), and elsewhere.

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness [J. WESLEY] . . . . . 136  
*Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.*

### **Anonymous.**

Come, my soul, thou must be waking\* . . . . . 320  
*Seele, du musst munter werden [VON CANITZ].*

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\* This translation appeared anonymously in the *British Magazine*, July 1838.

## Biographical Index.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus . . . . .	C. 23
Ere another Sabbath's close* . . . . .	324
Glory, honour, praise, and power . . . . .	491 xiii.
<i>Sit laus, honor et gloria</i> [THEODULF].	
Glory to God, the angel said . . . . .	C. 34
God of glory, God of grace . . . . .	C. 40
God the all terrible† . . . . .	80
Heart, be still‡ . . . . .	342
How loving is Jesus who came from the sky§ . . . . .	C. 56
I have a Father in the promised land   . . . . .	C. 59
I would be like an angel** . . . . .	C. 66
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger†† . . . . .	C. 69
In memory of the Saviour's love‡‡ (1835) . . . . .	121
Jerusalem, my happy home§§ . . . . .	123

\* This hymn appeared in 1832. It has been erroneously attributed to two members of the Noel family.

† This hymn is found anonymously in the *Norwich Service Book*.

‡ From a Collection entitled *The Shadow of the Rock* (Randolph: New York, U.S., 1869), where it is marked "From the German."

§ Dr. Hatfield, one of the chief authorities on American hymns, writes: "I find it anonymously in the *Devotional Hymn and Tune-book* of the American Baptist Publication Society (1864), and have not met with it in any publication of an earlier date; but it appeared in England, in Bateman's *Sacred Melodies*, early in 1862." It appears in earlier English Collections.

|| This hymn has been erroneously ascribed to George S. Scofield, of New York. He has no knowledge of the author, but copyrighted it for Mr. Lucius Hart, an active worker in Sunday Schools, who had added two lines, and made some verbal changes in an old hymn. Mr. Scofield also holds the copyright of the tune. In America the hymn has not been traced further back than 1857 or 1858.

\*\* Appeared as "I want to be an angel," anonymously in America as early as 1854.

†† Appeared anonymously in a later edition of Hunter's *Select Melodies* (Nashville, U.S., 1851).

‡‡ From the *Book of Praise*, for which Sir Roundell Palmer, who is unable to trace the author, borrowed it from the collection of the Rev. R. Whittingham (4th edition, 1843).

§§ This version of the Jerusalem Hymn appeared anonymously about the middle of the last century. A later form appeared in a work by the Rev. W. Burkitt (1693), but it never attained popularity.

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Jesus Christ is risen to-day*	128
<i>Surrexit Christus hodie.</i>	
Jesus, high in glory†	C. 71
Jesus loves me; this I know‡	C. 74
Little children, praise the Saviour§	C. 85
Lord, let my heart still turn to Thee (1883)¶	373
Lord, look upon a little child	C. 89
Lord, Thine ancient people see	168
O what can little hands do**	C. 113
There came a little child to earth	C. 127
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown	C. 138
'Twas God that made the ocean	C. 145
We know there's a bright and glorious home	C. 148
We plough the fields and scatter††	C. 149
<i>Wir pflügen und wir streuen [CLAUDIUS].</i>	
We praise Thee, O God	286
<i>Te Deum laudamus.</i>	
When I look up to yonder sky	C. 154

\* Mr. Sedgwick has traced this hymn as far back as John Arnold's *Complete Psalmodist* (2nd edition, 1750), where it is anonymous.

† This hymn is found without an author's name in the *Sunday-school Harmonist* of the Methodist Episcopal Church (U.S., 1847).

‡ This hymn appears in many American Sunday-school hymn-books.

§ From the *Juvenile Harmonist*.

¶ This hymn has been attributed, but it would appear erroneously, to Lady Powerscourt, as the late Bishop of Cashel, who edited Lady Powerscourt's Correspondence, affirmed that she wrote no hymns. (Miller's *Singers and Songs of the Church*, 2nd edition, p. 585.)

\*\* This hymn is taken from *Daily Meditations for Children*, by Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale (London: 1868), an English reprint of an American book.

†† This translation was originally given by the Rev. C. J. Bere, Rector of Uploman, County Devon, to the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern* (1868); but Mr. Bere writes that it is not by him: he had it from a friend.

## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.



**Bakewell, John.** This, his principal hymn, Mr. Sedgwick has informed the Editor, appeared first in a Collection of Hymns addressed to the Holy, Holy, Holy Trinity (1757).

**Bilby, Thomas,** son of John Bilby; born in Southampton, 18 April, 1794; enlisted 1809; Master of the Training School, Chelsea, 1825; Inspector of Schools in the West Indies, 1835; and for the last twenty-eight years Parish Clerk in S. Mary's, Islington, where he died, 24 September, 1872. His hymn appeared in Bilby and Ridgway's *Infant School Teacher's Assistant* (1832).

**\*Bonar, Horatius.** His hymns first appeared in *Songs for the Wilderness* (two series, 1843-4), the *Bible Hymnbook* (1845), and *Hymns Original and Selected* (1850). The dates of the following are approximate:—

A few more years shall roll (1844)	1
All that I was, my sin, my guilt (1845)	308
I heard the voice of Jesus say (1850)	115
I lay my sins on Jesus (1850)	116
I was a wandering sheep (1843)	350
Spirit of everlasting grace (1843)	240
This is not my place of resting (1850)	C137
Time's sun is fast setting (1844)	484

## *Additions and Corrections.*

\***Bonar, Jane Catherine.** Her hymn appeared first in *Songs for the Wilderness* (1843).

\***Cambridge, Ada.** The hymn "Light of the world" appeared in *Hymns on the Litany* (1865).

**Cennick, John.** The hymn "Lo, He cometh" appeared in a *Collection of Sacred Hymns* (Dublin, 5th edition, 1752).

\***Herbert, Algernon.** In the *Sarum Hymnal*, the hymn "Lord of our life" is said to be a translation from one of the eighth century; but neither the first line is given nor any other clue to the original. A German hymn, by John Heerman, *Herr, unser Gott, lass nicht zu Schanden werden* (translated by Miss Winkworth in the *Christian Singers of Germany*), is so much alike in thought and metre that it would seem to have sprung from a common source.

**Kelly, Thomas.** The dates of the following hymns are approximate:—

Come, O Lord, the heavens rending (1836)	38
Glory, glory everlasting (1809)	73
Of Thy love, some gracious token (1804)	208
The atoning work is done (1806)	247
The head that once was crowned with thorns (1820)	252
We've no abiding city here (1804)	288
Why those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus (1809)	489
Zion's King shall reign victorious (1806)	302

**Langford, William, D.D.;** born at Westfield, near Battle, in Sussex, 1704; became Pastor of the Weighhouse Chapel, Eastcheap, London; died 23 April, 1775. It is probable that he (not **John Langford**) was the author of the hymn, "Now begin the heavenly theme," which appeared first in *Madan's Suppléments* (1763).

**Lloyd, William Freeman.** His hymns appeared in *Thoughts in Rhyme* (1835).

**Logan, John.** As the hymn "The Saviour died, but rose again" appeared first in *Scripture Songs* (1751), it is not by

## *Additions and Corrections.*

**Logan.** It may have been one of those which Bruce remodelled, and Logan further altered, and appropriated.

**Montgomery, James.** The dates of the following hymns are approximate:—

Come to Calvary's holy mountain (1819) . . . . .	41
Command Thy blessing from above (1819) . . . . .	45
Lord God, the Holy Ghost (1819) . . . . .	153
Lord, teach us how to pray aright (1819) . . . . .	167
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire (1819) . . . . .	423
To Thy temple I repair (1812) . . . . .	465
What are these in bright array (1819) . . . . .	289
When Jesus left His Father's throne (1819) . . . . .	C156

**\*Newman, John Henry, D.D.,** son of John Newman, banker, Lombard Street, London; born in Old Broad Street, London, 21 February, 1801; Fellow and Tutor of Oriol College, Oxford; seceded from the Church of England, 1845; head of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri at Birmingham. His hymns have been collected in his *Verses on Various Occasions* (1868). The hymn below is a translation (asked of the author by Sir Francis Palgrave) from the Parisian Breviary, and was written at Littlemore, February, 1842.

Now that the sun is gleaming bright (1842) . . . . . 393  
*Jam lucis orto sidere* [PARISIAN BREVIARY].

The 6th stanza of the translation is a doxology, and the 5th is omitted. The first stanza in the text was printed from the only version accessible to the Editor, and before the hymn was traced to its source. In the original it runs:—

Now that the day-star glimmers bright,  
 We suppliantly pray  
 That He, the uncreated Light,  
 May guide us on our way.

**Perronet, Edward.** The hymn "All hail the power of Jesus' name" appeared first in the *Gospel Magazine* for 1780.

**\*Sears, Edmund Hamilton.** The alterations in the 4th stanza of the hymn "It came upon the midnight clear" were

## *Additions and Corrections.*

made by the compilers of the *Sacred Hymnal*. The 3rd stanza of the original, which is omitted in the text, is :—

“ But with the woes of sin and strife  
The world hath suffered long ;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong,  
And man at war with man hears not  
The love-song which they bring :  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing ! ”

\***Shelly, M. E.**, writes of the origin of the hymn, “ Lord, a little band and lowly : ”—At a Sunday-school meeting in Manchester, the Rev. John Curwen one evening gave a lecture on Singing. He sang a very pretty and simple tune, to which he said he had no suitable words, and wished that some one would write a hymn to it. I wrote these verses and gave them to him after the close of the meeting.

**Shrubsole, William**, son of the Rev. William Shrubsole, Minister of the Congregational Church at Sheerness, Kent.

\***Stallybrass, James S.**, son of the Rev. Edward Stallybrass, Missionary to Siberia ; born at Selenginsk, beyond Lake Baikal, in 1826. Several of his translations have appeared in the *Sabbath Hymn and Tunebook* (1859).

**Thrupp, Dorothy Ann.** The hymn—

Thou Guardian of our youthful days . . . . . C139

is by her, and appeared in *Hymns for the Young* (1830), which she edited for the Religious Tract Society.

\***Waring, Anna Leetitia.** The dates of the following hymns, which appeared in *Additional Hymns* (1858), are approximate :—

Go not far from me, O my Strength (1854) . . . . . 335  
My heart is resting, O my God (1854) . . . . . 381

**Wesley, John, M.A.** The hymn

O Lord, to whose all-searching sight . . . . . 411

## *Additions and Corrections.*

was marked by Wesley, *Seelenbräutigam*, and is thus referred to a hymn by Zinzendorf, of which it is a very free translation, and of which the first line is that already mentioned.

**Williams, William.** The hymn "Guide me" was written in Welsh, but was translated into English by the author in 1773, when it appeared as a leaflet.

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# METRICAL INDEX.

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The letter C before a number signifies that the hymn is in the Third, or Children's Part.

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C. 6, 20, 29, 95, 99, 119, 144, 146.

### **D. S. M.**

153, 266, 347, 350, 390.

### **6s.**

463. C. 109.

### **D. 6s.**

261, 383.

### **6s. 5s. [TROCHAIC].**

403.

C. 33, 68, 71, 75, 86, 101.

### **D. 6s 5s; or 11s. [TROCHAIC].**

219, 354, 364.

C. 73, 111, 117.

### **D. 6s 5s; or 11s. [IAMBIC].**

57, 348, 384.

C. 56, 67, 84, 104, 107, 150.

### **7s.**

16, 22, 24, 28, 65, 81, 88, 128, 144, 157, 168, 178,  
180, 209, 217, 235, 237, 295, 302 [ii.], 321, 324, 326,  
340, 343, 434, 435, 452, 465, 480.

C. 13, 31, 35, 41, 50, 72, 74, 83, 92, 93, 115, 116.

### **D. 7s.**

25, 43, 94, 95, 103, 130, 166, 214, 218, 231, 289, 291,  
397, 414, 419.

C. 40, 87, 141.

### **7s. 6s.**

200, 206, 372, 472.

C. 5, 108.

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### **D. 7s 6s.**

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446.

C. 26, 54, 60, 66, 97, 120, 136, 145, 149, 152, 153.

### **8s 7s.**

39, 40, 52, 126, 146, 171, 232, 302, 369, 441.

C. 16, 28, 38, 46, 48, 70, 76, 88, 137, 147.

### **D. 8s 7s.**

71, 89, 96, 170, 221, 230, 273, 341, 359, 421, 428, 430.

C. 114.

### **8s 7s 4; or 87, 87, 87.**

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149, 152, 213, 216, 238, 433, 489, 491 [x].

C. 30, 42, 85, 94, 118.

### **88, 88, 88; or six 8s.**

46, 53, 84, 119, 143, 147, 160, 197, 365, 382, 392, 444,  
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**87, 87, 77, 44, 77**

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**86, 84.**

211.

**85, 83.**

311.

**84, 84, 8884.**

79, 272, 481.

C. 110.

**84, 84, 84; or 8s 4s.**

378.

**847, 847.**

320.

**83, 83, 888, .**

C. 128.

**8336.**

325.

**78, 78, 77.**

367.

**77, 88, 77.**

C. 58.

**77, 88, 7.**

C. 113.

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**Three 7s.**

101.

**Six 7s.**

29, 77, 102, 105, 132, 228, 236, 276, 336, 339, 424, 428,  
482.  
C. 10, 12, 17, 51, 81, 90, 140, 159.

**Ten 7s.**

315.

**7778.**

158, 458, 461. C. 121.

**776.**

C. 49.

**776, 778.**

391.

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76, 76, 88.

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447.

76, 76, 76, 73.

C. 126.

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415.

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**74, 74, 74, 6.**

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**6684: 6684.**

249.

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C. 4.

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C. 45.

**65, 65, 65.**

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**64, 64, 6664.**

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C. 98, 129.

**64, 64, 664.**

389, 485.

**64, 64; or 6s 4s.**

466.

**64, 64, 64, 64; or D. 6s 4s. [See also 10s.]**

318, 331.

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C. 39.

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**3, 777, 3.**

342.

**98, 98; or 9s 8s.**

21.

**98, 98, 88.**

442.

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C. 69.

**10, 10, 10, 10; or 10s; or 64, 64, 10, 10.**

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C. 79, 80.

**10, 10, 11, 11; or 10s 11s; or 55, 55, 65, 65.**

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C. 82.

**10, 10, 66, 66, 66.**

287.

**10, 6, 10, 6; or 10s 6s.**

C. 134.

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**11 10, 11 10; or 11s 10s.**

C. 14.

**11, 10, 11, 9.**

80.

**11 8, 11 8; or 11s 8s.**

C. 133.

**11 8, 11 8, 11 8, 11 8; or D. 11s 8s.**

C. 63.

**12 11, 12 11; or 12s 11s.**

454, C. 102.

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The names of Translators are printed in brackets.

The letter C before a number signifies that the hymn is in the Third, or Children's Part.

The hymns from 303—490, inclusive, are in the Second Part.

Under 491 will be found the Doxologies.

---

- C1 A children's temple here we build . . . *Montgomery*  
 303 A debtor to mercy alone . . . . . *Toplady*  
     1 A few more years shall roll . . . . . *Bonar*  
 C2 A little ship was on the sea . . . *Dorothy Thrupp*  
 304 A mind at perfect peace with God . . . *Paget*  
 305 A safe stronghold our God. Ps.xlvi. *Luther (T. Carlyle)*  
 C3 A sinner, Lord, behold I stand . . . *Jane Taylor*  
 306 Abide with me, fast falls the eventide . . . *Lyte*  
 C4 Above the clear blue sky . . . . . *Chandler*  
     2 According to Thy gracious word . . . *Montgomery*  
 C5 All glory, laud, and honour . . . *Theodulf (Neale)*  
     3 All hail the power of Jesus' name . . . *Perronet*  
     4 All people that on earth do dwell. Ps. c. . . *Kethe*  
 307 All praise to Thee, my God, this night . . . *Ken*  
 308 All that I was, my sin, my guilt . . . . *Bonar*  
 C6 All things are ready, come . . . . . *Midlane*  
     5 Almighty God, before Thy throne . . . *Anne Steele*  
 C7 Almighty God, Thy piercing eye . . . . . *Watts*

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- 6 Almighty God, Thy Word is cast . . . *Cawood*  
 309 Although the vine its fruit deny . . . *Onderdonk*  
 C8 Among the deepest shades of night . *Mrs. Gilbert*  
 7 Angels from the realms of glory . . *Montgomery*  
 310 Angels holy, high and lowly. Ps. cxlviii. *Blackie*  
 8 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat . . . *Newton*  
 9 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake . . . *Shrubsole*  
 C9 Around the throne of God in heaven *Mrs. Shepherd*  
 311 Art thou weary, art thou languid . *Stephen (Neale)*  
 10 As pants the hart for cooling. Ps. xlii. *Tate & Brady*  
     As through this wilderness I stray . *Zinzendorf*  
     [See *O Thou to whose all-searching.*] (*J. Wesley*)  
 11 As when the Hebrew prophet *Watts and Cameron*  
 C10 As with gladness men of old . . . *Dix*  
 12 At even ere the sun was set . . . *Twells*  
 13 Awake and sing the song . . . *Hammond*  
 312 Awake, my soul, and with the sun . . . *Ken*
- C11 Be present at our table, Lord . . . *Cennick*  
 C12 Beautiful Zion, built above . . . *Gill*  
 14 Before Jehovah's awful. Ps. c. *Watts & J. Wesley*  
     Behold the glories of the Lamb.  
     [See *Hark, how the adoring hosts above.*]  
 15 Behold the mountain of the Lord . . . *Bruce*  
 16 Bless, O Lord, the opening year . . . *Newton*  
     Blessèd city, heavenly Salem . . . *Anon. (Neale)*  
     [See *Christ is made the sure foundation.*]  
 C13 Blessèd Jesus, ere we part . . . *Bateman*  
 17 Blest are the pure in heart . . . *Keble*  
 313 Blest be the dear uniting love . . . *C. Wesley*  
 18 Blest be the everlasting God . . . *Watts*  
 19 Blest be the tie that binds . . . *Fawcett*  
 314 Blest be Thy love, dear Lord . . . *Austin*  
 20 Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . *C. Wesley*  
 315 Bound upon the accursèd tree . . . *Milman*  
 21 Bread of the world, in mercy broken . . *Heber*  
 316 Breast the wave, Christian . . . *Stammers*  
 22 Brethren, let us join to bless . . . *Cennick, alt.*  
 23 Brief life is here our . *Bernard of Clugny (Neale)*  
 C14 Brightest and best of the sons of the . . *Heber*  
 491 By angels in heaven (xii.) . . *Tate and Brady*  
 C15 By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . *Heber*
- 317 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm . . *Bonar*

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- Captain of Israel's host, and Guide . . . C. Wesley  
[See *Leader of faithful souls, and Guide.*]
- C16 Childhood's years are passing o'er us . . . *Dickson*  
C17 Children of Jerusalem . . . *Henley.*  
24 Children of the heavenly King . . . *Cennick, alt.*  
25 Christ, from whom all blessings flow *C. Wesley, alt.*  
26 Christ is gone up with a joyful sound. . . *Heber, alt.*  
27 Christ is made the sure foundation *Anon. (Neale, alt.)*  
C18 Christ is merciful and mild . . . *Buckworth*  
28 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day . . . *C. Wesley*  
29 Christ, whose glory fills the skies . . . *C. Wesley*  
318 Cling to the Mighty One . . . *Bennett*  
C19 Come, children, join to sing . . . *Bateman*  
319 Come forth, come on, with solemn *Sachse (H. L. L.)*  
30 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove. *S. Browne, alt.*  
31 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls. *Charlemagne? (Cosin)*  
32 Come, Holy Spirit, come . . . *Hart*  
C20 Come, Holy Spirit, come—O hear. *Dorothy Thrupp*  
33 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . *Watts*  
34 Come, let us join our cheerful songs . . . *Watts*  
35 Come, let us join our friends above . . . *C. Wesley*  
C21 Come, let us join the hosts above . . . *C. Wesley*  
C22 Come, let us sing our Maker's praise . . . *J. Burton*  
36 Come, let us to the Lord our God . . . *Morrison*  
37 Come, Lord, and tarry not . . . *Bonar*  
320 Come, my soul, thou must be . *von Canitz (Anon.)*  
321 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare . . . *Newton*  
38 Come, O Lord, the heavens rending . . . *Kelly*  
39 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing . . . *Robinson*  
40 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus . . . *C. Wesley*  
41 Come to Calvary's holy mountain. . . *Montgomery*  
C23 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus . . . *Anon.*  
42 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched . . . *Hart*  
43 Come, ye thankful people, come . . . *Alford*  
44 Come, ye that love the Lord . . . *Watts*  
45 Command Thy blessing from above . *Montgomery*  
322 Commit thou all thy griefs . *Gerhardt (J. Wesley)*  
323 Compared with Christ, in all beside . . . *Toplady*  
46 Creator Spirit, by whose aid. *Charlemagne? (Dryden)*  
47 Crown Him with many crowns . . . *Bridges*  
  
48 Day of judgment, day of wonders . . . *Newton*  
49 Day of wrath, O day of. *Thomas of Celano (Irons)*  
50 Dear Lord, to hear Thee and Thy Word.  
*Clausnitzer (Mrs. L. C. Smith)*

1

- C24 Dear Saviour, to Thy little lambs . . . *Jane Leeson*  
51 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear . . . *Newton*  
C25 Death has been here and borne away . *Mrs. Gilbert*  
Disowned of heaven, by man oppress . . . *Joyce*  
[See *O why should Israel's sons once blest.*]  
C26 Down in the pleasant pastures . . . *Mrs. Shipton*  
52 Dread Jehovah, God of nations . . . *C. F. 1804*  
C27 Dread Sovereign, let my evening song . . . *Watts*
- 324 Ere another Sabbath's close . . . . . *Anon.*  
325 Ere I sleep, for every favour . . . . . *Cennick*  
53 Eternal Father, strong to save . . . . . *Whiting*  
54 Eternal Source of every joy . . . . . *Doddridge*  
326 Ever is my peril near . . . . . *Kingo (Maccall)*  
C28 Ever would I fain be reading . *Hensel (Winkworth)*
- C29 Fair waved the golden corn . . . . . *J. H. Gurney*  
55 Far from my heavenly home. Ps. cxxxvii. . *Lyte*  
327 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee . . . . *Cowper*  
56 Far from these narrow scenes of night. *Anne Steele*  
57 Farewell to thee, brother, we meet but . *Bethune*  
328 Father, I know that all my life . *Anna L. Waring*  
329 Father, into Thy loving hands . . . . *Mrs. Saxby*  
C30 Father, let Thy benediction . . . . . *Mrs. Shelly*  
58 Father of heaven, whose love profound. . *Cooper*  
59 Father of mercies, in Thy Word . . . . *Anne Steele*  
60 Father of peace and God of love . . . . *Doddridge*  
Father, Son, and Spirit, hear . . . . . *C. Wesley*  
[See *Christ, from whom all blessings flow.*]  
330 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss . . . . *Anne Steele*  
61 Fear not, O little flock, the foe. *Gustavus Adolphus*  
*and Altenburg (Winkworth)*  
331 Fierce was the wild billow. . . . . *Anatolius (Neale)*  
62 For ever with the Lord . . . . . *Montgomery*  
332 For mercies countless as the sands . . . . *Cowper*  
63 For the beauty of the earth . . . . . *Pierpoint*  
For the mercies of the. [See *Ere another Sabbath's.*]  
64 For thee, O dear, dear . *Bernard of Clugny (Neale)*  
65 For Thy mercy and Thy grace . . . . . *Downton*  
333 Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go . . . . *C. Wesley*  
66 Fountain of good, to own Thy love. *Doddridge, alt.*  
67 Fountain of mercy, God of love . *Mrs. Flowerdew*  
68 From all that dwell below the skies. Ps. cxvii. *Watts*  
69 From every stormy wind that blows . . . *Stowell*

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- 70 From Greenland's icy mountains . . . . *Heber*
- C31 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild . . . . *C. Wesley*
- C32 Give to our God immortal praise. Ps. cxxxvi. *Watts*
- 334 Give to the winds thy fears . *Gerhardt (J. Wesley)*
- 71 Glorious things of thee are spoken. Ps. lxxxvii. *Newton*  
 Glory, and laud, and honour. [See *All glory, laud.*]
- 72 Glory be to God, the Father . . . . *Bonar*
- 491 Glory be to God, the Father (xi.) . . . . *Bonar*
- C33 Glory be to Jesus . . . . *Italian Anon. (Caswall)*
- 73 Glory, glory everlasting . . . . *Kelly*
- 491 Glory, honour, praise, and (xiii.) *Theodulf (Anon.)*  
 Glory to God, and praise. [See *O for a thousand.*]
- 74 Glory to God on high . . . . *Allen*
- C34 Glory to God, the angel said . . . . *Anon.*
- C36 Glory to God, with joyful adoration . . . . *Osler*
- C37 Glory to Jesus, glory . . . . *Mrs. Shepherd*
- C35 Glory to the Father give . . . . *Montgomery*
- 335 'Go not far from me, O my Strength. *Anna L. Waring*  
 Glory to Thee, my God. [See *All praise to Thee.*]
- 336 Go to dark Gethsemane. . . . *Montgomery*
- C38 God almighty heareth ever . *Elizabeth Strafford*
- C39 God intrusts to all . . . . *Edmeston*
- 75 God knoweth all His people . *Spitta (H. L. L.)*
- 76 God moves in a mysterious way . . . . *Cowper*
- C40 God of glory, God of grace. . . . *Anon.*
- 77 God of mercy, God of grace. Ps. lxxvii. . . . *Iyle*
- C41 God of mercy, throned on high . . . . *Neele*
- 337 God of my life, to Thee I call . . . . *Cowper*
- 338 God of that glorious gift of grace. . . . *Monsell*
- 78 God reveals His presence . *Tersteegen (Mercer)*
- 79 God that madest earth and . *Heber and Whately*
- 80 God the all-terrible, King who ordainest . *Anon.*
- 81 God the Lord has heard our prayer . . . *Wyatt*
- 82 Grace, 'tis a charming sound . . . . *Doddridge*
- 339 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me . . . . *Lynch*
- C42 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd . *Jane Leeson*  
*and J. Whittemore*
- C43 Great God, and wilt Thou condescend. *Mrs. Gilbert*
- 83 Great God, indulge my humble claim . . . *Watts*
- 84 Great God of wonders, all Thy ways . . . *Davies*
- 85 Great God, what do I see and hear . . . *Ringwaldt*  
*(Jacobi and Collyer)*
- 86 Great King of nations, hear our prayer. *J. H. Gurnea*

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- Great Shepherd of Thy. [See *Dear Shepherd.*]
- 87 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah . . . *W. Williams*
- 88 Hail the day that sees Him rise . . . *C. Wesley*
- 89 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus . . . *Bakewell*
- 90 Hail to the Lord's Anointed. Ps. lxxii. *Montgomery*
- 91 Hallelujah, best and sweetest. *Latin Anon. (Chandler)*  
Happiness, thou lovely name . . . *Toplady*  
[See *Object of my first desire.*]
- C44 Happy the children who are gone . . . *Cennick, alt.*  
Hark, how all the welkin rings . . . *C. Wesley*  
[See *Hark, the herald angels sing.*]
- 92 Hark, how the adoring hosts above . . . *Watts, alt.*
- 340 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord . . . *Cowper*
- C45 Hark, round the God of love . . . *Lyte*
- 94 Hark, the herald angels sing . . . *C. Wesley*
- 93 Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes. *Doddridge*
- 95 Hark, the song of jubilee . . . *Montgomery*
- 96 Hark, the sound of holy voices. *Bishop Wordsworth*
- 97 Hark, the voice of love and mercy . . . *J. Evans*
- C46 Hark, what mean those holy voices . . . *Cawood*
- 341 Harp and voice Thy praises telling . . . *J. D. Burns*  
Harp, awake ! tell out the story . . . *Downton*  
[See *Sing, ye brethren, faithful hearted.*]
- He knoweth all His people. [See *God knoweth.*]
- C47 He that is down need fear no fall . . . *Bunyan*
- 98 Head of the Church triumphant . . . *C. Wesley*
- C48 Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father. *Harriet Parr*
- 342 Heart be still . . . *From the German (Anon.)*
- 343 Heavenly Father, to whose eye . . . *Conder*
- 344 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face . . . *Bonar*
- C49 Here we suffer grief and pain . . . *Bilby*
- 99 Ho, ye that thirst, approach the spring . . . *Cameron*
- C50 Holy Bible, book divine . . . *Burton*
- C51 Holy children, read and pray . . . *Buckworth*
- 100 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness. *Gerhardt (Toplady)*
- 101 Holy Ghost, the Comforter. *King Robert of France*  
(*Moller, Winkworth*)
- 102 Holy, holy, holy Lord . . . *Bishop Wordsworth*
- 103 Holy, holy, holy Lord . . . *Montgomery*
- 104 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty . . . *Heber*
- 105 Holy Spirit, once again . . . *Held (Winkworth)*
- 106 Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear. *Sir E. Denney*
- C52 Hosanna be the children's song . . . *Montgomery*

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- C53 Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn. *W. H. Havergal*  
 107 Hosanna to the living Lord . . . . . *Heber*  
 345 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord. Ps. cvii. *Addison*  
 108 How beauteous are their feet . . . . . *Watts*  
 109 How bright appears the morning. *Nicolai (Mercer)*  
 110 How bright these glorious spirits. *Watts & Cameron*  
 C54 How dearly God must love us . . . . . *Partridge*  
 C55 How glorious is our heavenly King . . . . . *Watts*  
 111 How glorious Sion's courts appear. *Watts & Cameron*  
     How honourable is the place [See *preceding Hymn.*]  
 112 How long, O Lord, our Saviour. . . . . *Deck*  
 C56 How loving is Jesus who came . . . . . *Anon.*  
 113 How precious is the Book divine . . . . . *Fawcett*  
 C57 How solemn, silent, and how still. *I. Williams & How*  
 114 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . . . . *Newton*  
 346 How welcome was the call . . . . . *Sir H. W. Baker*  
     Hues of the rich unfolding [See *New every morning.*]  
  
 C58 I am Jesu's little lamb. *Louisa von Hayn (W.P.S.)*  
     I bless the Christ of God . . . . . *Bonar*  
     [See *Not what these hands have done.*]  
 471 I close my heavy eye . . . . . *Bonar*  
     I greet Thee, who my sure. *Calvin (Mrs. E. L. Smith)*  
     [See *Thou art the King of mercy.*]  
 C59 I have a Father in the promised land . . . . . *Anon.*  
 347 I have a home above . . . . . *Bennett*  
 115 I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . . *Bonar*  
 116 I lay my sins on Jesus . . . . . *Bonar*  
 C60 I love to hear the story . . . . . *Mrs. Miller*  
 C61 I love to think though I am young . . . . . *E. P. Hood*  
 117 I need Thee, gracious Jesus . . . . . *Frederick Whitfield*  
 348 I once was a stranger to grace and to God. *McCheyne*  
 C62 I sing the almighty power of God . . . . . *Watts*  
 349 I think of Thee, my God, by night . . . . . *Monsell*  
 C63 I think when I read that sweet story . . . . . *Mrs. Luke*  
 C64 I want to be like Jesus . . . . . *W. M. Whittemore*  
 350 I was a wandering sheep . . . . . *Bonar*  
 C65 I was wandering and weary . . . . . *Faber*  
 C66 I would be like an angel . . . . . *Anon.*  
 351 I would commune with Thee, my God . . . . . *Bubier*  
 C67 I would not live alway, live alway below *Mühlenberg.*  
 118 I'll praise my Maker with my. Ps. cxlvi . . . . . *Watts*  
 C68 I'm a little pilgrim . . . . . *Curwen*  
 C69 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger . . . . . *Anon.*

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- 352 I'm but a stranger here . . . . . *T. R. Taylor*  
 119 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord . . . . . *Watts*  
 353 I've found the pearl of greatest price . . . . . *Mason*  
 491 Immortal honour . (vi.) *Charlemagne? (Dryden)*  
 120 In all things like Thy brethren, Thou . . . . . *Anstice*  
 121 In memory of the Saviour's love . . . . . *Anon. 1835*  
 354 In the hour of trial . . . . . *Montgomery*  
 122 In Thy name, O Lord, assembling . . . . . *Kelly*  
 355 It came upon the midnight clear . . . . . *Sears, alt.*  
 356 It is not death to die . . . . . *Malan (Bethune)*
- 123 Jerusalem, my happy home . . . . . *Anon.*  
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 124 Jerusalem the glorious . *Bernard of Clugny (Neale)*  
 125 Jerusalem the golden . *Bernard of Clugny (Neale)*  
 357 Jesus, and shall it ever be . . . . . *Grigg*  
 126 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult . . . . . *Mrs. Alexander*  
 127 Jesus came, the heavens adoring . . . . . *Thring*  
     Jesus, cast a look on me . *C. Wesley and Berridge*  
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 128 Jesus Christ is risen to-day . . . . . *Anon. 1750*  
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 358 Jesus, how much Thy name unfolds . *Mrs. Peters*  
 359 Jesus, I my cross have taken . . . . . *Lyte*  
 C73 Jesus is our Shepherd . . . . . *Stowell*  
 129 Jesus lives: no longer now. *Gellert (Frances Cox, alt.)*  
 C74 Jesus loves me: this I know . . . . . *Anon.*  
 130 Jesus, lover of my soul . . . . . *C. Wesley*  
 C75 Jesus, meek and gentle . . . . . *Prynne*  
 360 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone . . . . . *Cennick*  
     Jesus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace. *Mrs. Flowerdew*  
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 132 Jesus, sinners will receive. *Neumeister (Mrs. Bevan)*  
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 134 Jesus, the very thought of Thee . . . . . *Bernard of*  
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- 135 Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts . . . . . *Bernard of*  
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 407 O Lord, I look to Thee . . . . . *Astley*  
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 220 Praise the Lord through every. *Feith (Montgomery)*  
 221 Praise the Lord, ye heavens. Ps. cxlviii. *Kemphorne*  
 491 Praise to God the Father (vii.) *Bishop Wordsworth*  
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- 222 Rejoice, rejoice, believers . . . *Laurenti (H. L. L.)*  
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 227 Revive Thy work, O Lord . . . . *Midlane*  
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 428 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing . . *Edmeston*  
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491 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost (v.) *Tate & Brady*  
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278 To Him that loved the souls of men. *Mason & Watts*  
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